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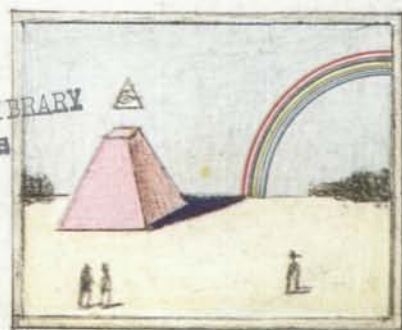
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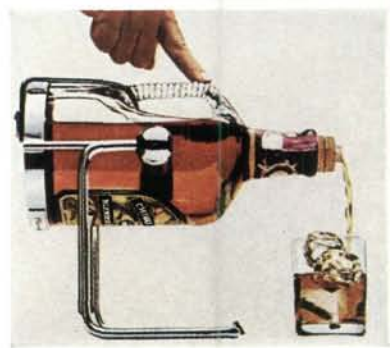
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**ABBEY THEATRE**—Sean O'Casey's *THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS*, with Siobhán McKenna and Cyril Cusack, will play through Sunday, Nov. 28. . . . Eamon Kelly's one-man show *IN MY FATHER'S TIME* will follow, opening Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7 (preview Tuesday, Nov. 30), and closing Sunday, Dec. 5. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

**THE BROWNSVILLE RAID**—A play by Charles Fuller. The first in this season's series by the Negro Ensemble Company. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR**—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**CALIFORNIA SUITE**—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE CLUB**—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 26, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**COMEDIANS**—A play by Trevor Griffiths, imported from London, starring Milo O'Shea, John Lithgow, and Rex Robbins. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 27. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 28. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**DOMINO COURTS and COMANCHE CAFÉ**—A pair of one-act plays by Bill Hauptman. Reopens Tuesday, Nov. 30, after a week's hiatus. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

**ECCENTRICITIES OF A NIGHTINGALE**—A play by Tennessee Williams, with Betsy Palmer, David Selby, Shepperd Strudwick, and Nan Martin. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

**ELMYN WILLIAMS AS DYLAN THOMAS GROWING UP**—

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A twenty-performance return engagement of Mr. Williams' one-man show. Opens Friday, Nov. 26, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 12. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENOUGH**—The marvelous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

**GUYS AND DOLLS**—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-

fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

**HERZL**—A play by Dore Schary and Amos Elon, adapted from Mr. Elon's biography of Theodor Herzl. Paul Hecht has the title role. Directed by J. Ranelli. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 28. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**I HAVE A DREAM**—The words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., but very little of his spirit. The star is Billy Dee Williams, who will be replaced starting Tuesday, Nov. 30, by Moses Gunn. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**THE MANY FACES OF LOVE**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a single benefit performance, consisting of poetry, prose, and scenes from their plays, all dealing with the subject of love. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:15.)

**MY FAIR LADY**—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this

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COVER: Saul Steinberg

DRAWINGS: James Stevenson, Everett Opie, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Barsotti, Frank Modell, William Steig, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Edward Frascino, Barney Tobey, Eldon Dedini, Dana Fradon, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, Stan Hunt, Al Ross

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**NO MAN'S LAND**—John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson talking high, bibulous nonsense, furnished to them by the playwright, Harold Pinter. The merriest and most mysterious of occasions, and not to be missed. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**OH! CALCUTTA!**—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10, as well as at midnight on Nov. 27; and Sundays at 7:30. Special matinee Friday, Nov. 26, at 3.)

**POOR MURDERER**—Laurence Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Kevin McCarthy, and half a dozen others in a scintillating cast make the most of a Pirandello-like inquiry into madness and make-believe. The author is a Czech playwright, Pavel Kohout, and the director is Herbert Berghof. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

**PORGY AND BESS**—A superb and, for once, complete operatic version of Gershwin's masterpiece. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.)

**THE REHEARSAL; OR, LOVE'S REWARD**—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

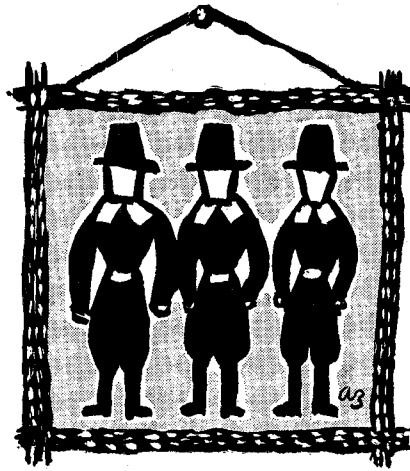
**THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM**—A musical based on a novella by Eudora Welty. The scene is a Southland that never was, and the characters, whether good or evil, are relentlessly endearing, but the underlying moral of the show is that women are an inferior species and must be dealt with harshly. This cannot be what Miss Welty had in mind. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Thanksgiving Day.)

**RODOGUNE**—Corneille's tragedy presented, in French, by Le Tréteau de Paris. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 24-26, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28, at 3 and 8.)

**SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO and DUCK VARIATIONS**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Taka-zaukas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**STREAMERS**—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

**THE THREEPENNY OPERA**—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W.



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65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

**2 BY 5**—The theatre songs of John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (lyrics), as sung by five personable and able young performers. The evening, which opens and closes with that indelible winner "Cabaret," has several agreeable moments, but, for a number of reasons, they don't add up to a show. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

**VANITIES**—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**WOMEN BEHIND BARS**—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 70 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS—CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**... A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**... EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

**... THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,905 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**... GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th

St. 246-9156. Wednesdays, except Nov. 24 through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**... GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesday through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Friday Nov. 26, at 2.)

**... THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6394. Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**... ME AN BESSIE:** Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, but a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesday and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5; closes Sunday, Dec. 5.)

**... PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**... SAME TIME NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessel (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**... SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**... TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME... BUT I'M NOT GOING!** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**CHINESE ACROBATS OF TAIWAN**—A two-week return engagement by this company of sixty-five musicians, dancers, tumblers, acrobats, and Kung Fu experts. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 25, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3; Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 and 6.)

## DANCE

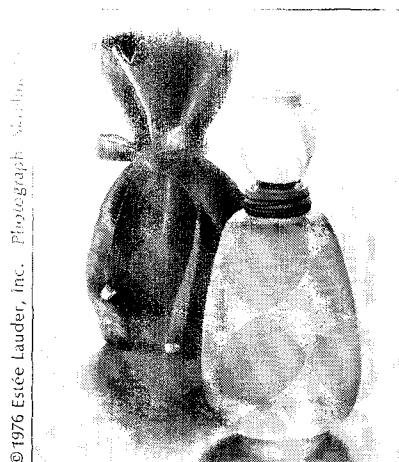
**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Coppélia."... Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "La Source" and "Union Jack."... Friday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Bugaku," "The Cage," "Other Dances" (company premiere), and "Who Cares?"... Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Coppélia."... Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Bugaku" and "Union Jack."... Sunday, Nov. 28, at 1: "Agon," "The Cage," "Duo Concertant," and "Firebird."... Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

**ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE**—Opening





Clothes: Mary McFadden



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 19—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 1-2: "Three Black Kings," an unnamed ballet (premiere), "Liberian Suite," and "Caravan."... Friday evening, Dec. 3: "Gazelle" (premiere), "Portrait of Billie," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... Saturday matinee, Dec. 4: "Three Black Kings," the new ballet, "Gazelle," "Cry," and "Revelations."... Saturday evening, Dec. 4: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Liberian Suite," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

**DANCE UMBRELLA**—Final performances of a five-week season: **JENNIFER MULLER & THE WORKS**. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 24-27, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8.)

**BALLET NACIONAL FESTEVALES DE ESPAÑA**—A company of thirty-three dancers in a program that includes "The Three-Cornered Hat" and "Bolero." (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 6.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

**ALI'S ALLEY**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in this unpretentious night club—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali, and his wife, Patricia. Trombonist Marty Cook's New York Sound Explosion, a sextet, is here through Thursday, Nov. 25; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 26-28, the Jankry Ensemble—drummer Frank Clayton, singer Jay Clayton, pianist Larry Krush, saxophonist Ben Wallace, and bassist Eddie Gomez—will dominate the stage; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, guitarist James Ulmer will lead his quintet; and on Friday, Dec. 3, baritone saxophonist Charles Davis will move in with his quintet. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive (Foster has said that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can play"), and drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP**, the energy backbone of the band, is particularly striking, whether he's soloing or not. Music from about ten. Soul food.

**BAR NONE**, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

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**BOOMER'S**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collar greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Singer, guitarist, and leader Amaury Tristão is present on Wednesday, Nov. 24, with his Latin-jazz quintet, Brazilian Roots; tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**'s wonderfully stirring contemporary quintet will occupy the stand Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 25-27; on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 29-30, free trombonist **GRACHAN MONCURI** will perform; and on Wednesday, Dec. 1, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will move in with his quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **PATTI SMITH**, Ms. Rock 'n' Roll of 1976, is onstage with her group through Sunday, Nov. 28; on Monday, Nov. 29, John Klemmer will plug his tenor-saxophone cord into his Echoplex (an electronic instant playback device), which will help him solo, solo, solo, solo; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, British rock therapist Leo Sayer will be visible; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, rock producer and singer Terry Cashman will work out with his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians. Pianist **CECIL WALTON** works with a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 27. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Gershwin, Porter, Coward, et al. are here in spirit; **BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, are in the Café Carlyle in the flesh Tuesdays through Saturdays. Their first set begins at ten. Dinner and supper... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Belmians Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

**C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G.**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands with names like Orchestra Luna, City Lights, Talking Heads, Milk 'n' Cookies, Custer's Last Band, and Susan. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**CLEO**, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St.

(724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six is working in a lamplit alcove looking out or high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The master sixty-five-year-old blue shouter **JOE TURNER** (see page 80, this issue) is one of the few great remaining American primitive musicians, and he will be here only through Saturday, Dec. 4. On hand with him are the excellent guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT** and the pianist **LLOYD GLENN** (San Antonio; 1909) who is another monument—a blues player of subtlety, discretion, and power. Weeknight from eight to one. On Sundays, boogie wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Dining.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Nov. 30, cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will sit in with them. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 28, beginning at eight, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and tenor saxophonist **TED BROWN** will co-pilot a Tristano-inspired quintet. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best boogie pianists, goes to town with guitarists **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Sunday, Nov. 28, vibraphonist **WARREN CHASSON** leads a trio from five-thirty to nine-thirty; Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, with the addition of (through Sunday, Nov. 28) **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a twenty-one-year-old Coleman Hawkins-Lester Young incarnation, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And weeknights from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

**HOPPER'S**, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** and his quartet are on hand right now, backing up singer Thelma Carpenter. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

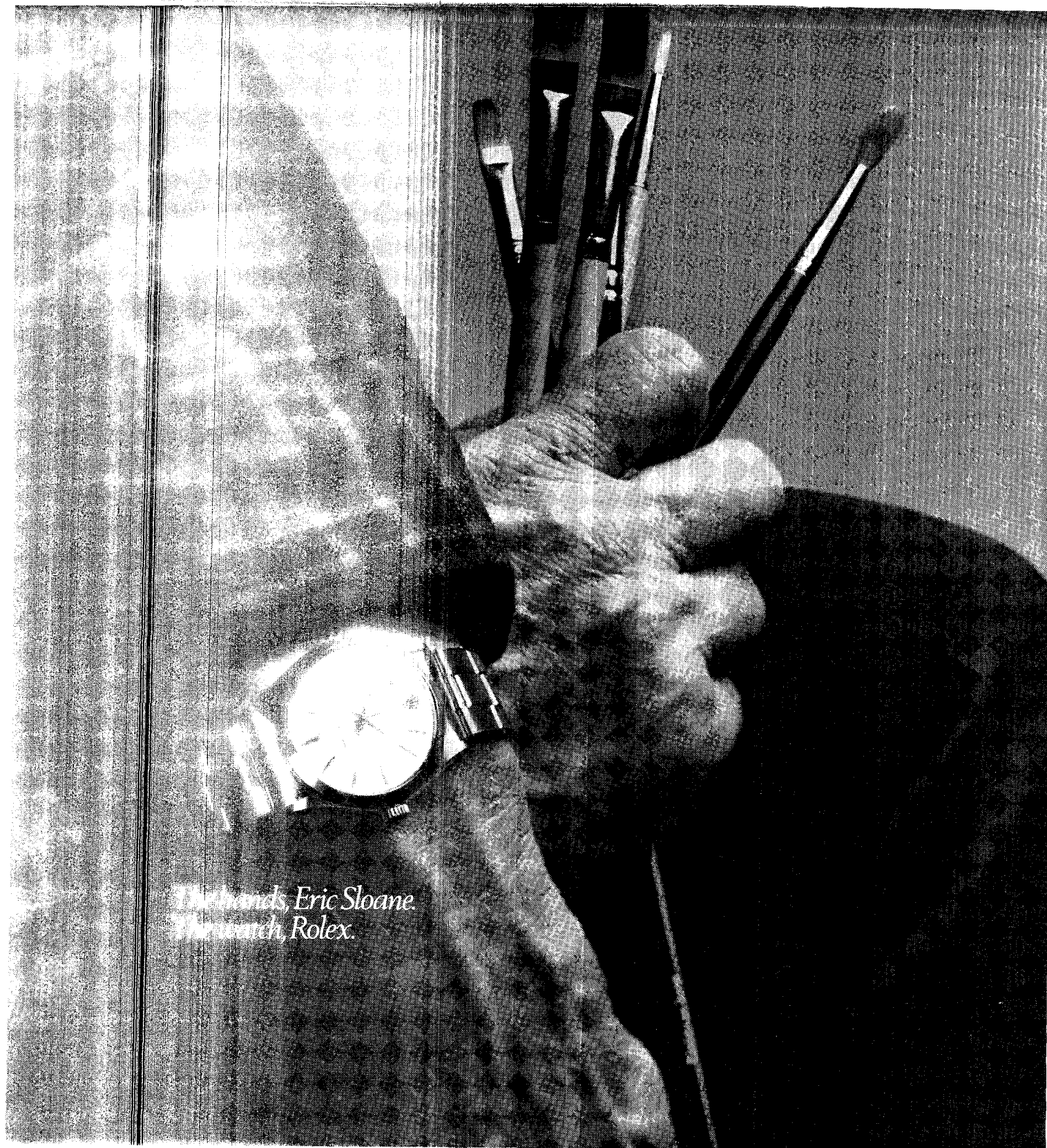
**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN** is Ella Fitzgerald's favorite singer and one of the best singers in America. His accompanists include the fine **TONY MONTE** on piano, **HAROLD ASHBY** on tenor sax, **MILT HINTON** on bass, and **PANAMA FRANCIS** on drums. They are here through Saturday, Nov. 27. On Tuesday, Nov. 30, **ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, will arrive with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights, plus a backup quartet guided by pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. On Wednesday, Nov. 24, R. & B. and disco saxophonist Dave Sanborn heads a quintet; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, will be claimed by wily drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his quintet. Dinner. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son







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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the Bitter End. Folksinger Eric Andersen is here through Sunday, Nov. 28, opposite Tony Bird, a folksinger from Malawi, in Southeast Africa. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, singer and songwriter David Forman will start alternating with the Alpha Band, which plays rock and roll. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining.

**STORYVILLE**, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here goes like this: Monday is Dixieland night (presented by the New Jersey Jazz Society), Tuesday's offering is contemporary jazz, Wednesday focusses on American song, Thursday is jazz-classics night, and Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for miscellaneous groups. Different musicians and ensembles are scheduled each night; some of them are saxophonist James Spaulding's Sound Spectrum, which will be featured in an all-Ellington program on Thursday, Nov. 25; trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his exciting, attention-getting sextet, Friday, Nov. 26; and blues-and-ballad baritone Earl Coleman, who will be backed by pianist **HANK JONES** and a quartet, Saturday, Nov. 27. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**STRYKER'S**, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist **Eddie Daniels** fronts a wonderful rhythm section that usually includes Michael Moore on bass and Gene Bertonecini on guitar; and pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, Taksim, a Middle Eastern jazz quintet, will take over. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Jazz-rock saxophonist and composer Dave Liebman performs with pianist **Richie Beirach** and bassist **Frank Tusa** through Sunday, Nov. 28. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, **JOE PUMA**, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN**, and **MICHAEL MOORE** will come in for five nights of collaboration. Mondays and Tuesdays are given over to **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins never seems to let up; he can play clearly, cleanly, and, most important, musically, at a breakneck pace. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Singer **Esther Phillips** is here with her supporting band on Wednesday, Nov. 24; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 26-28, the crisply melodic, hard-driving **SONNY ROLLINS** will head up his quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL**, who is now playing dadaistic disco, will trade sets with the simultaneously rustic and urbane singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** and his trio. Music from ten.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** winds up a stint here with his quintet on Sunday, Nov. 28; **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON**, a widely admired young trumpeter, will bring in his quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 30. On Mondays, the seventeen-piece **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization blasts forth. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

**WEST END CAFE**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger cafe, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and

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Tuesdays, trumpeter **Franc Williams** heads a quartet that includes **Eddie Durham**, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays, a hop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for a quintet that usually includes ex-Basie-ites **BUDDY TATE**, **Paul Quinichette**, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**INTERLUDES**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 5:45: **DAVID LIEBMAN** and **RICHARD BEIRACH** at **THEIR LOOKOUT FARM**. ... Thursday, Dec. 1, at 5:45: **LOUIS FALCO** DANCE COMPANY with **JUAN ANTONIO**.

**NATALIE COLE**—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 25-27, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7.

**ALAINA REED**—Bijou Theatre, 209 W. 45th St. 869-1537. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 25-27, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8.

**BEACH BOYS**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 24-26, at 8.

**HOT TUNA**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Nov. 24, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

**GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION and MOTHER'S FINEST**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.

**ELLA FITZGERALD, COUNT BASIE, OSCAR PETERSON, and JOE PASS**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10:30.

**RIO CLEMENTE**—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.

**BOB JAMES ORCHESTRA, STANLEY TURRENTINE, and FREDDIE HUBBARD**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8 and at midnight.

**CHIEFTAINS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.

**FRANK FOSTER and the LOUD MINORITY**—A program of music by Frank Foster, with his Living Color, Joe Lee Wilson, and the Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

**HAZEL SCOTT**—In a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7:30.)

**PETE SEEGER**—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8.

**MELISSA MANCHESTER and AL JARREAU**—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.

**PHOEBE SNOW and JIMMIE SPHEERIS**—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 29, at 7:30.

**BEE GEES and the TAVARES BROTHERS**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.

**STANLEY CLARKE and SHAKTI (with JOHN McLAUGHLIN)**—Palladium. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.

**JORGE CAFRUNE**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.

**DARYL HALL and JOHN OATES and RICHARD SUPA**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 8.

**NATI MISTRAL**—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:15.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**CHARLES ADDAMS**—Practically all the members of his celebrated repertory company are represented in this exhibit of cartoons, illustrations for book jackets, and other drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**HORST ANTES**—Craggy, earthy figures that might be blood brothers to those Easter Island sculptures, by a German artist who works in acrylics, charcoal, and chalk. Through Dec. 18. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**ARIK BRAUER**—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist setting. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**DAVID BURT**—Hammered-copper and other metal abstract sculptures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**KENNETH CALLAHAN**—Broad swipes of dark tempera cutting across a background strewn with abstract shapes of lesser consequence, plus number of realist monotypes and drawings of birds and animals. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**HOWARD COOK**—A retrospective of his graphic works, along with examples of his drawing and watercolors. Through Dec. 18. (Prakas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**ROBERT DE NIRO**—Figures, groups of figures, and other compositions painted in his characteristic colorful, free-form semi-abstract style. Through Dec. 11. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

**WILLIAM DOLE**—Collage paintings consisting mainly of snippets of antique Spenserian handwriting, bits of foreign printing, and commercial papers of various kinds. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**MARY FAULCONER**—Small, precise tempera paintings of still-lives and the façades of exotic buildings, plus—a new departure for the miniaturist—a couple of works devoted to people from a long-ago era. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**FRED GARBERS**—Cool, formalistic still-lives, seen in a subdued kind of light, plus collages made up of rich-colored clippings of paper almost imperceptibly pieced together. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave. at 80th St.)

**GREGORY GILLESPIE**—Recent paintings by a New England artist whose style, basically realistic, defies classification; one large work, entitled "Studio Wall," serves as a sort of sampler of his skills, incorporating abstract touches, trompe-l'oeil, portraiture, and a good deal of just downright painting. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**LEONEL GÓNGORA**—Strange, Expressionist paintings, done in a satiric vein and mostly involving nudes in abandoned attitudes; one exception, called "The Triumph of Icarus," was inspired when the painter, a teacher at the University of Massachusetts, was picnicking on a mountaintop with his wife and a hang glider swept past them, right out of the blue. Through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**WITOLD GORDON** (1884-1968)—Precisionist tempera paintings of New York storefronts, still-lives, roadside Coca-Cola oases in the South, and New Orleans façades, plus two original paintings for *New Yorker* covers. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. Special hours on Friday, Nov. 26: 2 to 5.)

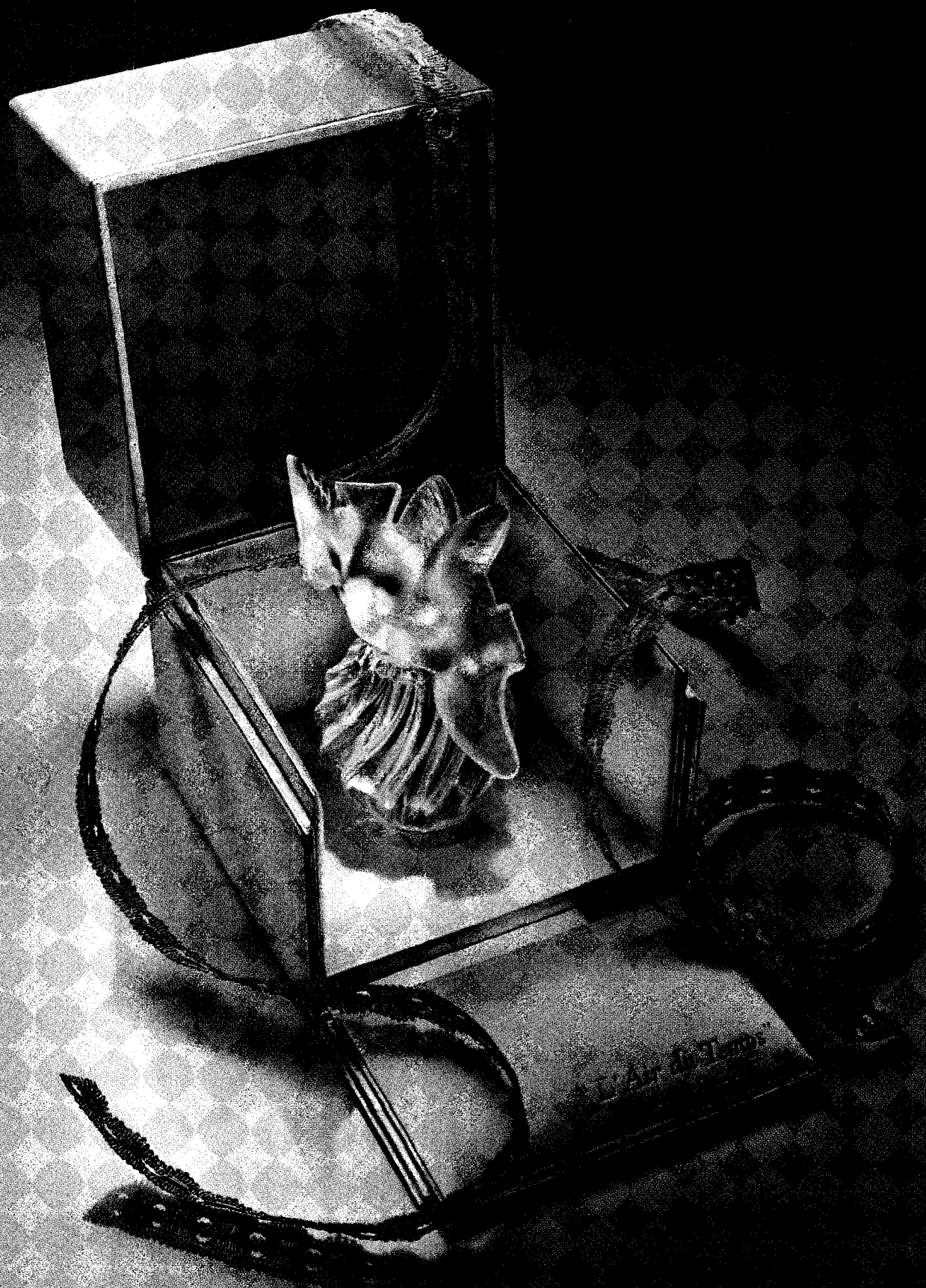
**NANCY GROSSMAN**—Collages made of a tough paper stained with paint or colored with pastel and cut into shapes that the artist assembles into a male head or figure whose features are mysteriously hidden under several layers of mummy-like tape. Through Dec. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**JOHN HELD, JR.** (1889-1958)—Drawings, watercolors, and linoleum-block prints of archetypes of the twenties and thirties by the cartoonist-illustrator who gave identity to the hip-flask, flapper generation. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**ADDIE HERDER**—Collage constructions set in boxes, usually, and made up of postage stamps, playing cards, cigar bands, ticket stubs, and the like. Through Dec. 18. (Gruenbaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

**JOHN WILLIAM HILL** (1812-79) and **JOHN HENRY HILL** (1839-1922)—Small, precise pencil drawings and watercolors, all of them landscapes and most of them devoted to upstate





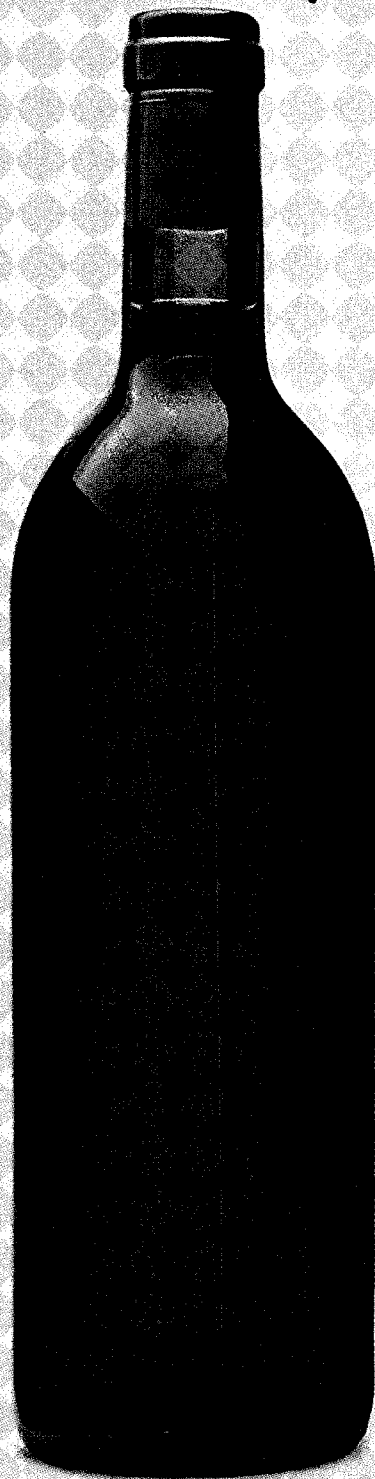
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scenery, by a father and son who took Ruskin's art theories literally, had no truck with commercialism (except for peddling their works from house to house), and nearly starved. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Washington, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**JIM HUNTINGTON**—Sculptural pieces, mostly big vertical slabs of Pennsylvania bluestone, doctored as little as possible from the way they left their sedimentary bed in the Allegheny quarries. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

**PAUL JENKINS**—Flowing masses of rich color, sometimes evoking the sea, sometimes a sunset sky, and sometimes a strangely lighted landscape, mostly done with acrylics that have dried to a sort of crackled, reticulated surface. Through Dec. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**REUBEN KADISH**—Figurative bronzes that are almost amorphous in their gnarled and contorted surfaces; a series of four terra-cotta works, called "Earth Mother," have a considerable primitive force. Through Dec. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**HARRIET KORMAN**—Acrylic-and-crayon paintings of lines that form various patterns. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**ANDRÉ LHOTE** (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

**ROSEMARY MAYER**—Ephemeral-looking sculptures made of light aluminum mesh along with a series of cheerful, flowery watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**JOAN MITCHELL**—Abstract paintings suggestive of landscapes. Through Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**CLAUDE MONET** (1840-1926)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings covering six decades in the life of this indefatigable outdoor painter, who roamed France (and later England) depicting harbors, wharves, haystacks, village landscapes, windmills, steamy railroad yards, and so on, before settling down to the studies of water lilies on which his declining years were spent. Through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**WILLIAM PEREHUDOFF**—New acrylic paintings by a Saskatchewan artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

**JUDITH ROTHSCHILD**—Abstract figures, suggestive of Matisse's dancers in spirit, outlined in black and cut out of sheets of a thick white material called Foam Board, which is then affixed to a bright-colored background. Through Dec. 18. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

**PAUL VÁZQUEZ/BERNARD CATHELIN**—Bold, bright strokes of color, and random pools of lesser intensity, done in oils on paper or canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 27./Landscapes and still-lives by a School of Paris painter. Through Dec. 11. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**HOWARD WARSHAW**—Recent paintings of the anatomical aspects of horses and their riders. Through Dec. 18. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

**HARVEY WEISS**—Welded-brass abstract sculpture, some of it related to marine subjects like anchors and mooring posts, and some of it concerned with metal forms under severe stress and depicted just at the breaking point. Through Dec. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**JOHN WESLEY**—A number of references to the American past—a teetering Washington crossing the Delaware, Woodrow Wilson crossing his eyes—by a Pop artist who seems to have been weaned on Disney. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**DON WYNN**—Adirondack scenes—sun-dappled landscapes and boulder-strewn ravines—predominate in this show, which also includes portraits, a self-portrait, and a couple of fine pencil drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**MODERN PORTRAITS**—When artists are painting themselves or their close friends, they let go

in a way that seldom occurs when the subject matter is more formal, and a sense of this free, unfettered atmosphere brightens this benefit show of twentieth-century portraiture put together by the Department of Art History of Columbia University. The survey includes paintings, drawings, and photographs by Matisse, Chagall, Mondrian, Rauchenberg, Warhol, Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by a group that includes Marsden Hartley, Everett Shinn, and Sol Wilson. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. ... **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. ... **FAIR**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A couple of pencil abstracts by William Bazotes; the germ, in ink, of an architectural enterprise by Le Corbusier; and a number of remarkable pencil drawings in a surrealist vein by a young woman named Janet Fanto are included in this show of twenty-one American and European artists. Through Dec. 23. ... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A show of paintings by Americans. The earliest work is a portrait by John Smibert dated 1729 and the latest is a 1961 Andrew Wyeth; in between are paintings by Homer, Sully, Trumbull, Hassam, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. ... **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: The Wyeth extravaganza at the Metropolitan didn't catch them all; there are five paintings by Andrew, two by his father, N. C., three by his son James, and one by his nephew-in-law George Weymouth in this nicely selected showing, which also includes Inness, Cole, and Church, among other American realists. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.) ... **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 5. ... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints, drawings, and small sculptures (by, among others, Arthur B. Davies, Leo Ganso, and Doris Caesar) that center on the figure. Through Saturday, Nov. 27.

**SCULPTURE**—A show of the works of Arp, Ernst, and Giacometti; nearly all the pieces are bronze. Through Dec. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**SAMUEL ADLER**—Spectral abstracts in shades of gray, and collages, mostly in the same tones, by this veteran American painter. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**KAREL APPEL**—Paintings from the sixties, when he began to move away from the more primitive-looking works of his years with the Cobra group. Through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

**GLEN BAXTER/MARILYN LERNER**—A dozen delicate idiosyncratic colored-pencil drawings by this

English poet./Abstract paintings in which a large V-shaped area, outlined by ridges of paint, is nearly always prominent. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**JOAN BROWN**—All of these new bright-colored canvases feature a single woman in an interior and one series, called "Alcatraz Swim," shows not only the artist but a swimming competition she entered. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

**CHARLES BURCHFIELD** (1893-1967)—Interspersed among the helter-skelter watercolors of rutted snow and skull-like houses and haunted swamps for which the painter is famous are some gentle, precise, detailed pencil studies of old farm buildings that show us a new dimension of this many-sided artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**RALSTON CRAWFORD**—Abstract oil paintings. Through Dec. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**CARLOS CRUZ-DIEZ**—Large Op Art pieces in which Mondrianlike patterns seem to shift around as the viewer walks past, an illusion created by a screen of fixed vertical louvers on the front of each composition; the principle is the same as the one behind those signs that wink at passersby. Through Dec. 11. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

**LAWRENCE FANE**—Abstract welded-steel sculptures made from such found objects as car bumpers and sewer pipes. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM FARES**—Abstract paintings done with layers of acrylic, some of them peeled back; each work is based on a large, simple geometric shape. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**LIONEL GILBERT**—Still-lives and interiors in semi-abstract and occasionally not-at-all abstract patterns by this veteran New York painter. Through Dec. 24. (Alonzo, in a new location, at 30 W. 57th St.)

**ROBERT GWATHMEY**—A retrospective of the stylized, Gothic compositions by this artist, who has devoted much of his career to depicting the plight of the black man in the Deep South; included are some pencil drawings lightly washed with color that offer a sunnier side of the situation. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**YVONNE JACQUETTE**—Bird's-eye views of the Maine countryside and the East River, painted by a young artist who makes sketches and snapshots from airplanes and converts them into large paintings or monotypes almost as detailed—and somehow more realistic—than aerial photographs. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**NANCY WILSON KITCHEL**—An installation consisting of what appears to be an abandoned office (six desks, with chairs, phones, etc.), which is meant to convey, by contrast with the relatively busy gallery it is appended to, something about the relationship of art and society. Between the gallery and the installation, an automatic Olivetti typewriter, serving as a sort of Greek chorus, spews out, over and over, an encyclopedia-length explanation by the artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

**JOAN MIRÓ**—Aquatints and lithographs. Through Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**HENRY MOORE**—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**TOMMY SIMPSON**—Odd constructions handsomely turned out in raw, unfinished wood. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

**SAUL STEINBERG**—A selection of cartoons dating back as far as 1943 and offering prime examples of his prestidigitation with ideas as well as with pen and ink. Also works in other mediums which have appeared on the cover of *The New Yorker*. Through Dec. 18. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) ... Further examples from the same period. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**HORACIO TORRES** (1924-76)—Some of the last works done by this Colombian-born artist who broke away from the dominant Constructivist movement in his homeland a few years ago, migrated to New York, and was





# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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emerging as a leading painter of monumental classical nudes at the time of his death last January. Through Thursday, Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**ERNEST TROYA**—Recent sculptures, most of them outsize pieces (the largest is sixteen feet long) made of stainless steel or Corten steel. It is interesting to see that elements of his famous "Falling Man" are discernible here and there, all but absorbed into the massive abstractions. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**ROBERT VICKREY**—Realist egg-tempera paintings. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**JOYCE WEINSTEIN**—Oils and pastels by an artist who strives to catch, in abstract terms, the variables of light cast by, say, a hazy August dawn or a September sunset. Through Friday, Dec. 3. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

**NEIL WELLIVER/SHARON YATES**—Huge, dramatic paintings of wetlands in Maine. Also, small oil sketches from which they derived. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. / Small landscapes painted in Pennsylvania, upstate New York, and Italy. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOW**—Jock Truman's second "This Doesn't Look Like a Work of Art" show, in which thirteen artists display things they couldn't *not* make—among them a sixty-five-foot stretch of what might be a special roadbed for a toy railroad, by Joe Neill; what looks like a hundred and fifty loaves of bread made of raw wood and clustered around a huge raw-wood breadboard, by Ursula von Rydingsvard; and three slender eight-foot sticks made of reed, bound with copper and brass wire, and painted with casein, and stood in corners, where they cast odd shadows. Through Dec. 30. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**DOTTY ATTIE**—Three series of tiny, photographically exact pencil copies of details from classical works, which are used to illustrate weird, cryptic stories made up by the artist; one dainty little horror is about a child who sucks his thumb. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**JANET BRAUN-REINITZ**—Swags of filmy white or black nylon material draped in sculptural shapes. Through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

**NORMAN COLP/JUDY COHEN AND HARVEY STEIN**—Mr. Colp vectors in on the art world again by (a) computing the "mass" of ten local dealers (Paula Cooper, Ivan Karp, and Barbara Toll among them), and translating the sum into leaden cubes (the smallest weighs thirty-six pounds seven ounces), which are displayed on a white pedestal, and by (b) collecting the minute particles—dust, hair, lint—that had settled on art works in leading galleries, and exhibiting this debris along with color photographs of the works involved. / A tribute to Smokey the Bear. Miss Cohen dressed herself in a Smokey outfit and posed for photographs (by Mr. Stein) in areas where Smokey's crusade might have helped—a blighted district in the Bronx, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

**MICHAEL COOPER/R. J. KREZNAR**—Small collages in which postage stamps, playing cards, Scrabble tiles, bits of stock certificates, and other decorative oddments take what seem to be their predestined places in a given composition. / Tabletop-size sculptural pieces

achieved by stacking small strips of glass in various arrangements, sometimes in a honeycomb pattern, sometimes in a simple prismatic form; the component strips are usually of a uniform color and size, and the edges appear to have been broken rather than cut. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**MICHAEL EISENMAN**—Landscapes of Utah and New York, plus portraits. Through Dec. 9. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

**JACKIE FERRARA**—Unpainted birch plywood and Masonite stacked in the shape of pyramids. Also related drawings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

**JASHA GREEN/STEPHANIE BRODY LEDERMAN**—Sculptures. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 8. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

**GORDON HART**—A new development in this artist's huge, mural-size abstract oil paintings is that he is now dividing the canvas into two or more distinct color areas, instead of devoting a whole canvas to one, as he has in the past. His use of contrasting rods of color at the sides of his work continues. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**WILLIAM C. MAXWELL**—Mosaic-like paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Dec. 9. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

**ELIZABETH MURRAY**—Abstract oils, some of them on shaped canvas, in which a central field of interest—sometimes a single, simple shape, and sometimes a relatively complicated arrangement—is set on a contrasting background that the painter has worked hard to keep subdued. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**BRUCE NAUMAN**—Recent sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**CLAES OLDENBURG**—Recent comic conceits of this modern master, most of them shown in various sizes, ranging from relative portability to monumental—among them a typewriter eraser (the kind with a brush), a compact rendering of the alphabet in what looks like wet noodles, served up on a Good Humor stick, and a wood screw that could be taken for an African carving. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Castelli, 420 and 410 West Broadway.)

**ROBERT PERLESS**—Huge mobiles, called "wind sculptures," which move with a certain dignity when a breeze engages them. The largest is an extended "V" like a bird in flight, that is twenty-five feet long and set on a twelve-foot triangular pedestal. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

**DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE**—This artist, who uses an ancient Greek mathematical formula to work out the shape of her compositions (they consist of creased and folded abstractions made of linen or heavy paper), has now begun to color them according to the dictates of her own intuition, rather than by calculation—with good results. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**JACQUELINE SHATZ**—Abstract paintings based on

flowers. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

**JOHN WALKER**—Large-scale abstract paintings, mostly. Through Dec. 23. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

**UNA WILKINSON**—Landscapes and interiors. Through Dec. 9. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

**REPRESENTATIONAL DRAWINGS**—Outstanding works in graphite and other mediums by four artists—Wolfgang Gefgen, who focusses here on lengths of frayed rope; Juan Gonzales, who depicts a gauzy curtain rising over a gentle seascape; Joe Nicastri, who draws delicately tinted bouquets of fading flowers on a plaster ground; and Bill Richards, who sets down every fern, every stem, every shadow in a swampy thicket. Through Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**GROUP SHOW**—Sculptures by Ira Joel Haber and Robert Witz and paintings by Bill Jensen. Through Dec. 31. (Thorp, 139 Spring St.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**ANDY WARHOL**—A series of twenty-three charcoal drawings of a hammer and sickle casting red shadows. The sickle is a Champion No. 15, by True Temper, the hammer is anonymous, and the drawings are unmistakably Warhol's. Through Dec. 15. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except Nov. 26, from 11 to 4:30.)

**NEW YORK'S STEPCHILDREN**—An exhibit of photographs of architectural details on civic buildings, some of which are earmarked for destruction. Through Dec. 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, from 9:30 to 4:30.)

**ANEMONES: AN AIR AQUARIUM**—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world, and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Pieni and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Paintings and sculptures by American and European artists Rothko, Soutine, Flack, and others, on loan from private collections and museums. Through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)... LOEB STUDENT CENTER, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: A single painting or sculpture by a group of women artists that includes Alice Baber, Gillian Jager, and Gabriele Roos. Through Thursday, Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**LUCIEN AIGNER**—A group of prints, all of them taken in France before the Second World War, by a photojournalist who used to work under the name of Aral. Through Dec. 30. (French Institute/Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... Portraits of, among others, Albert Einstein, Fiorello LaGuardia, and Haile Selassie. Through Dec. 15. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Sundays, noon to 5.)

**GEORGE ALPERT**—A two-gallery exhibit of black-and-white photographs. Both shows through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... SoHo-at-Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**ROBERT DEMACHY** (1859-1936)—Fifty vintage prints by a French Pictorialist. Complementing the exhibit are works by Stieglitz, Käsebier, and Steichen. Through Dec. 9. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... A smaller selection of works by Demachy. Also photo-





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphs by Pepe Diniz. Through Dec. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**JAY MAISEL**—Dye-transfer color prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**BENJAMIN PORTER/LARRY SIEGEL**—A group of pictures taken in South America. Photographs of people, including his family and friends. Through Dec. 5. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

**STEPHEN SHORE**—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

**PAUL STRAND** (1890-1976)—A selection of photographs from his entire career, including thirty vintage prints. Also work by Emmet Gowin. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)... Photographs and gravures. Also work by photographer John J. Gruen. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**FRANK M. STUCLIFFE** (1853-1941)—Landscapes shrouded in fog, harbor scenes, and farmers tilling the soil in Whitby, England, figure in these naturalistic photographs (close to a hundred and all of them vintage) by a photographer who was influenced by the works of Millet and Corot. Through Dec. 18. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

**WEEGEE** (1899-1968)—More than fifty candid flash-pictures from the forties taken in, among other places, jail cells and night clubs and on the Bowery. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeiffer, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Photographs of dancers, most of them taken in the early years of this century, by Charles Schenk, Emil Otto Hoppe, Arnold Genthe, and others. Through Dec. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT**, 466 Grand St.: "Family Album," a show of a hundred and twenty-five photographs depicting several generations of black New York families. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Walker Evans, Irving Penn, and William Eggleston are three of the photographers in a show that traces the development of both commercial and non-commercial photography since the late eighteen hundreds. Also, in a separate exhibit, color prints by David Robinson. Through Jan. 2. (Open Sundays.)... **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Saturday, Dec. 4.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6... The museum is in the process of laying out new quarters for its Egyptian collection (which is so tremendous that a lot of it has not been seen practically since the time of Queen Tiy), and thirteen galleries have now been opened to view. There will just be time to see it all before the next segment is opened, in the fall of 1978... An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century

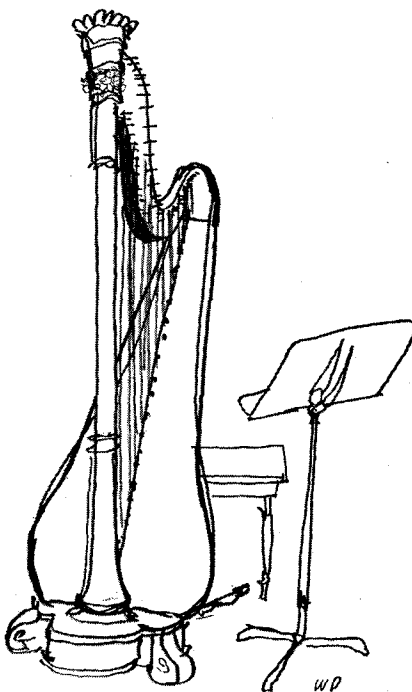
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Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16... A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931). Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise" examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Tuesday, Nov. 30... A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20... Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through Jan. 16... Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition paying homage to one of our major national resources, has now unexpectedly become a memorial tribute to the artist whose recent death cut short the abundant flow of blessings from his hand. Included in the show are samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stables as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Jan. 30... A historical survey of American watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23.



(Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

**WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A selection of thirty-two paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by early members of the American Abstract Artists, a group that was founded in 1936. Among the prominent members whose works are included are Ilya Bolotowsky, David Smith, and Gertrude and Balcolm Greene. Through Wednesday, Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent "Hall of the Sun" has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. This exhibit is open every day, except Thanksgiving, from noon to 5. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual Child Hassam Purchase Exhibition, this year numbering seventy-one entries (of which about twenty will be bought for distribution to American museums) by contemporary painters, among them Nancy Hagin, Benny Andrews, and Hans Moller... Works from the academy's collection, the earliest dated 1883. John Sloan, Saul Steinberg, and Elihu Vedder are a few of the artists included. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Jan. 2.

**ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening, Dec. 2, until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**CHINA HOUSE**, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; Thanksgiving Day, noon to 3. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Hill,



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jr., and James Thurber, Through Feb. 15. . . .

☛ Photographs of contemporary New York by Andreas Feininger compared with earlier views of the city by artists and photographers from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER**—Posters, letters, photographs, and other memorabilia tracing the careers of Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya both here and abroad. Through March 12. (Mondays and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

### MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

#### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; conducted by Richard Bonyng. . . . Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Gilbert Py, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonyng. . . . Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Rosalind Elias, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Ezio Flagello; James Levine. . . . Sunday, Nov. 28, at 6:30: The second of two performances of "Einstein on the Beach," a five-hour avant-garde opera by Robert Wilson, with a score by Philip Glass. . . . Monday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Tatiana Troyanos, Gilbert Py, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonyng. . . . Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Rosalind Elias, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Ezio Flagello; James Levine. . . . Friday, Dec. 3, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehring. . . . Saturday, Dec. 4, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonyng.

**OPERA AT THE Y**—Michael Feldman conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in the American premières of Josef Berg's chamber operas "Breakfast at Schlackenwald Castle" and "European Tourists." Staged by Thomas Gruenewald. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

#### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 8:30; Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30; and Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 (all

with Victoria Canale, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; and John Reardon, baritone); and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8:30 (with Teresa Kubiak, soprano; Isser Bushkin, bass; and Leonard Raver, organ).

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Antonio de Almeida conducting, with Mario Escudero, guitar. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

**MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA**—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Catharine Crozier, organ. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**—Lukas Foss conducting and playing the piano in a program of Brandenburg Concertos, with Gerald Tarack, violin; Paula Robison, flute; and Scott Nickrenz and Walter Trampler, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2.)

**MANHATTAN BRASS AND PERCUSSION ENSEMBLES**—A joint concert, with Cecil Collins and Paul Price conducting, and with David Brannard, tuba. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

**GREGG SMITH SINGERS**—Gregg Smith directing a program contrasting American and European choral works. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

**DESSOFF CHOIRS**—Michael Hammond directing, with an orchestra. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

#### RECITALS

**STRING TRIO OF NEW YORK**—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

**EMIL GOROVETS**—Tenor, in a program of Yiddish, Hebrew, and Russian songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

**ANTHONY NEWMAN**—The first in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Bach concertos for one, two, three, and four harpsichords, this one with Edward Brewer, harpsichord, and Mary Jane Newman, violin. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

**VERMEER QUARTET**—With Richard Goode, piano. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30.)

**EARLY MUSIC AT THE CATHEDRAL**—The first in a series of six concerts, this one played by the New York Consort of Viols. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**ANDRÉ WATTS**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

**YUVAL TRIO**—With Raphael Hillyer, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7.)

**RAYMOND DUDLEY**—Fortepiano, in a program of Haydn sonatas composed in 1776. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

**MEYER KUPFERMAN**—Clarinet, in a program of mostly European music written for him, with David Moore, cello; Kazuka Hayami, piano; and Steve Kastuck, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

**STANLEY BABIN**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FACULTY CONCERT**—The Composers String Quartet; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**VIKTOR FRIEDMAN**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

**NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS**—A program of flute quartets, with Julius Baker as soloist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

**NEW YORK VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE**—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "At the Court of the Czar." (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

**GUARNERI QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Grace

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Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**JAN DeGAETANI**—Mezzo-soprano, in the first in a series of three concerts of vocal chamber music, this one with Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Jacob Glick, viola; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

**SETH MCCOY AND CHARLES TREGER**—Tenor and violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8... Knicks vs. Nets, Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30... Knicks vs. Seattle, Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8... **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Nov. 24... Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Nov. 26... Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Dec. 1... Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Dec. 3.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—Saturday, Nov. 27: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50... Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Sunday, Nov. 28: Giants vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1... Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

**HOCKEY**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7:35... Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7:35... **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Nov. 25... Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Nov. 30... Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Dec. 2... Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 4.

**RACING**—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 23. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 25; the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 27; the Stuyvesant Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 1; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4... **LAUREL, Md.**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Maryland Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 27.

**TROTTING**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

## ET ALIA

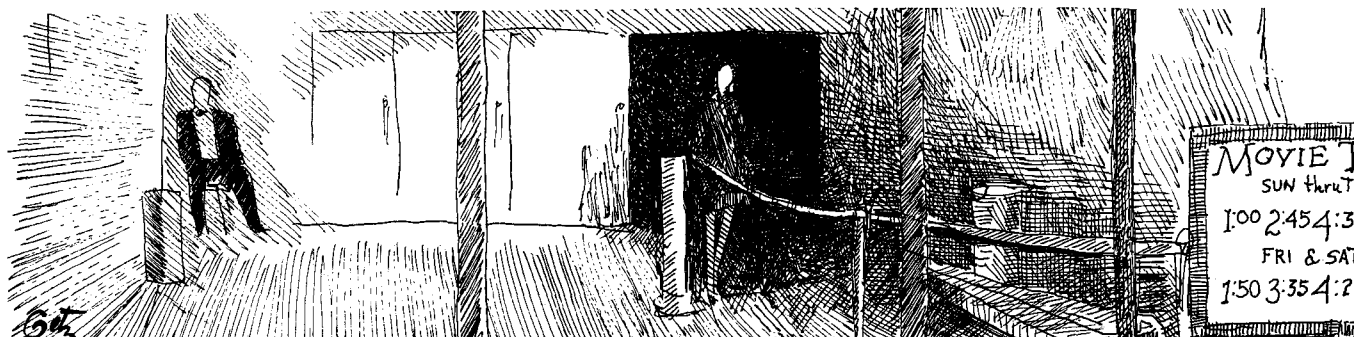
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**POETRY READINGS**—Richard Hugo and Thom Gunn reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 29, at 8)... Lisel Mueller and Karen Swenson reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Nov. 26, at 2: European tapestries and furniture, from many owners... Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from several owners... Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art and prints, from various sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 26... Thursday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings, including a number of Spanish fifteenth- and sixteenth-century works; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 27... **NOTE**: On Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 10, there will be an auction of antique toys from the collection of Emma and Archie Stiles, at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Saturday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 5, and Monday, Nov. 29, from 9 to 5.)



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## EAST SIDE

- ART. 36 E. 8th.** (GR 3-7014)  
Through Nov. 30: "Bugsy Malone."  
From Dec. 1: To be announced.
- ST. MARKS CINEMA,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)  
Through Nov. 30: "Fritz the Cat" (X-rated),  
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat," and  
"Heavy Traffic."  
From Dec. 1: "Norman... Is That You?"  
and "Logan's Run."
- CINEMA VILLAGE,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)  
"James Dean, the First American Teenager."
- GRAMERCY,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through Nov. 30: "Bugsy Malone."  
From Dec. 1: To be announced.
- MURRAY HILL,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)  
"Two-Minute Warning."
- 34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)  
"The Next Man."
- EASTSIDE CINEMA,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)  
"The Song Remains the Same."
- SUTTON,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
"Network."
- TRANS-LUX EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)  
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"
- FINE ARTS,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)  
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."
- PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
- BARONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
"Maitresse."
- CORONET,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)  
"The Front."
- R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1,** 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)  
"Shout at the Devil."
- R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)  
"James Dean, the First American Teenager."
- D. W. GRIFFITH,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)  
Through Dec. 2 (tentative): "A Child Is a  
Wild Young Thing."
- CINEMA I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)  
"The Last Tycoon."
- CINEMA II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)  
"Rocky."
- COLUMBIA I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)  
"Carrie."
- COLUMBIA II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)  
Russ Meyer's "Up" (X-rated).
- BECKMAN,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
"Lumière."
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-  
9302)  
"The Marquise of O..."
- LOEWS TOWER EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)  
"Marathon Man."
- 72ND STREET EAST,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
Through Nov. 30: "Bugsy Malone."  
From Dec. 1: To be announced.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
Through Nov. 30: "Alex & the Gypsy."  
From Dec. 1: "The Ritz."
- U. A. EAST,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)  
"Car Wash."
- LOEWS ORPHEUM,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)  
"Two-Minute Warning."
- LOEWS CINÉ,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)  
"The Next Man."
- 86TH ST. EAST,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)  
"Carrie."
- R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-  
8900)  
"Shout at the Devil."

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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|                           |    |    | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28                        | 29 | 30 | 1  | 2  |    |    |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE  
HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE  
SECTION BELOW

**R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-  
8932)  
To be announced.

## WEST SIDE

- WAVERLY,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)  
"The Memory of Justice."
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)  
"Car Wash."
- GREENWICH,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)  
"Carrie."
- QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)  
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 27: "Anna Ka-  
renina" and "Mata Hari." Nov. 28-30:  
"Christopher Strong" and "A Woman Re-  
bels." From Dec. 1: "Spitfire" and "Alice  
Adams."  
Theatre 2: "Alice in Wonderland" and "What  
Do You Say to a Naked Lady?" (both X-  
rated).  
Theatre 3: "Felicia" and "S.O.S." (both X-  
rated).  
Theatre 4: "Ape."
- GUILD,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
"Silent Movie."
- MUSIC HALL,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)  
"The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of  
Cinderella."
- FESTIVAL,** 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)  
"The Incredible Sarah."
- PLAYBOY,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
Through Nov. 30: "The Bad News Bears"  
and "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved  
Hollywood."  
From Dec. 1: To be announced.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)  
"Small Change."
- PARIS,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)  
"Cousin, Cousine."
- PARAMOUNT,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)  
"Network."
- EMBASSY 72ND ST.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)  
Through Nov. 30: "Face to Face."  
From Dec. 1: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
- LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)  
Theatre 1: "Carrie."  
Theatre 2: "Bugsy Malone" and "The Big  
Bus."  
Theatre 3: "Shout at the Devil."
- OLYMPIA,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)  
Through Nov. 30: "Snow White and the Sev-  
en Dwarfs" and "No Deposit No Return."  
From Dec. 1: "Alice in Wonderland" and  
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"  
(both X-rated).

## REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusive-  
ly, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of  
space, or lack of it, only the films marked with

a dagger are described in our "In Brief" sec-  
tion, further along.)

- BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)  
Nov. 24: "Topper" (1937), directed by Nor-  
man Z. McLeod, with Constance Bennett,  
Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie  
Burke; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938),  
directed by Howard Hawks, with Katha-  
rine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles  
Ruggles.  
Nov. 25: "Moby Dick" (1930), directed by  
Lloyd Bacon, with John Barrymore and  
Joan Bennett; and "Captains Courageous"  
(1937), directed by Victor Fleming, with  
Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Mel-  
vyn Douglas, and Lionel Barrymore.  
Nov. 26: "The Loved One" (†); and "The  
Magic Christian" (1970), directed by Jo-  
seph McGrath, with Peter Sellers and Rin-  
go Starr.  
Nov. 27: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"  
(1966), directed by Mike Nichols, with  
Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George  
Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Carnal  
Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike  
Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur  
Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-  
Margret.  
Nov. 28: "M\*A\*S\*H" (1970), directed by  
Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland,  
Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kel-  
lerman; and "How I Won the War"  
(1967), directed by Richard Lester, with  
Michael Crawford and John Lennon.  
Nov. 29: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (†)  
and "Ordet." (†)  
Nov. 30: "Out One/Spectre" (1974), in  
French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with  
Bernadette Lafont and Jean-Pierre Léaud.  
Dec. 1: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed  
by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell,  
Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Only  
Angels Have Wings." (†)  
Dec. 2: "India Song" (1975), in French, di-  
rected by Marguerite Duras, with Delphine  
Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale; and "Voyage  
en Grande Tartarie" (1974), in French,  
directed by Jean-Claude Tacchella, with  
Jean-Luc Bideau.
- CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-  
2131)  
Nov. 24: "Electra" (1962), in Greek, di-  
rected by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene  
Papas; and "Antigone" (1961), in Greek,  
directed by George Tzavellas, with Irene  
Papas and Manos Katrakis.  
Nov. 25: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966),  
directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Paul  
Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern;  
and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973),  
directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham  
Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.  
Nov. 26: "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970), in  
French, directed by François Truffaut,  
with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine  
Deneuve; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like  
Me" (1973), in French, directed by Fran-  
çois Truffaut, with Bernadette Lafont.  
Nov. 27: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971),  
directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda  
Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head;  
and "A Touch of Class" (1973), directed  
by Melvin Frank, with George Segal and  
Glenda Jackson.  
Nov. 28: "Bitter Sweet" (†); and "Naughty  
Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van  
Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson  
Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Mor-  
gan.  
Nov. 29: "High Sierra" (1941), directed by



- Raoul Walsh, with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy; and "They Drive by Night." (†)
- Nov. 30: "Salvatore Giuliano" (1961), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi; and "Bandits of Orgosolo." (†)
- Dec. 1: "The Saphead" (†); and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.
- Dec. 2: "The Woman in the Window" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett; and "Scarlet Street." (†)
- ELGIN**, 8th Ave. at 10th. (675-0935)
- Nov. 24: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
- Nov. 25: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
- Nov. 26: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" (1970), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Jason Robards, Stella Stevens, and David Warner.
- Nov. 27: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; "Candy" (1968), directed by Christian Marquand, with Ewa Aulin, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and James Coburn; and "What's New Pussycat?" (†)
- Nov. 28: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.
- Nov. 29: "Rollerball" (1975), directed by Norman Jewison, with James Caan and John Houseman; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
- Nov. 30: "The Wind and the Lion" (†) and "Zulu." (†)
- Dec. 1: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
- Dec. 2: "Putney Swope" (†); "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).
- NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
- Through Nov. 25: "On the Beach" (1959), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, and Fred Astaire; and "The Power" (1968), directed by Byron Haskin, with George Hamilton and Suzanne Pleshette.
- Nov. 26-27: "War of the Worlds" (1953), directed by Byron Haskin, with Gene Barry; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.
- Nov. 28-30: "This Island Earth" (†); and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush.
- Dec. 1-2: "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.
- REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
- Through Nov. 27: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.
- Nov. 28-30: "Funny Face." (†)
- From Dec. 1: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939), directed by H. C. Potter, with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edna May Oliver, and Walter Brennan; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Nov. 24: "Fury" (1936), directed by Fritz Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sydney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "Scarlet Street." (†)
- Nov. 25-26: "The Three Musketeers" (1948), directed by George Sidney, with Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, Vincent Price, Angela Lansbury, and June Allyson; and "Three Little Words" (1950), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn.
- Nov. 27-29: "Sabrina" (1954), directed by William Wilder, with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Funny Face." (†)
- Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†); and "Summer and Smoke" (1961), directed by Peter Glenville, with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.
- From Dec. 2: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Love Affair" (1939), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. . . . Nov. 26 at 2:30: "You're a Big Boy Now" (1966), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Peter Kastner, Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page, and Julie Harris. . . . Nov. 26 at 6: "Love Affair." . . . Nov. 27 at noon: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film dubbed

in English by Woody Allen. . . . Nov. 27 at 2:30: "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" (1968), directed by Hy Averback, with Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten. . . . Nov. 27 at 5: "A Guide for the Married Man" (1967), directed by Gene Kelly, with Walter Matthau, Inger Stevens, and Robert Morse. . . . Nov. 28 at noon: "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Ron Moody, Frank Langella, and Dom DeLuise. . . . Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Night They Raided Minsky's" (1968), directed by William Friedkin, with Jason Robards, Britt Ekland, and Norman Wisdom. . . . Nov. 28 at 5: "Just Tony" (1922), directed by Lynn F. Reynolds, with Tom Mix; and "The Last Trail" (1927), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Tom Mix. . . . Nov. 29 at noon: "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), directed by Sidney Lumet, with George Segal, Jack Warden, and Jessica Walter. . . . Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Divorcee American Style" (1967), directed by Bud Yorkin, with Dick Van Dyke and Debbie Reynolds. . . . Nov. 29 at 6: "The Love God?" (1969), directed by Nat Hiken, with Don Knotts, Anne Francis, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . Nov. 30 at noon: "Skidoo" (1969), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing. . . . Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Bye Bye Braverman." . . . Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Adorable" (1933), directed by William Dieterle, with Janet Gaynor, Henry Garat, and C. Aubrey Smith. . . . Dec. 2 at 6: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. . . . Dec. 2 at 8:30: "The Tiger Makes Out" (1967), directed by Arthur Hiller, with Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showing at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 28: A program of six short films by George Landow. . . . Starting Nov. 30: "Ordinary Days" (1974), directed by Sally Heckel; "Tomorrow Is Only Tuesday" (1974), directed by Elodie Keene; and "And You Act Like One, Too" (1975), directed by Susan Seidelman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Belson, Baillie, Halford, Borden, Allen, Jacoby, Broughton, Peterson, Brakhage, Bresson, Gotheim, and others. Showings Nov. 24-26 at 7 and 9; Nov. 27 at 2:30, 7, and 9:30; Nov. 28 and 30 at 8; Dec. 1 at 7 and 9; and Dec. 2 at 7 and 8:30.

**FILM FORUM**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2904)—A program of three films by Werner Herzog. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**ALEX & THE GYPSY**—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, and Genevieve Bujold is the gypsy. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match. Directed by John Korty. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/76.) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**ALICE ADAMS** (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending; Alice gets what the movie companies considered a

proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 1.)

**ANNA KARENINA** (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Misha Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 27.)

**THE BAD NEWS BEARS**—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. Michael Ritchie

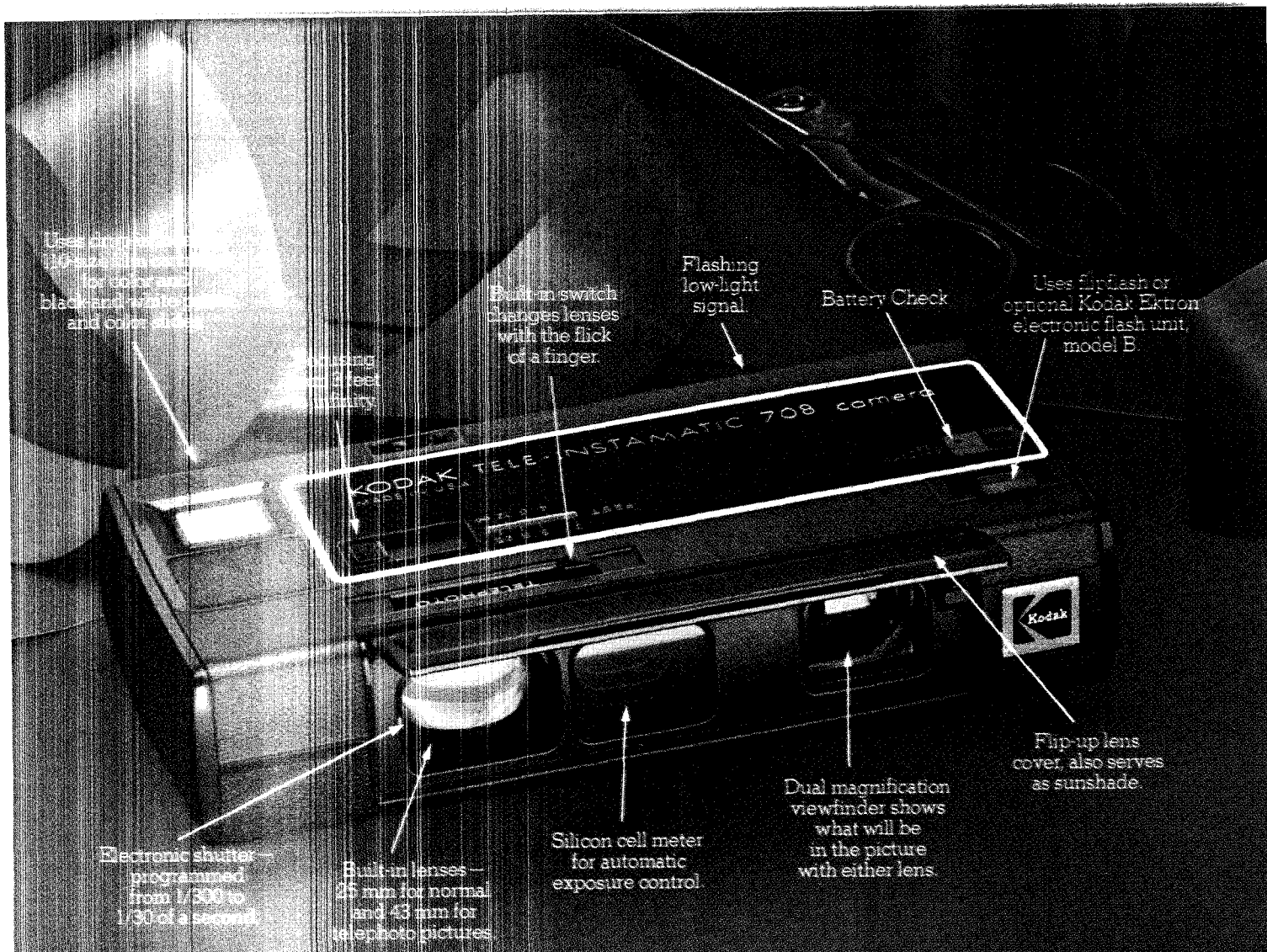
directed, from Bill Lancaster's script. (Playboy; through Nov. 30.)

**BANDITS OF ORGOSOLO** (1961)—The story is about a young shepherd wrongly suspected of being a bandit and of having killed a policeman; terrified of the police, he attempts to escape and is forced to become a bandit. It's a good, basic neo-realist subject, and the young director-cinematographer Vittorio De Seta, who shot the film in the mountains of Sardinia, has an eye for harsh beauty. The film has a distinctive look and mood that stay with one. De Seta spent nearly two years among the Sardinian peasants who play the roles, and he communicates their impassive suspiciousness toward authority; this is one of the rare films in which hard, taciturn people reveal themselves to us, and they do it without sentimentality. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30.)

**THE BIG BUS**—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**BITTER SWEET** (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette Mac-





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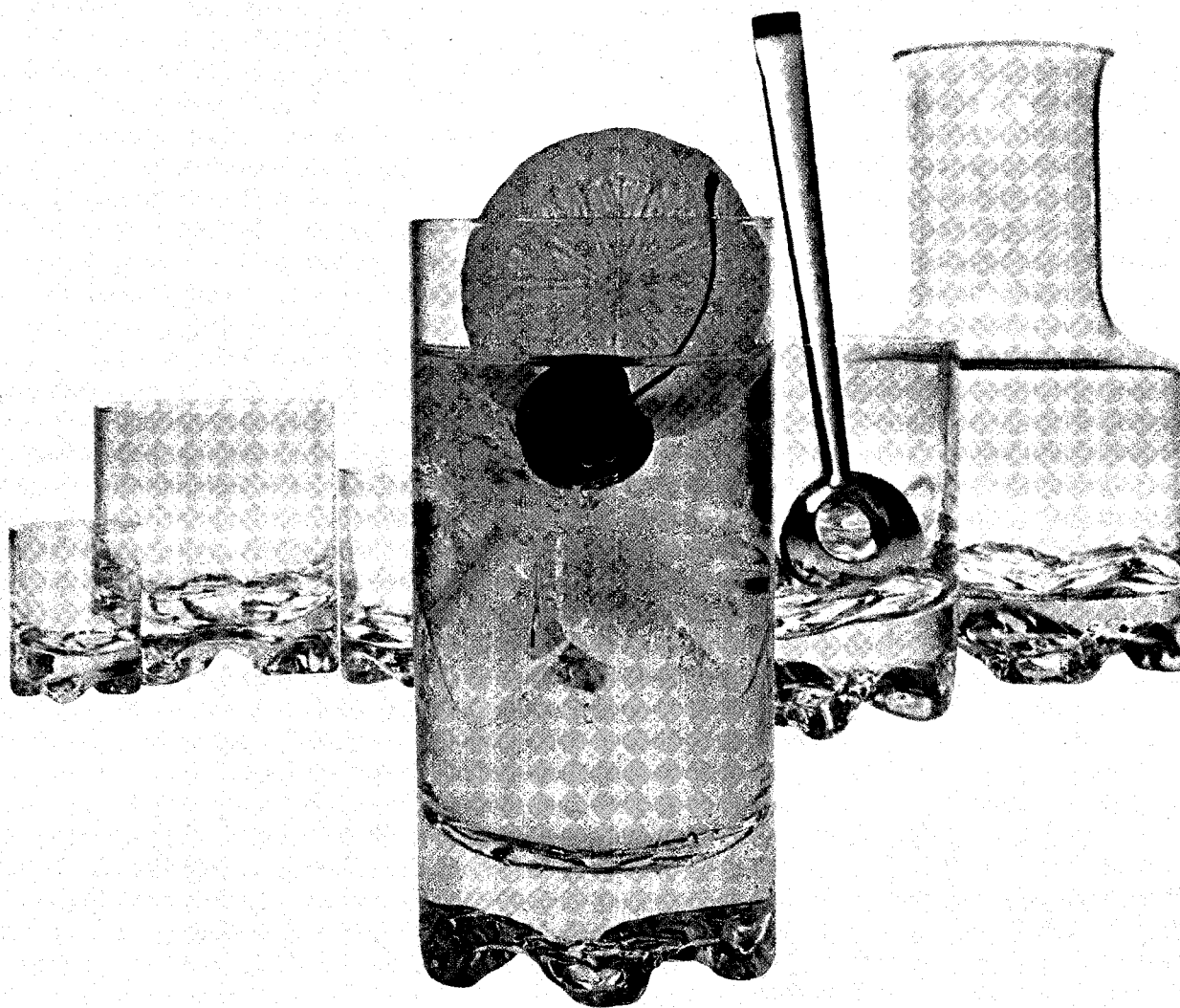
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Donald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

**BUGSY MALONE**—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex. ... Art, Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Nov. 30.)

**CARRIE**—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, froggy-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Columbia I, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**CAR WASH**—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (U. A. East, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

**A CHILD IS A WILD YOUNG THING**—With Marie Antoinette Skinner, directed by Peter Skinner. (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 2, tentative.)

**CHRISTOPHER STRONG** (1933)—An arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie, but one of the rare movies told from a woman's sexual point of view. Directed by Dorothy Arzner from a screenplay by Zoë Akins, it's the story of a record-breaking English aviatrix who falls in love with a distinguished political figure (Colin Clive). As soon as they go to bed together, he insists—late on the very first night—that she not fly in the contest she is entered in. It's the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene. In movies, this primal scene has never been played out satisfactorily; the woman always gives in, either in the paste-up screwball style that provided the fake resolutions of the forties, or, as in this picture, fatally. (The heroine commits suicide.) The film was a flop, but it's not one that independent-minded women can easily forget. Hepburn is exquisitely gaunt and boyish in her sleek, high-fashion gowns, including one that she says makes her look like a moth. It does; the film is a moth-and-flame story. With Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Helen Chandler, and Jack La Rue. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 28-30.)

**COUSIN, COUSINE**—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

**FACE TO FACE**—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 30.)

**FRITZ THE CAT** (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 30.)

**THE FRONT**—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry

during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet.)

**FUNNY FACE** (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer, and Audrey Hepburn as a Village intellectual he uses as an offbeat model, in a big Stanley Donen musical that isn't all it should be. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's only spottily successful. The script is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and whose terrible idea was it to make a Sartre-like thinker into the villain—a philandering phony? Still, the color is lovely, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and Kay Thompson does an agreeable turn as a hardboiled bitch editor. And the familiar Gershwin songs are lighthearted in just the right, summery way. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27-29. ... Regency; Nov. 28-30.)

**HEAVY TRAFFIC** (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 30.)

**HOW FUNNY CAN SEX BE?**—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East. ... Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 1.)

**THE INCREDIBLE SARAH**—An aberration. The staccato, wrenchingly modern Glenda Jackson plays the lyrical, incandescent Sarah Bernhardt. Written by Ruth Wolff and directed by Richard Fleischer, this picture is in the stupefying tradition of "Song of Norway." (11/15/76) (Festival.)

**JAMES DEAN, THE FIRST AMERICAN TEENAGER**—A British documentary, including footage from television plays done by Dean during the early fifties and interviews with people who knew and worked with him. Narrated by Stacy Keach. (Cinema Village, and R.K.O. 50th St. Twin 2.)

**JONAH WHO WILL BE 25 IN THE YEAR 2000**—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts.)

**THE LAST TYCOON**—From the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence. Directed by Elia Kazan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

**LOGAN'S RUN**—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 1.)

**THE LOVED ONE** (1965)—From the look of this version of Evelyn Waugh's satirical novel centering on Forest Lawn, the director, Tony Richardson, shot every plausible idea that came along, and then, as the material was of megalomaniac length, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to plug the holes with overlapping sound. But it's funny anyway. The botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton play a married couple, Rod Steiger an embalmer, Ayllene Gibbons his bedridden fat mother (who gets orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials), Jonathan Winters a charlatan, and Liberace a casket salesman. The cast also includes James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Robert Morse, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Christopher Isherwood worked on the script; then Terry Southern was brought in. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 26.)

**LUMIÈRE**—Directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Beekman.)

**MÀÎTRESSE**—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Baronet.)

**MARATHON MAN**—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

**THE MARQUISE OF O...**—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**MATA HARI** (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a

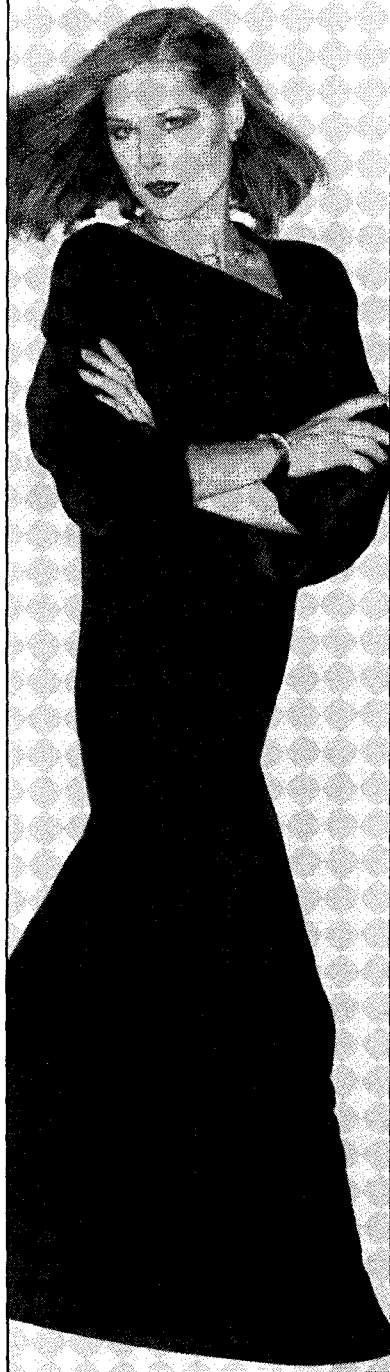




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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 27.)

**THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE**—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophüls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Waverly.)

**NETWORK**—With Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

**THE NEXT MAN**—Glamour and gore, featuring an international-playgirl assassin (Cornelia Sharpe, who speaks tonelessly and slits her eyes to express emotion). The ludicrous story is about a war between oil cartels and a visionary Saudi Arabian diplomat (Sean Connery) who's trying to bring about world peace (by reciting gaseous speeches). Anti-terrorist sentiments are tossed in between the cheesecake and the bombs, bullets, and knives. The producer, Martin Bregman, originated this project; Richard C. Sarafian directed. (11/15/76) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

**THE NINE LIVES OF FRITZ THE CAT** (1974)—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 30.)

**NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN**—From the Disney studios, with David Niven and Darren McGavin, directed by Norman Tokar. (Olympia; through Nov. 30.)

**NORMAN... IS THAT YOU?**—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 1.)

**ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS** (1939)—Rubbish that wouldn't hurt a fly, and perfectly enjoyable, with Jean Arthur and some airmail pilots in a South American town. She falls in love with Cary Grant, who sends men up into the air in all conditions, and flies himself when the weather is really rotten. Gold-tinted kitsch. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

**ORDET** (1955)—A modern Resurrection, treated with extreme literalness by Carl Dreyer. Considered a masterpiece by many, interminable by others. From the Kaj Munk play. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29.)

**THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC** (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29.)

**PUTNEY SWOPE** (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Elgin; Dec. 2.)

**THE RITZ**—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 1.)

**ROCKY**—Written by, and with, Sylvester Stallone, directed by John G. Avildsen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema 11.)

**THE SAPHEAD** (1920)—When Buster Keaton was twenty-five, in 1920, he made this first feature, which is a noble comic masterpiece about an immensely rich goof's passion for a girl called Agnes. The film lingered in Keaton's possession, unseen by the public until twenty years ago. Twelve years ago, Raymond Rohauer began to untangle the legal knots that had confined it to obscurity. Now transferred from tinted nitrate stock to Technicolor safety film, it is a joyous movie. The august young Keaton is clearly already a master of his stoic craft. The film includes a balletically timed and persistent knocking off of his hat by wealthy young asses in the Stock Exchange, with Keaton, small and staring in the middle of the joust, dressed in spats, morning coat, elegantly cut trousers, a

gleaming top hat, and exquisitely stitched gloves. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

**SCARLET STREET** (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne," in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds the ironies and the murder-plot devices home. (Robinson kills the girl and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24....) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

**THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION**—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

**SHOUT AT THE DEVIL**—With Lee Marvin, Roger Moore, and Barbara Parkins; directed by Peter Hunt. (R.K.O. 50th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**SILENT MOVIE**—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

**THE SLIPPER AND THE ROSE: THE STORY OF CINDERELLA**—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

**SMALL CHANGE**—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Little Carnegie.)

**SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS** (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Olympia; through Nov. 30.)

**THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME**—The Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off. (Eastside Cinema.)

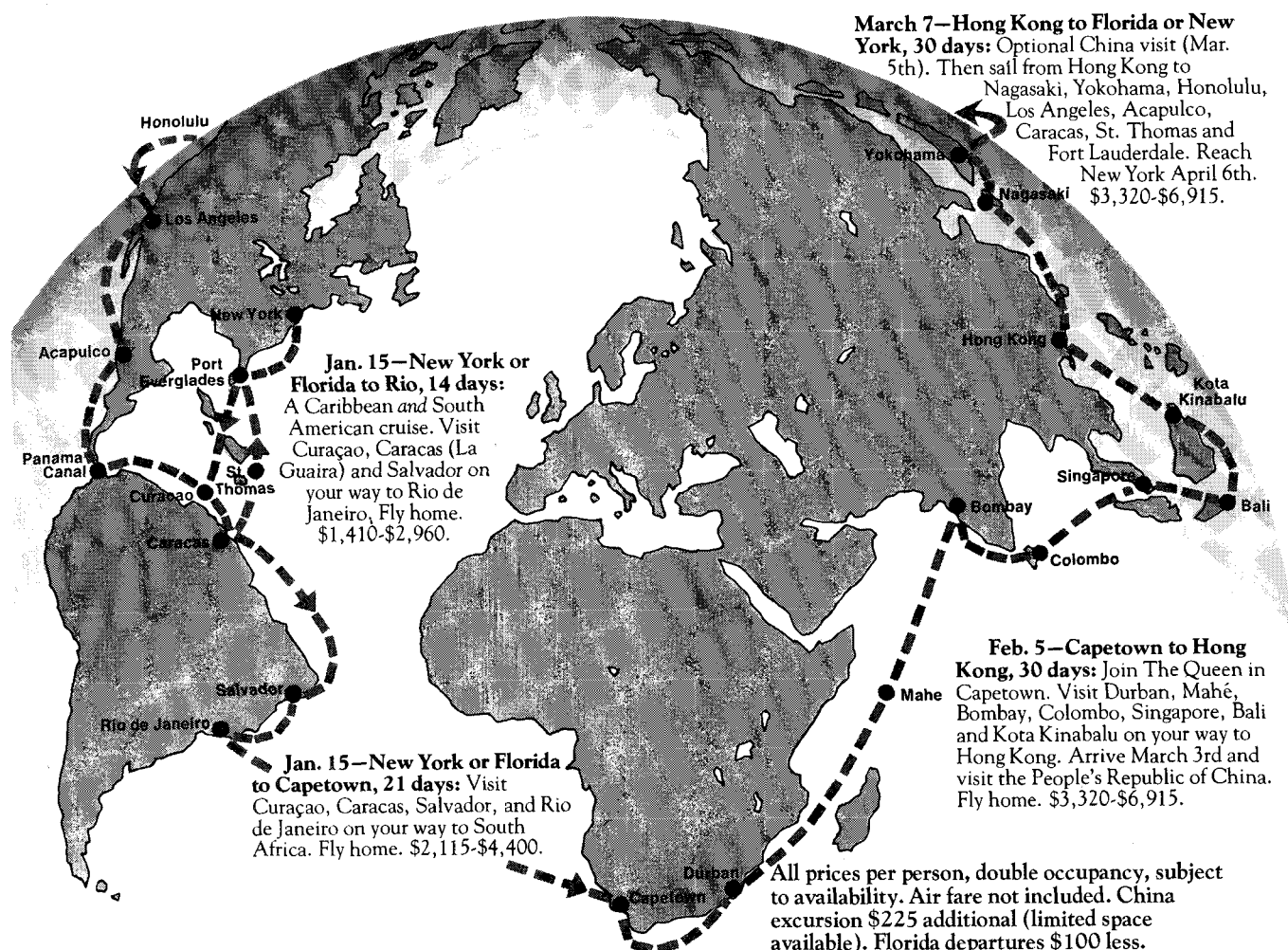
**SPITFIRE** (1934)—Not Katharine Hepburn's finest hour. Directed by John Cromwell; with Robert Young (and was that a mistake!). (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 1.)

**SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH** (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brook's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girl friend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page (we hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit). Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the mad-



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

**THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT** (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about freelance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectfully at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares anymore whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time; they're busy watching Lupino go off her scheming nut in a big courtroom scene. This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karnes, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. E. Bezzlerides. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 29.)

**THIS ISLAND EARTH** (1955)—Takes place on a planet called Metaluna, which might as well be Canarsie. Among the actors are Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, and Rex Reason; directed by Joseph M. Newman. (New Yorker; Nov. 28-30.)

**TWO-MINUTE WARNING**—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

**WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?** (1965)—The script for this lavish production, set in Paris, is by Woody Allen, and his oblique humor is occasionally weird and alienating in this expensive context. It's a frenetic but generally funny psychiatric farce. Peter O'Toole plays a fashion-magazine editor who consults a psychiatrist (Peter Sellers) about how to cure his susceptibility to the girls who pursue him; inevitably, Sellers goes berserk trying to discover the secrets of O'Toole's success. Sellers is in the Woody Allen role, but Woody turns up, too, and there is a trio of beautiful, zingy comediennes—Paula Prentiss (who gets to read a poem called "Ode to a Pacifist Junkie"), Romy Schneider, and Capucine. Clive Donner directed. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

**THE WIND AND THE LION** (1975)—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Elgin; Nov. 30.)

**A WOMAN REBELS** (1936)—Arguably Katharine Hepburn's worst picture (most serious rival: "Mary of Scotland"), and the central issue of the freedom of women is made to seem tired, dated, and convictionless. This time Hepburn is Pamela Thistlewaite, daughter of an autocratic judge (Donald Crisp). After an affair (with Van Heflin), she has an illegitimate child; though she's the crusading editor of a women's magazine and a campaigner for women's rights, she fibs about the baby. After much suffering, she realizes she's in love with her longtime faithful suitor (Herbert Marshall). Mark Sandrich directed; from Netta Syrett's "Portrait of a Rebel." (Quad Cinema; Nov. 28-30.)

**WON TON TON, THE DOG WHO SAVED HOLLYWOOD**—A lot of mummified-looking human co-stars in cameo parts playing second role to a hyper-trained dog. (Playboy; through Nov. 30.)

**ZULU** (1964)—A British Empire Western, set in Natal in 1879. Chins jut bravely, eleven Victoria Crosses are handed out, and there is a sly and entirely convincing performance by Michael Caine as an upper-class officer. Directed by Cy Endfield. Fun. (Elgin; Nov. 30.)



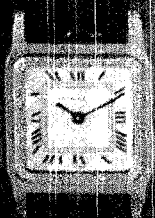
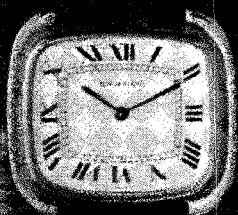
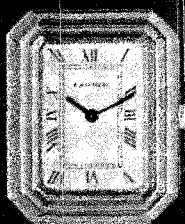
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

ONE of the curiosities remaining in the literature about Mao Tse-tung is that in his last years he was apparently haunted by the thought that he was going to see God. After his death, *Time* reported that he had made a point of mentioning the possibility in his last talks with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who seemed to have found the remark mystifying. The Secretary might have had more of an insight into Mao's mind if he had read the late Edgar Snow's reports of his own talks with the Chinese leader, which were published in Snow's 1972 book, "The Long Revolution." In January, 1965, and again in December, 1970, Mao announced to Snow that he expected to see God "soon." Snow didn't follow up the statement in the second conversation, but in 1965, at least, it was clear that Mao was joking. He told Snow that he didn't believe in God but that he knew of people who claimed to be well informed and said that God existed. Mao found it amusing that God's loyalty could be divided among different nations; the British, the French, and the Germans had all had God on their side when they were fighting each other, he said, and during the Suez crisis God had been on the side of the British and the French, while the other side had Allah.

Chairman Mao had evidently been pondering the meaning of his life. He had observed to Snow earlier in the interview that his first wife, their son, and his two brothers had been killed. Now he asked why death had passed him by. Several times, he had been prepared to die, but death had always taken the next person. Snow pointed out all that Mao had been able to accomplish, and the Chairman noted that he had begun his career as a primary-school teacher—he had had no thought of becoming a Communist or of fighting wars. Through what chance combination of circumstances, Mao asked himself, had he conceived of founding

the Chinese Communist Party? Snow's report, which gives all of Mao's words in indirect quotation, goes on, "Anyway, events did not move in accordance with the individual will. What mattered was that China had been oppressed by imperialism, feudalism, and bureaucratic capitalism." This statement was remarkable coming from the foremost Chinese Communist, who had fashioned a principle on the belief that people could literally move mountains if they made up their minds to do so. One consequence of this belief could be seen this summer when, after an earthquake had flattened the city of Tangshan, China refused the customary offers of help tendered by international relief agencies like the Red Cross. The *Times'* China watcher in Hong Kong, with his usual resourcefulness, sketched a range of possible political reasons for the refusal, from traditional Chinese ethnocentric pride to the latest anti-rightist campaign. A friend of ours happened to be visiting Hong Kong soon after the quake, and he met a young Canadian, who, having just completed two years of study at Peking University, offered a different explanation. The Chinese, he said, were proud of having tamed a landscape ravaged by floods and other natural calamities, and they were proud of their research in earthquake prediction. To have accepted foreign relief, even after such an unavoidable disaster, would have been to acknowledge a problem in the doctrine of triumphant human will.

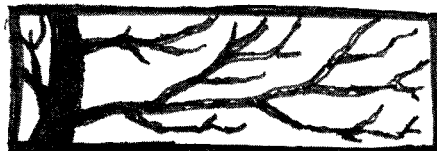
Mao Tse-tung seemed to be telling Snow that China would have renewed itself even if there hadn't been a small group of revolutionaries to set events in motion. That idea might have made sense if Mao had had an unqualified faith in the Marxist god of history,

working through a dialectic that used an unwitting Mao as its agent. But Mao went on to question even the Marxist ideology that he had followed in seeking his revolution. He looked on the future philosophically, predicting to Snow not only that later generations would decide affairs in their own manner but that they would judge the present in terms that no one could foresee. "Mao's voice dropped away, and he half closed his eyes," Snow recorded. "Man's condition on this earth was changing with ever increasing rapidity. A thousand years from now, all of us, he said, even Marx, Engels, and Lenin, would probably appear rather ridiculous."

The Chinese leader, being a thoroughgoing revolutionary, was both an intense believer and an intense skeptic. He knew that the soundest structures had weaknesses: in his writings, governments disintegrated and were overthrown in accordance with Marxist-Leninist laws; in his conversations, the same establishments were exposed to a cracker-barrel ridicule. In the 1970 meeting, he told Snow that his own personality cult had been "overdone":

It was hard, the Chairman said, for people to overcome the habits of 3,000 years of emperor-worshipping tradition. The so-called "Four Greats"—those epithets applied to Mao himself: "Great Teacher, Great Leader, Great Supreme Commander, Great Helmsman"—what a nuisance. They would all be eliminated sooner or later. Only the word "teacher" would be retained—that is, simply school-teacher.

The statues and pictures all over China, the restrictions on other people's writings, the mobs of Red Guards waving their little red books—these signs of Mao-worship were merely concessions to the people's need for a unifying symbol. The fostering of the cult was one of the chores of running an immense and once fragmented society; it was like the scrawling of autographs by a movie star in some other country. Detaching himself, Mao Tse-tung let the world have its "titan," its





"giant," its "great helmsman." He offered himself to Snow as a simple man—"a lone monk walking the world with a leaky umbrella."

What is striking about these unguarded thoughts is how exceptional they were in China. From all other mouths came enforced unanimity, and confidence in the infallible guidance of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. No doubts, no worries about what might be happening a thousand years hence were permitted the eight hundred and fifty million citizens. Reflections on the vanity and the excesses of earthly striving were the privilege of the man who was the object of everybody else's faith.

### Collection

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about a remarkable collection known as the Emma and Archie Stiles Collection of Antique Toys and Dolls is Emma and Archie Stiles themselves. For the past twenty-five years, Emma and Archie Stiles have run Archie's Ice-Skate Exchange and Archie's Resale Shop (what in simpler days was called a junk shop) in the small town of Meyersville, New Jersey. Archie is a ruddy-faced man of sixty-five. He has blazing blue eyes; white hair that bristles luxuriantly from under a bright-blue visored cap; a shaggy beard; and magnificently tufted eyebrows. The whole effect is fairly flashy, and one senses that Archie likes it that way. Emma, who is about the same age, is quieter in appearance; her hair is brown and is cut short, and, like Archie, she wears bluejeans. But if she's not as flamboyant as Archie, those who have dealt with her know she has a quick and enterprising mind. Emma and Archie are a team, and together they've pulled off quite a marvellous coup. They told us about it recently when we visited Archie's Resale Shop.

During the years that Emma and Archie have been in business, thousands and thousands of pieces of jetsam—battered, discarded old things fallen into disuse and low esteem—have passed through their hands. Out of this flood of castoffs, Emma and Archie—who used to run a rooming house and a luncheonette, respectively, before they married and got into junk—perspicaciously and lovingly kept many of the old things that struck them as beautiful. Especially toys. As toys accumulated, Archie stuffed them into sheds that he kept building on a three-acre plot that houses the sales yard, the skate exchange, and an old gray frame

house, in which the couple make their home. Archie built the sheds out of such varied materials as old boards, corrugated tin, stained-glass windows, and ornamental woodwork from Victorian houses, because he liked the effect. The toys piled up, and in recent years a lot of people wanted to buy them—smart dealers, especially—but Archie always refused to sell any. He put toys on shelves on every wall of his living room, and he put a lot on display among the heaps and stacks of "resale items" jamming his outbuildings. Archie estimates that he has over ten thousand of those items, ranging from bottles and beer cans to barbers' chairs and charabancs. He displayed the toys, he said, "so kids could look at them and see how things were in the old days," but he just couldn't bring himself to part with any.

This year, the Stileses reluctantly faced the fact that they were running out of space and that the toys were in danger of deteriorating in the sheds. They got in touch with Parke Bernet. P.B. sent a man out. He looked into the sheds and reeled back. He told Emma and Archie they had one hell of a valuable collection. Emma and Archie had suspected that it was of some value, but they were totally unprepared for the figures that the P.B. man tossed around. More P.B. people came out and looked at the Stiles stuff with real wonder. A deal was made, and the toys were packed up and loaded into a van. They filled one of those huge forty-foot moving vans. As the toys went into the truck, Archie began to cry, but Emma felt terribly proud of how beautiful they were. The toys will be sold at auction on November 30th and December 1st. This is Parke Bernet's first one-owner toy sale that has required two days. There are more than four thousand items, divided into six hundred and twenty-three lots. The least "important" toys have a value estimated at from twenty-five to fifty dollars; most are in the one-to-two-hundred-dollar class; and there are a number of especially fine pieces that should bring five or six thousand dollars, or even "take off" and bring ten or twelve. The total will be a considerable sum. Emma and Archie are happy about the money, but they are taking the prospect in their stride. "Our life is so exciting anyway," Emma told us. "And we've got about everything we want. We don't even like to travel for long, because we miss the business. After the sale, we'll treat ourselves to a few weeks in Austria to see the Lipizzaner horses. We love horses." Archie and Emma keep a

horse in a paddock next to the sales yard, and once a week Archie hitches it to an ancient surrey with real fringe and they go for a ride. Archie and Emma also like deer. They have fifteen, which wander around the compound among the piles of storm windows, old bathtubs, rusted iron machinery, wooden shutters, and other stuff that won't fit into the sheds. "I always longed for a deer," Archie explained. Twenty years ago, he got two, and, like everything else in the Stileses' life, the deer accumulated. In the evening, Archie and Emma lure some of them into the house to be petted and admired. The deer walk daintily over old Oriental rugs, picking their way among bric-a-brac and Victorian settees and chairs covered in old velvet, and munching Emma's excellent apple strudel. (While Emma and Archie are spending their few weeks in Austria, the place and the horse and the deer will be looked after by friends and relatives. The Stileses have a married son, who himself has a son.)

For a look at the toys, we stopped in at Parke Bernet's PB-84 auction room, on East Eighty-fourth Street, where the sale will be held, and there we talked with a young man named Joe Keiffer, who had worked on the Stiles Collection. With him was a toy collector named Robert Shepard, who had been called in as a consultant to help appraise and classify the toys. Stacked on shelves were hundreds of cast-iron horses and wagons, fire engines, banks, tin clowns, doll houses, carousels, miniature railways, and so on, ad infinitum. We liked a railway station in eighteen-eighties style with ticket windows, benches, wall clock, and other appurtenances in exquisite detail. There were stacks of dolls, doll carriages, and the like. Keiffer picked up a wooden matchbox and opened it to reveal a tiny stage set: a kitchen scene with curtains at the window and a housewife churning butter. Estimated value: one hundred dollars.

Old toys, we learned from Keiffer, have been collectors' items for twenty or thirty years, but in the past decade the demand has skyrocketed and the value of a good piece has gone up between ten and twenty per cent a year. There are perhaps half a dozen collections in the United States valued at over a million dollars. Cast-iron toys are uniquely American. Their golden age was from the eighteen-eighties to the nineteen-twenties. "They were mass-produced, but they were also a form of hand-painted industrial folk art," Shepard said. "Some of them are very beautiful, but most important are



their fascinating detail and accuracy. They reflect a vanished time. They tell us things that even pictures and words can't convey. That's why we collectors are simply stunned when a treasure trove like the Stiles Collection suddenly turns up."

### *Showing the Flag*

"THE East Midlands' is a phrase that doesn't mean a lot over here," the old curmudgeon was saying to our Envoy Plenipotentiary. "But you should remember that Sherwood Forest lies within its boundaries, and so does Haddon Hall—remember Dorothy Vernon?—and Sulgrave Manor, which had something to do with George Washington's family, and the town with the delightful name of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. That's on the border of Derbyshire and Leicestershire. But the man who can tell you everything about the East Midlands and its pleasures is His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who is even now on these shores. He can tell you because he is president of the East Midlands Tourist Board. Members of the Royal Family are not allowed to just stand around looking royal: they all have to do things. This is what Gloucester does. He's also a bit of an architect and a photographer, and he has a fervid interest in Canterbury Cathedral, though it is not in the East Midlands. Its noble façade, like mine, is slowly crumbling from the effects of air pollution. And he would like to collect some funds to stop it. My own real interest in the East Midlands centers on the venerable, rather French Stapleford Park, which dates from 1500, and which is the country seat of Lord Gretton, of the family whose benevolence to mankind has been the brewing at Burton-on-Trent of Bass ale. If Gloucester really knows his stuff, he will tell you not about the ale but about the delightful little railway—worked with steam, of course—on Gretton's estate. One Sunday afternoon, Gretton's son, the Honorable John

Gretton, let me drive one of the miniature locomotives from the manor house down to the lake, on which a scale model of the Shaw Savill passenger liner Southern Cross plied its tiny course."

The Envoy Plenipotentiary and the old curmudgeon had been invited the next afternoon to a reception for H.R.H. at the Metropolitan Club, which, as the old curmudgeon pointed out, is easily three times the size of Lord Gretton's manor house. An aide-de-camp almost imperceptibly merged the E.P. and the o.c. into a reception line and then brought aboard His Royal Highness, who as he progressed down the line had a knowledgeable word or two for everyone. The a.d.c. then asked for silence, and Gloucester, a mild-mannered, horn-rimmed, slightly quizzical young man, invited everyone present and, by extension, everyone in the United States to visit England in 1977, on the occasion of his first cousin the Queen's Silver Jubilee, a series of special celebrations to be most notably adorned by a Royal Progress down the Thames through London on June 9th. "Though it's perhaps unfair to

mention it," the Duke said, "there's much more to my country than just London, as there's much more to your country than just Washington—I mean New York. As president of the East Midlands Tourist Board, I would urge you to be perhaps a little more adventurous than merely seeing the Tower of London and taking a ride on a double-decker bus—though I see you have some of ours here now."

There was a variety of Metropolitan Club canapés on display, and a sideboard properly stocked with malt liquors, but H.R.H. opted for a glass of Idris Orange Squash. The Duke chatted informally with this group and that, describing with an architect's eye the glories of the great country houses in the East Midlands, and singling out a small area in Nottinghamshire where the seats of the nobility are so closely packed that the district is called The Dukeries. "Yes," said the old curmudgeon. "On the main railway line from London to Edinburgh, there's even a point called Dukeries Junction."

Sherwood Forest came into the conversation. The o.c. remarked that "Robin Hood" couldn't be filmed there nowadays, because the countryside between the forest and the town of Bolsover, a bit to the north, has been full of collieries, as the British call coal mines, for many years. Gloucester agreed, and said, "There's one valley in Derbyshire, wildly picturesque, with a grim Dickensian colliery town on one slope and a ruined Palladian castle on the other. I think that if I'd had to live in that kind of colliery town I might well have turned Marxist. Last week, I flew over Chatsworth and its gardens in a helicopter with the Duke of Devonshire—Chatsworth is his country seat. All part of the East Midlands, you know."

"And what about Stapleford Park?" said the E.P., his eyes glinting.

"Yes," said Gloucester. "With Lord Gretton's miniature railway."

The E.P. looked happy. The Duke's a.d.c., again maneuvering almost imperceptibly, led



"Hello. This is Dial-a-Grump. What the hell do you want?"



His Royal Highness away to another group. Behind us, a woman remarked, "The Duke's only thirty-two, and he's married to a most attractive commoner."

"Marrying a commoner!" said the curmudgeon, heading for the canapés. "Once you get the hang of it, it's great. I've done it three times meself."

## Two Musical Gatherings

**G**ALA: When Town Hall celebrated its fifty-fifth birthday last week with a marathon five-hour concert billed as "Town Hall Tonight!" we were there, scribbling away in the dark, and we'd like to pass on a few reflections. Gala benefit concerts come in two contemporary patterns—functional and free-form. The functional gala is a working evening of superior vaudeville, with performers who are somehow linked to the organization for which they are raising money. (Examples include recent galas to benefit Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts.) The free-form gala, on the other hand, is based on the premise that its theme should have nothing whatever to do with the group that gets the evening's profits. (The only observable connection between a recent "Tribute to Josephine Baker" at the Metropolitan Opera and its sponsor, the Variety Clubs International, was the fact that both the star and the clubs liked children and were involved in show business.) Generally speaking, functional galas have more class, since they attract a specific audience and have a serious cultural purpose. Free-form galas, on the other hand, can be lots of fun, since they offer unlimited horizons for imaginative press agents and splendid opportunities for social climbers.

We would classify "Town Hall Tonight!" as a functional gala—the audience knowledgeable and nostalgia-minded, the prices suitably stiff (a hundred and fifty dollars for a patron's seat, which included a supper party at Act One after the concert), the purpose to raise enough money to save Town Hall itself, as a cultural landmark, from the wrecker's ball—with just a touch of free-form about it. The producer was Donald Smith, a tallish, round-faced man who has curly brown hair, an amiable disposition, and such respect for talent that he couldn't bring himself to limit his artists to one number each. The enormous cast included senior functional participants such as

Jorge Bolet, Leonard Pennario, and Constance Keene, three pianists who had made their New York recital debuts at the hall; junior functional participants such as Barbara Cook, Greta Keller, Nancy Dussault, and Karen Morrow, who have performed in the hall in recent years; and a sprinkling of unconnected free-formers—Margaret Whiting, Mignon Dunn, Catherine Malfitano, and John Fricke—who were making their Town Hall debuts that very evening. There were also numerous celebrities who swept out to smile and say a few words. We remember Polly Bergen, in a brown chiffon tunic and pants; Kitty Carlisle Hart, in demure black net; Risë Stevens, in black velvet encrusted with silver and gold flowers; Rex Reed, in a brown velvet suit; and Celeste Holm, in gray crêpe edged with gray fox. ("Town Hall is unique," said Miss Holm, in the most succinct comment of the evening, "because the shallowness of the auditorium produces a special bond of intimacy between the performer and the audience. It's my kind of place.") There were also a couple of stand-up comics named Virgil Thomson (seventy-nine) and Aaron Copland (seventy-six), who exchanged presents and crosstalk with the timing of Hope and Crosby. Said Copland, handing a Town Hall award to Thomson, "Here's Virgil, who will be eighty in a couple of days. There's only one like him. How the state of Kansas ever produced him in the first place, I'll never know." Replied Thomson, a small, dapper Buddha in a double-breasted midnight-blue suit and a black bow tie, "My birthday isn't in a couple of days.



It's *Thanksgiving*. And it's not Kansas. It's *Missouri*." Presenting a similar award to his surprised colleague (it really was Copland's birthday), Thomson read a prepared text that praised Copland as a composer who had helped shape contemporary American music. "I don't like that word 'helped,'" said Thomson, putting the paper aside. "You did it practically alone." A few minutes later, Thomson received a second award—a silver bowl from the president of A.S.C.A.P. He turned it over, tapped it delicately on the bottom, and smiled at the audience. "When I get this home," he said, "I'm going to see if it floats."

There were two other moments of unscheduled comedy. The first occurred when Jorge Bolet, the most dignified of pianists, brought his massive hands down on a keyboard that literally backed away from him, because

the casters of the piano had not been locked into place. The second happened later in the evening, when The Incomparable Hildegard, a hyperactive lady in electric-blue chiffon, got tangled up with a microphone she had knocked off a stand. ("I was around before these things were invented," she said, fishing for the cord with a fixed and glittering smile.) There was also a good bit of vocal nostalgia. Licia Albanese and Eleanor Steber, two great sopranos of the fifties, displayed remarkably well-preserved voices in carefully chosen arias, and Risë Stevens, who stopped singing when she retired, delivered a poignant tribute to the late Lotte Lehmann and then stood holding a silver rose while the recorded voice of Mme. Lehmann filled the hall, singing Schubert's "An die Musik." Our favorite acts of the evening were a pickup chamber-music group (Constance Keene, Christine Walevsky, Erick Friedman, and Raphael Hillyer) that romped through the spirited last movement of Brahms' Piano Quartet in G Minor; the pianist-composer Eubie Blake, tiny, bald, and irrepressible at ninety-three, playing and singing a medley from "Shuffle Along" which included "Bandana Days," "Love Will Find a Way," "Gypsy Blues," and "I'm Just Wild About Harry;" and Mabel Mercer, a mysterious seated goddess in silver brocade and a purple sash, who mesmerized an exhausted audience shortly before 1 A.M. with the definitive version of "Send In the Clowns."

On our way out of the hall, we encountered Francis Robinson, the genial and witty Metropolitan Opera executive, who had acted as compere for the first half of the show. He introduced us to a small, perky blonde in a bright-green dress, who turned out to be Dame Eva Turner, a celebrated dramatic soprano who is now eighty-four. "I've been coming to Town Hall for nearly forty years, and the variety and the richness of the programs has never ceased to amaze me," said Mr. Robinson. "Think of an endowment-fund series with Paderewski, Farrar, and Roland Hayes; a Haydn 'Creation' with Elisabeth Rethberg, George Meader, and Friedrich Schorr; a sonata series with Zimbalist; and those marvellous recitals given by Lotte Lehmann and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf!"

"Francis asked me if I wanted to leave early, but I wouldn't hear of it," said Dame Eva. "I've had such a marvellous time listening to all those young voices."

"Dame Eva was Covent Garden's famous Turandot in the nineteen-thir-





"Why are they doing that?"

ties," said Mr. Robinson. "And she's ageless."

"On to the party!" said Dame Eva. "I'm considerably older than Town Hall, and I'm in better shape than it is."

**AT THE MAYOR'S PLACE:** Mayor Beame permitted a large transparent-plastic tent with a yellow-and-white striped roof to be erected on the lawn of Gracie Mansion the other Wednesday afternoon. This tent was then used for a Bee Gees publicity party. The Bee Gees are an Australian rock group. The quid pro quo is that the Bee Gees are donating the net proceeds of their coming (December 2nd) concert in Madison Square Garden to the Police Athletic League. Lots of famous people came to the Bee Gees party: famous rock stars, like Carly Simon and James Taylor; famous old-movie stars, like Paulette Goddard; famous record-company presidents, like Clive Davis; and famous civic statesmen, like Robert Morgenthau, the Manhattan D.A. And Jean Smith was there, and so was Carol Troy, who is

a fashion writer for the *News*. Carol Troy told us she thought that Jean Smith had earned the right to be thought of as a famous thin person, like Nan Kempner, rather than just a famous Kennedy. To judge from the appearance of the rock stars present, including the Bee Gees, lizard-skin boots are out and the Gerald Ford look is in. At the Bee Gees party, someone like Elton John, who often wears glasses that look like piano keyboards, would have been an anachronism. He would have been like one of those Founding Fathers who insisted on wearing wigs and knee breeches well into the age of the trouser.

"Hey, there's Sonny Bono," said Carol Troy. "Where's my Instamatic?"

The sun was shining, and the East River and the trees of the Gracie Mansion grounds were faintly visible through the thick plastic walls of the tent. A sort of ceremony occurred around a microphone near the middle of the tent. We were passing by on our way to the bar, and we stopped to listen. Apart from about twenty photographers, we were pretty much the only one to hear the ceremony, because

of the din of famous people talking to each other at tables.

Mary Beame, introducing her husband, expressed the hope that the Bee Gees would "do just one number, so we can hear their beautiful voices." The Bee Gees looked at each other in astonishment. Mayor Beame cracked a couple of one-liners: "Fiscal difficulties . . . I hope you don't think we're living in a tent. Music . . . the only notes I know are the ones we're trying to put out in Wall Street." Barry Gibb said a few words about artists (such as the Bee Gees) who put a bit in once in a while instead of always taking out. He is the leader of the Bee Gees, which is how they got their name. If Robin Gibb, Barry's brother, were in charge, the group would be called the Are Gees, we suppose. Mayor Beame gave the Bee Gees a key to the city, and the Bee Gees gave Mayor Beame a framed platinum record.

"If Mary and I can ever get this out of the frame, I'm sure we'll enjoy the music," Mayor Beame said.

"By the way, that wasn't Sonny Bono," Carol Troy said. "Just a look-alike."

Opie



## RECAPTURE YOUR RAPTURE, IN ONE SEEDY SESSION

LOATH though I am to bring *The New York Review of Books*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, and the academics buzzing down around my ears like a cloud of hornets, I'd like to ask a simple question. Why is it that in the torrent of acclamation, exegesis, and criticism which has gushed forth during this century about Proust's monumental "Remembrance of Things Past" we find not so much as a mention of the Steinberg theory? It may come as a surprise to those who regard him as merely a gifted artist to learn that Mr. Saul Steinberg has thought long and deeply about the catalytic agent of the novel. (I do not refer to Gaston Farblondget, the playbroker who first brought it to the attention of Grasset, the original publisher, but, rather, to the pastry, the *madeleine* soaked in lime-flower tea, that evoked the author's recollections.) Nevertheless, Mr. Steinberg has, and it is his contention, iconoclastic if you will, that Proust deliberately falsified what he had eaten as being too plebeian. In Steinberg's judgment—and he

buttresses it with a formidable array of interior evidence from the work—Proust's *madeleine* was in reality a matzo ball, and the past unfolded itself to the Master as he sat hunched over a bowl of chicken soup in Flambaum's, the famous kosher restaurant in Paris.

Absurd, you say? Improbable? Yet scientific researchers, people like L. Ron Hubbard, Jeane Dixon, and William Safire, who have spent years studying the intricacies of the human brain, tell us that one's own skein of memory often starts unwinding under similarly mundane circumstances. Such was undeniably the case with me several months ago in the basement workshop of a bootmaker in London's West End, twenty feet below the surface of Cork Street. I had crawled down there on a rainy afternoon to pick up some shoelaces he had rehabilitated for me, and, as was his habit of late, Mr. Bloodroot launched into a gloomy discourse on the decline of his calling. In the best of times, Bloodroot has never displayed a tincture of optimism,

and today his wrinkled visage was more doleful than a basset hound's. Vanished forever, he declaimed, were apprentices willing to school themselves in the discipline of shoecraft vanished the client with discernment and the means to appreciate superb workmanship. Was this subterranean badger hole we stood in an adequate reward for his years of unremitting industry? Apprehensive lest the mar disembowel himself with an awl before my eyes, I appealed to his *amour propre*.

"But think of the clientele you've had, sir," I protested. "Sir Winston, Duff Cooper, the Sitwells—"

"Oh, aye, I've made for them all," he agreed sombrely. "And the actors too. Olivier, Gielgud, and Redgrave—the lot."

"Yes, and what about the American film stars? I daresay you've known plenty of them, like Clark Gable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

From his instant disdain, I saw that his pride had been touched. "Fairbanks? He was a nobody compared to some of my customers. Look here." He fumbled out a battered cardcase, shuffled the contents, and handed me a creased and yellowed letter. "You've heard of him, I expect."

I had indeed. Dated March 14, 1921, the note was addressed from North Roxbury Drive, in Beverly Hills. "Dear Mr. Bloodroot," it read. "I trust that this finds you well. I would like at this time to order another pair of the patent-leather shoes with gray cloth tops, buttoning on the side, which you supplied me in the past. Will forward international money order on receipt. With kindest regards, Rudolph Valentino."

Valentino the incomparable—the immortal Rudy, with his glittering snake eyes and hair ebony as the raven's wing, his feline grace; the image of those shoes brought him surging across the gulf of years as nothing else could. Dazzled, I toiled back to sidewalk level from Bloodroot's den and, over a pint of Guinness to offset the bends, gave myself up to memories of the Sheik of Araby. Certainly the most vivid, if not the first, was that of his performance as a torero in "Blood and Sand" about 1922, when he twirled across his dressing room like a teetotum to gird himself in a silver sash held by an attendant. His leading lady, of course, was the divine Nita Naldi, and, by a nice coincidence, light had been shed only recently on the reason for her choice. Reporting on a Dublin film festival, David Robinson, the movie



"We all have a part to play in life, Meredith, and your part is being a yes man. There are lousier parts."



critic of the *Times* of London, told this story:

The exotic Latin vamp of the 1920s, Nita Naldi was, it appears, really called Anita Dooley. She first encountered the literary lion of the day, Blasco Ibanez, at a party, and as a good Irish Catholic girl upbraided him roundly for his treatment of the Church. The argument became so heated that the great man's false teeth flew out and straight down Miss Naldi's corsage [which, Mr. Robinson unaccountably neglected to add, was unrivalled in the Western world save by Aileen Pringle's]. Without pausing for breath, Ibanez plunged his hand into the crevasse, retrieved his teeth and clapped them back into his mouth. Evidently the experience had made an impression on him, however, for he insisted that Miss Naldi should star opposite Rudolph Valentino in the film of his novel "Blood and Sand."

Nita Naldi, Wallace Reid, Olga Petrova, Owen Moore, Priscilla Dean, Beverly Bayne, Dustin Farnum, Rosemary Theby, Valeska Suratt—a kaleidoscope of faces swam up from my early moviegoing to tighten my throat. And, bathed in a flood of sweet melancholy underscored by the throb of violins, I was struck by an awesome thought: I was probably the only surviving member of the Rhode Island audience that witnessed the original screen version of "Anna Karenina" in 1916. This cinematic douche, my baptism in the medium, took place in a malodorous nickelodeon in Providence, the seats of which bore cassettes that ejected Tootsie Rolls with an explosive force like gunfire. The production starred a Danish actress of surpassing loveliness named Betty Nansen—unrelated to the Arctic explorer, except that her beauty froze me in my chair. That Anna's romance with Count Vronsky was star-crossed was apparent to me even at the age of twelve, but when she threw herself under the wheels of the locomotive in the last reel, I fell apart. Blubbering piteously, I stumbled homeward in a mist of tears, and lay between life and death for weeks. Eventually, thanks to nourishing soups and the delicious humor of Octavus Roy Cohen in *The Saturday Evening Post*, I regained my zest for life, but it was a narrow squeak.

Figure to yourself, then, how spooky I felt when, several days after my visit to Bloodroot, there fell into my hands at a curio shop in St. Martin's Lane a magazine for British movie exhibitors published in 1913. By and large, the trade gossip in *The Cinema News & Property Gazette*, the advertisements for pipe organs, ticket machines, and similar embellishments were nothing



*"What's special about the special is that it's beef liver, and beef liver is very good for you."*

to quicken the pulse, but the suggestion column did offer one method of attracting summer patrons which was worthy of note:

The man with the screen at one end of a vacant lot and a projection room at the other [will be] in the ascendant... A rockery need not cost £2, and yet it will be worth a hundred times that in the suggestion of coolness that it affords. Tap the water pipe, and put in a small hose nozzle. Build a concrete basin. Even a galvanized washtub with an overflow pipe will do. Some Saturday afternoon get in half a dozen small boys, and promise them tickets for the entire opening week if they will gather up the stones in the lot. They'll work like grownups if you pick the right sort of boys, and by night you'll have a fine pile of stones. Mask in the basin and pipe with these, adjust the nozzle so that some of the spray strikes the rocks, and you'll have a tiny fountain that will splash musically.

How to dispose of the pile of small boys left over after the opening week was unclear, but I assume the stiff could be paid off in stones and the brighter ones used as ushers. Where the publication really took wing, though, was in its listing of films marketed by various European and American studios, synopsized in language even the most beef-witted exhibitor could comprehend. Included were some with juicy titles, like "The Blind Composer's Dilemma" (Kalem), "While She

Powdered Her Nose" (Vitagraph), "The Newest Methods of Coaling Battleships at Sea" (Edison), "Tony's Revenge, or Castor Oil" (Elite), "Cub Reporter's Temptation" (Kalem), "Oh! You Unbreakable Doll" (Lux), and "Saved from the Grip of Alcohol" (Lux). Of the plots furnished in this issue, comedies were preponderant; there were few problem dramas, the producers obviously leaning toward boisterous situations spiced with a dash of sex. Here, typically, was a Selig Polyscope film called "The College Chaperon," whose ingenious twists were guaranteed to elicit boffs:

The annual college dance is at hand, and the students of the Conserver Military Academy are making their arrangements for this famous function. Jack Carter and Ned Graves invite two out-of-town girls to be their guests at the festivities. The girls, Maude and Alice, accept the boys' invitation, with the understanding that Jack's Aunt Nellie will act as their chaperon. It is so arranged, and preparations made accordingly. Shortly before the eventful day, Jack is notified that Aunt Nellie cannot be present. The boys are much put out at this bit of news, and are about to call the engagement off, when suddenly a bright idea occurs to them. They arrange with Sammy Stone, the college janitor, to impersonate Aunt Nellie. Sammy consents, and plays the part. Outside of several embarrassing situations that arise, the scheme works



out all right until Sammy, in his elaborate ball gown, attempts to dance with one of the professors. His identity is discovered, and he lands in the guard house. Here the boys visit him, and offer their condolences to "one of our best little chaperons."

Judging from the background of two other pictures, "The Story of Lavinia" (Selig) and "Luggage in Advance" (Barker), dormitories, and, above all, female ones, pullulated with comedy; both these divertissements featured clandestine chafing-dish parties, pillow fights, male intruders concealed in laundry baskets, and similar low jinks. "The Thief and the Porter's Head" (Milano), however, classified as a blithesome comic melodrama, proved in the end to be a quite different bouillabaisse:

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are suddenly called away, and leave their son, Percy, alone in the house. Left alone, he helps himself to his father's cigars, and reckons he is quite a nut, until, overcome by the strength of the smoke, he lies down on the sofa. Meanwhile a thief, seeing the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, breaks into the house and frightens Percy, who beats a hasty retreat, being chased from room to room by the thief, until at last he is cornered. . . . Percy slings a pot of paint after him which alights on his head. The thief pulls it off and bangs it down over the head of the porter, who has rushed out to find the cause of the row, and decamps. Mr. and Mrs. Jones return at this point, and Percy rushes down and says he has caught a thief; they catch hold of the pot to pull it off, and succeed in also pulling off the head of the porter. The unfortunate man rushes round with his head, still encased in the pot in his hand, to the doctor, and the rest of the party follow. The doctor succeeds, by the aid of electricity, in sticking his head on again, and upon the pot being smashed, they discover not the thief as they expected, but the porter, and at once proceed to inflict their wrath on Percy. The doctor, getting sick of the rowdy crowd, throws his electric plug into the mob and disperses them.

Surrealism, I had always naïvely supposed, was fathered during the twenties by Max Ernst, René Magritte, Pierre Roy, and like effervescent spirits, but revelations of headless porters in 1913 and doctors welding heads back on with electricity are certain to ruffle the feathers of art historians. I wonder if moviegoers in that distant epoch, torpidly gnawing their Tootsie Rolls, dreamt they were watching the birth of a new art form. Or did they accept weird fantasies flickering across the screen as part of its incomprehensible magic? However glazed, their eyes must have bulged at an Essanay feature titled "Lady Audley's Jewels,"

## MAKING IT NEW

All morning  
rain slowly filled  
my hair, misted  
my glasses as I broke  
the old curbing of US 24,  
and Cal, grunting behind,  
loaded the pieces  
into the wheelbarrow.  
"Go slow, man!" but I  
was into it. Now, at noon,  
we sit under a tree  
sharing my lunch. Cal  
looks tired, his light  
brown skin almost gray.  
His father, he tells me,  
caught him last night  
with white boys in his room.  
"I told him, 'Don't look  
and you won't see.' " The rain  
comes down harder, a wind  
picks up, swirling  
the few leaves crushed  
under the trees. My damp arms  
shiver in the sudden chill  
of autumn. We are the dignified  
by dirt, digging our way  
down US 24 to Monroe,  
Michigan, where the waters  
of Raisin Creek foam  
with the milk poured  
from the mill, and the great  
slow barges from Nineveh  
drift in the current,

loaded with yellow spices,  
rubies like headlights,  
and the whores of the East.  
Cal lies back and closes  
his eyes. I smoke and let  
him sleep. An hour passes  
and not one car. At first  
his blanket of newspaper  
rises in the breeze, a giant  
butterfly mottled with slaps  
of rain. Cal sleeps on,  
his face as open and soft  
as a child's, his feet  
crossed at the ankles,  
the black leather cap  
fallen back on the grass.  
"Cal," he said the first day,  
staring into my eyes,  
"is short for Calla, the lily,"  
the yellow furled one  
his mother so loved. Far off  
a car hisses down the road;  
it's Teddy, the captain, come  
to tell us it's raining  
and we can fly home  
or go back to work  
or get lost. I leave  
Cal, the dark wet bride  
of the wind, and go  
out into the rain  
to get the word—we aren't  
ever gonna make Monroe.

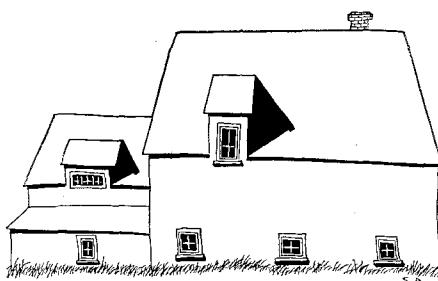
—PHILIP LEVINE

a succulent ragout of show biz and crime detection:

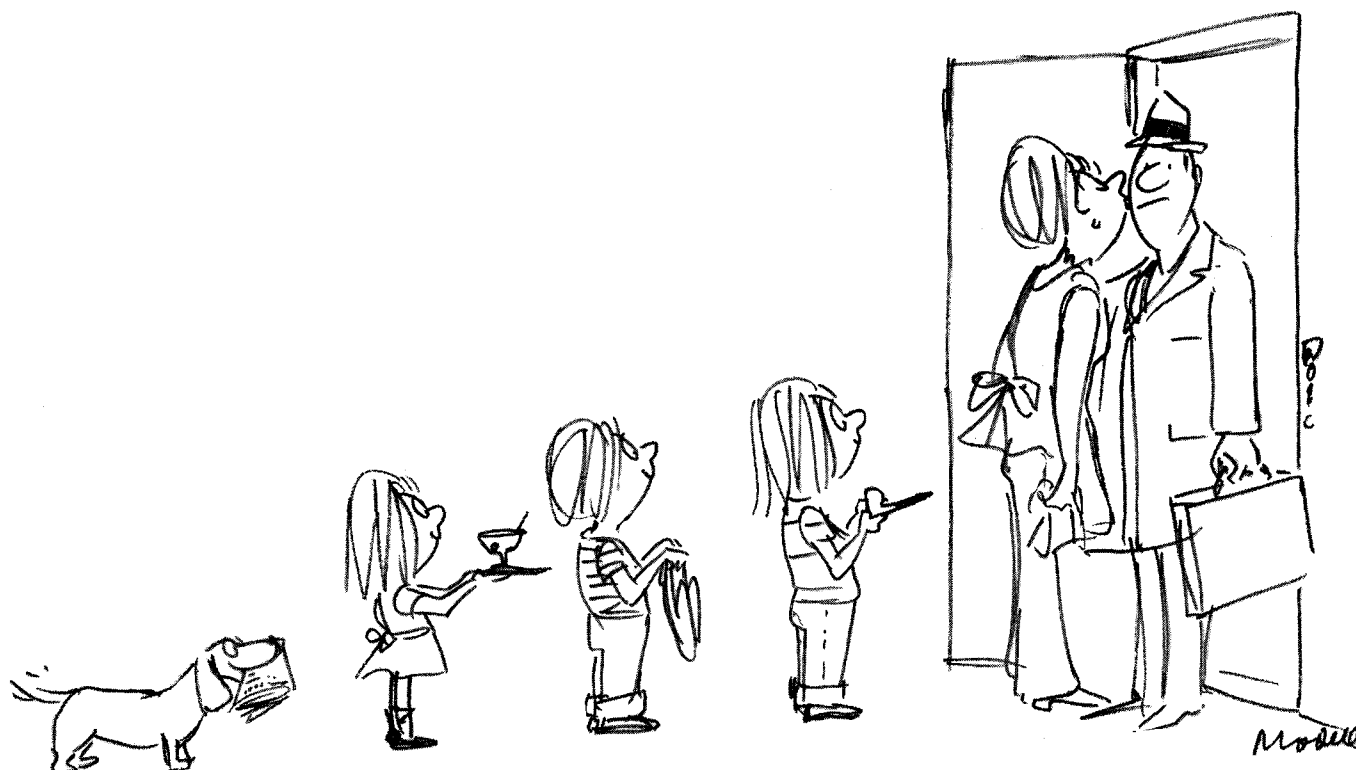
Augustus Pompleton and his wife, Clarice Deveraux, of the famous Mc-Night's Celebrated Repertoire Company, are stranded in the small village of Jayville. Pompleton, at the suggestion of his wife, enters the railroad station and asks the ticket agent where they can find the nearest and cheapest hotel. The star leading lady of the noted company drops her lavalier, made of plate glass and paste, on the floor. The station agent picks it up and asks her how much she will sell it for. The lavalier is sold for three dollars. Jed Perkins, a would-be sleuth of the town, receives a badge, belt, handcuffs and the regular paraphernalia used by town constables from a detective correspondence school. A five hundred thousand dollar jewel robbery adorns the front

page of a New York newspaper. Having secured enough money to hold them over at the hotel for a couple of days, Augustus Pompleton and his wife register and go to their room, to determine how to reach New York. During the absence of the porter, Perkins volunteers to take some ice water up to them. He discovers the performers sorting out some stage jewels. He immediately comes to the conclusion that these two are the thieves wanted in New York in connection with the big robbery. The actors carry out the misunderstanding, and are taken to New York by the correspondence sleuth. Having arrived at the police station, the Captain discharges the couple and has the would-be detective locked up.

The one perplexing aspect of the story—apart from the puzzle of where the producer promoted the funds to make it—is the identity of Lady Audley, who never once surfaces in the summary of the action. Presumably, she is the owner of the gems heisted in New York, a detail whose concealment somebody evidently figured would add a touch of mystery to the script. The practice of withholding information from the audience still persists, by the way; I frequently emerge from movies convinced that some vital in-







redient that would explain the whole tzimmes has been deliberately suppressed.

The more one samples the fare offered the cinemagoer in 1913, the greater one's admiration for his ability to endure punishment. Dazzled as he undoubtedly was by the witchery of the new medium, he must have staggered under the impact of some of the lunacies it generated, such as those in "In a Gambler's Clutches" (Atlas Feature Films). Its story line, for want of a better phrase, went as follows:

Rigo Seriesky, a famous violinist, fascinates Marie, the daughter of Baron Schulbert. He asks for Marie's hand in marriage, but the Baron, who has been warned that Seriesky is a common adventurer and card-sharper, refuses his consent. Rigo sends a message to Marie by means of her dog, asking her to elope with him.

This novel deputy, by the way, may be the very first appearance of that folkloric figure the talking dog, which inspired a host of anecdotes to come. But go on with the narrative:

She agrees, and at midnight they run away and are secretly married. A year later Rigo forces Marie to accompany him to a gambling saloon. He makes her cheat by using cards concealed in her handkerchief, and the fraud being discovered, Rigo is challenged to a duel by one of the gamblers. During the duel Rigo is wounded in the arm, and when the wound is healed he finds to his horror that his arm is paralyzed and useless.

You spring to attention, foreseeing that they are about to use the classic

dreidel wherein the hands of an executed strangler are grafted onto a concert pianist—but no, this was long before the era of Tod Browning and Robert Siodmak. Slowly, relentlessly, the story unwinds like some anaconda in the Amazon rain forest:

Ruin stares him in the face, and Rigo, in desperation, forms a dastardly scheme. At the revolver's mouth he forces his wife to telephone to her father, telling him that she is ill, and imploring him to visit her. Without hesitation the Baron drives to Rigo's house, where the adventurer shows him into a room, saying he will bring Marie to him. Whilst the Baron is waiting Rigo creeps up behind him and binds him to the chair. Then he prepares to set fire to the house, telling his prisoner that in a few hours the place will be in flames. Taking the Baron's keys, the villain leaves the house, returning in the waiting motor, disguised as the Baron. It is his intention to rob the Baron's safe. Unknown to him, however, Schulbert has protected his property by a new electrical contrivance. Unconscious of the danger he runs, Rigo approaches the safe and places the key in the lock. There is a sudden flash, and the schemer falls to the floor electrocuted.

What with the Wagnerian pianology that accompanied these didos and the percussion of the candy machines, I now readily understand the recurrence of nightmares in my youth. Sleeping, I relived all the fantasies at the matinée and I was in constant flight, obsessed by undefinable guilt. Today, so many decades afterward, *The Cinema News & Property Gazette* provides the key, and I know how

the guilt originated—from close identification with chimeras like "Sammy and the Chicken Run" (Urbanora):

An extremely clever picture, in which Sammy scores a great triumph. He, in company with two pals, starts out to steal their dinner. They enter a poultry yard, and catching half a dozen fowls, make off with all speed. The owner, disturbed by the cackling of the chickens, soon discovers the theft, and informing the mayor of his loss, persuades that pompous gentleman to join in the chase. But Sammy and his accomplices are too smart for their pursuers, and get away every time, after allowing themselves to be nearly caught, and in the end turn the tables neatly on the injured citizens.

And yet, you know something? I've just been struck by another awesome thought. That isn't such a bad plot after all; you could update it a little, switch the locale, stick a name or two in the leads, and make yourself a bundle. Just to spitball for a second, say that Robert Redford and Paul Newman are a pair of merchant seamen stranded in the Middle East, at Abu Dhabi or Dubai. They steal a couple of chicks out of the emir's harem and take off on his yacht for Israel. A hue and cry in the U.N., the Third World's on fire, and Kissinger (Rod Steiger) takes off after them to avert a confrontation. Do you buy that so far? Right! . . . Operator! In Beverly Hills, please, the phone number for a catalytic agent on South Beverly Drive by the name of Irving Lazar. Yes, thank you, I'll wait.

—S. J. PERELMAN



## FAMILY TRACES

IT is the autumn of 1966, not long after my forty-fifth birthday, and odd things are taking place. Not odd enough to be of interest to a parapsychologist, but quite enough out of the ordinary for me.

Instances. One Monday night, I find myself sitting in the Bank Street Tavern, not far from my apartment, waiting for supper. Alex, who serves the tables along the wall and those near the window, ignores me, hurrying past out to the kitchen or up to the tables in front. It's because I am alone, I think, and he has a party of eight and another of five near the window. I don't care. I am almost too tired to eat. I've had a long, hard day. Alex passes me by again. I go to the bar for a bourbon-and-water, though I rarely drink before meals, and return with it to my seat. Alex sees me, and nods, and passes me by. I begin to be hungry, and take a menu from an empty table. Not that I need to, for I know the Bank Street menu by heart. I will have a filet sandwich, rare, I decide, and a salad with the house dressing, and a half bottle of Beaujolais. Again Alex passes me by.

No, he turns back, and stops, and places a wineglass before me, and opens a half bottle of Beaujolais with his customary flourish, and pours an inch in my glass, and waits for my nod. Then leaves, to return with a filet sandwich, rare, and a salad with

the house dressing. "I hope you enjoy the steak, Mr. Thorp," Alex says. "Be careful of that plate. It's hot."

"Did I order this, Alex?" I ask, as matter-of-factly as I can.

"Someone at this table did," Alex says. "He was here a long time, and then he went away."

By the time I finish the deep-dish apple pie that Alex brings me for dessert, I have found a simple explanation. I am more tired than I know, and the whiskey went to my head. I ordered my supper, and forgot that I had. But why did Alex say I went away?

Up at the bar, where I stop for a brandy-and-soda before going home, a tall young man I have met—but where?—takes me gently by the elbow and leans down to speak into my ear. "Congratulations," he says. I have to crane upward to see him clearly. He wears a full beard—grown, I conclude, because he has little chin. He slurs his words. While I have been eating, he has been drinking. "Congratulations," he says. "I would like to be the first to offer my congratulations."

"For what?" I say. "Anything in particular?"

The young man draws away from me and says quite officiously, "It hasn't been made public yet, but I was there when it was decided." He hovers before me, sagely nodding his head. His

mouth is small. He simpers. I have won a prize, he tells me. It isn't possible, I tell myself—and I think, at the same moment, that it may after all be possible. Why shouldn't I, too, be awarded a prize? But for what? For what accomplishment? For eighteen years of loyalty to this company or that? For eighteen years of turning up pretty much on time?

"You have me confused—" I begin.

"Oh, no," says the bearded man, almost shrilly. "Oh, no. I know you. I know who you are, all right." He is drifting away toward the far end of the bar, and he points an outstretched arm at me. He waves a finger. "You're Andrew Thorp," he calls. "You wait. You'll find out before long. Remember! You heard it first from me!"

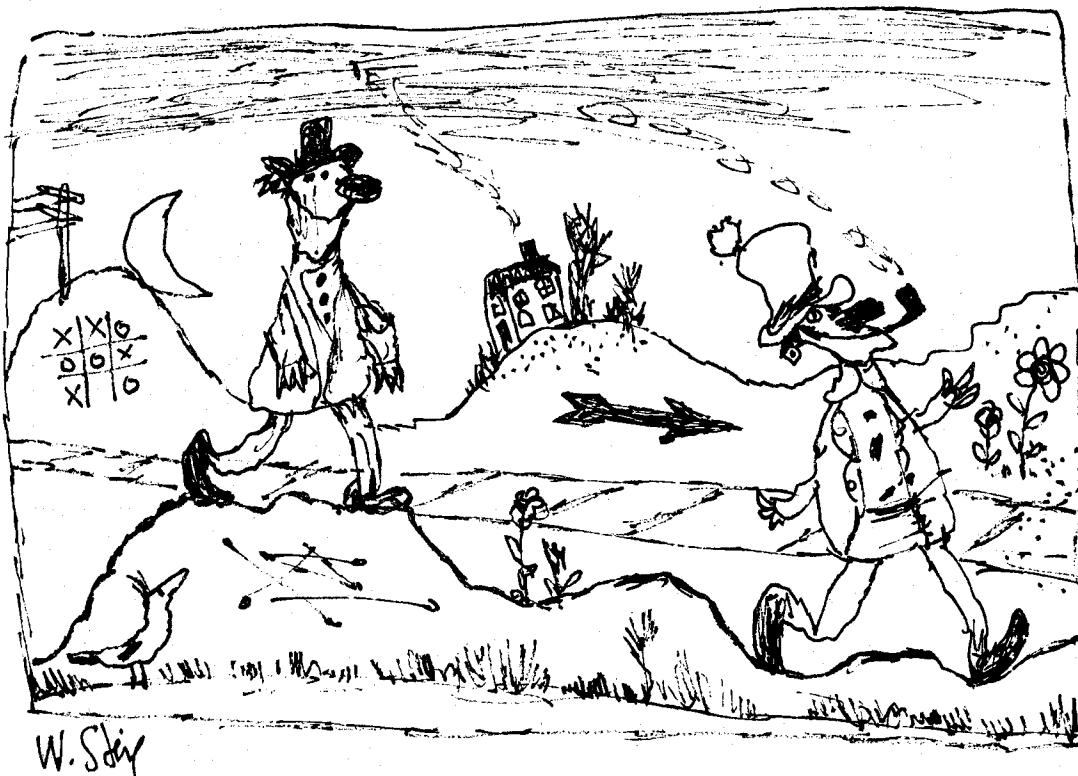
I finish my drink and pay the tab. I am Andrew Thorp, but who was he? I go to ask him his name. He is gone.

Such things happen, I tell myself when I am home. Particularly when a man is tired. Like small rips in the curtain of the everyday through which something else peeps.

I am tired, all right, and overworked. And since I broke up with Caroline Russell in the spring, after eight years together off and on, I am alone.

I'm more than tired. I am weary. Bone-weary, as my father says. Weary-laden, as Grandmother Thorp used to say. "Come unto me, all ye tired and weary-laden, and I will give you rest"—a rendering of Matthew 11:28 that must have been her own, though there is an echo of it in Robert Burns: "O Death! The poor man's dearest friend... a blest relief for those that weary-laden mourn."

I am exhausted, I tell myself. I need a vacation. I haven't taken any time off for more than a year. I must get away from the office. I need a rest. And I've begun to be afraid. Of what? Of death, I suppose. Not of death so much as of letting myself begin to die—of moving deathward, yielding to the motion. How surprising it is—to lose resilience! Why has it gone so soon? The life I lead in



*The Hoboes Hit the Road*



New York is hardly strenuous. It is the life I want, more or less. I keep in shape. I am still young. These days, forty-five is still young. Is it illness? No. The doctor tells me that my health is good.

But they brought me up to be weary. My Aunt Florence, Mother's sister, with that croon of hers, taking me on her lap when I was all of four and full of the devil. "What's the matter? Is our little Andy tired? Why, I just bet he is. He must be worn out. Has he had a busy day?" While I squirm there, eager to be free. My father back at the apartment on Glendale in Detroit, home from the office, dropping his full briefcase inside the door and saying, "Is the coffee perking, Anne? I'm really bushed tonight." And Grandmother Merriman, with her "No rest for the weary" and "A woman's work is never done" and "Up and down the cellar stairs, forty times a day." When, at seventy, she insisted on doing the laundry herself. Breathing hard, standing at the head of the stairs, a bony hand splayed across her thin chest. Or singing, when she was younger:

Work, for the night is coming  
When man's work is done.

I WAKE the next morning from a dream in which I turn the pages of an illuminated book and read, one line to a page:

New York is a place of trial.  
In their thirties many men flee.  
But if they persist through their forties  
Success comes to them in their fifties,  
Like sanity to a goose.

The words, because I have dreamed them, strike me as ironic and profound.

At noon, I go to the Genealogy and Local History Room of the New York Public Library. I am ancestor-hunting. It doesn't take me far afield. I spend my lunch hour in the library now and then, that's all. A sandwich and a container of coffee at the office desk, and then I go to read of the past. I am trying to fill in a gap in the family history my Grandfather Thorp began years

ago. Out of filial respect, I suppose. What my grandfather began, and my father passed on to me, I would like to complete if I can. Out of family pride? Hardly. Our branch of the family is uncelebrated. We've simply been on this side of the Atlantic a long time, and the name is to be found in dozens of town histories, and in genealogies of families more proud than our own.

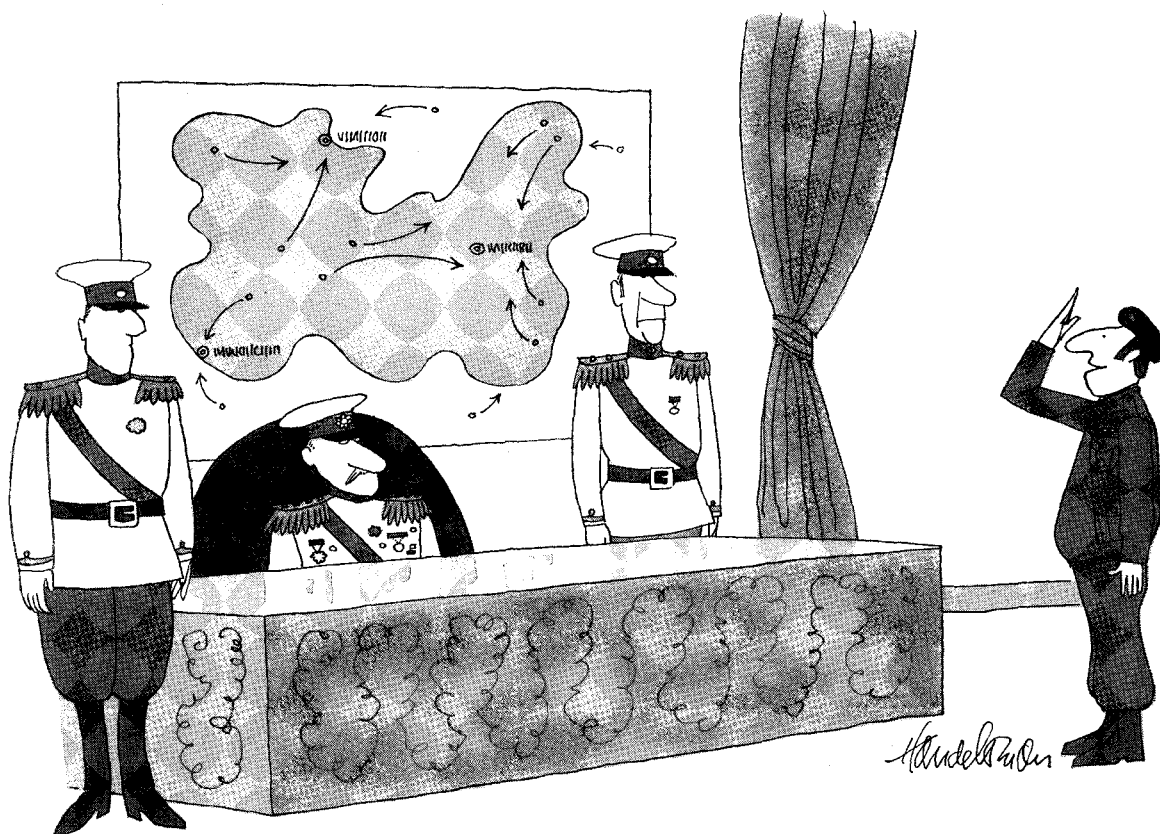
The Thorps in my grandfather's history are last seen in eastern Massachusetts in the seventeen-thirties before they pop up again in southern Michigan after more than a hundred years. Nothing but guesswork bridges the gap. And a letter from Betsey Thorp, who was the mother of my grandfather's grandfather, Joseph Thorp, in which she speaks of Joseph's grandfather—her father-in-law—who had the curious name Silvinus. That's all. The names of Silvinus Thorp's parents and children are unknown. But today I learn of a Sylvanus Thorp, in the history of a Massachusetts town I haven't looked into before. He was a blacksmith—no mention of others in his line—who was said to have removed from a town in western Massachusetts to New Hampshire in the seventeen-nineties. Our Silvinus? No more than a shadow of a clue. But I will look through New

Hampshire town histories, I think. Another time.

On the way back to the office, a brief encounter. It is warm—one of those days in early October full of false promise—and Fifth Avenue's sidewalks are crowded with office workers strolling, like me, in shirtsleeves. A young woman runs toward me smiling, pushing her way through the crowd, crying "Pete! Pete! What are you doing here?"

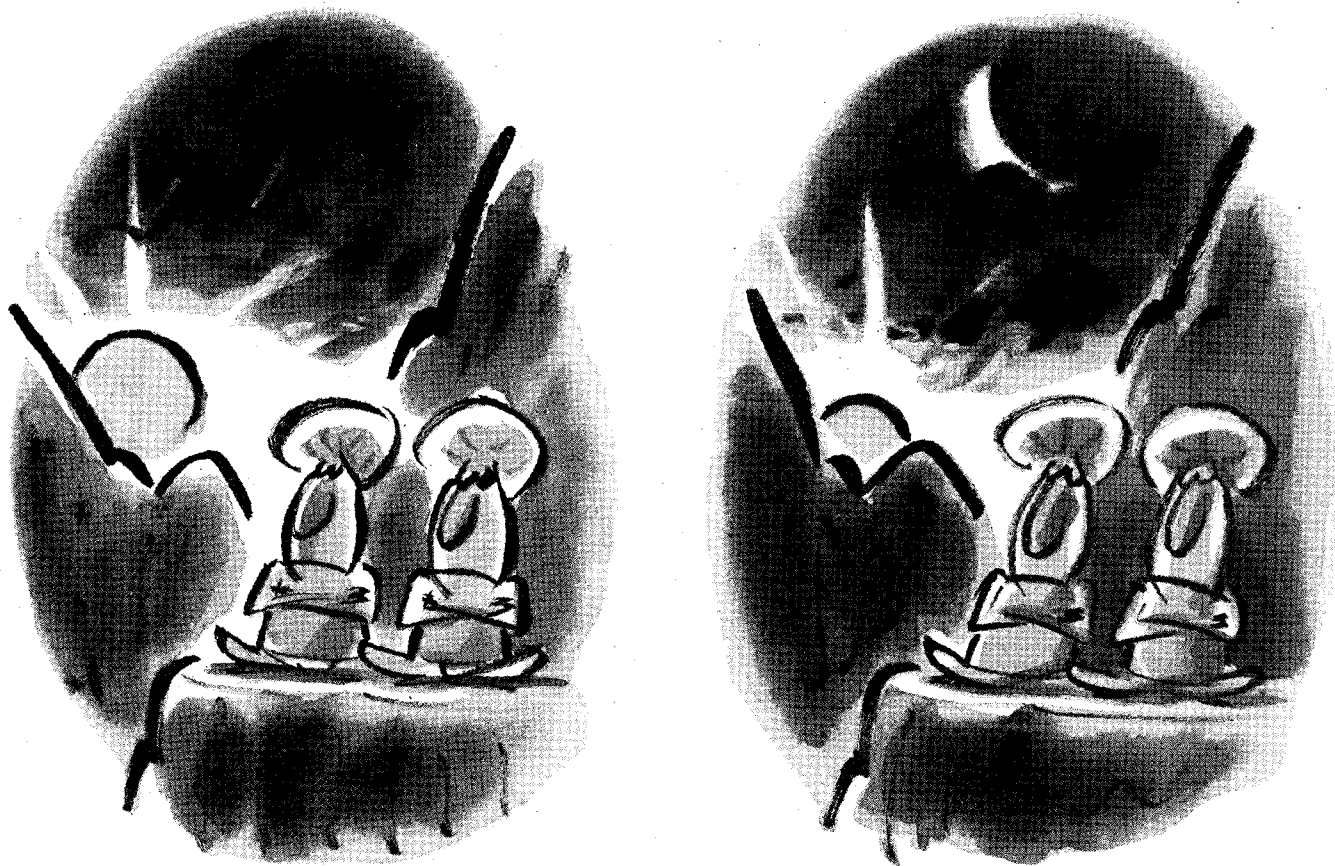
"I'm not Pete," I say to her more harshly than I intended, for my mind is a long way away. "Oh. Sorry," she says. I nearly say, "I'm sorry, too," when I see as the smile leaves her face that I have frightened her, and that there can be little resemblance between me and Pete at all. I say nothing. She turns away and hurries by. Has anyone ever run up to me, smiling as happily, and cried "Andy! Andy!"? Yes. But at this moment I cannot remember when.

Odd events come in threes or fours. I lose my checkbook two nights later, somewhere between a Pakistani restaurant on Second Avenue and my apartment on Twelfth Street. In the morning I report the loss to my bank. I call the restaurant at noon. Yes, a checkbook has been found. Thursday is the busiest day of my week, but I take a taxi down to the restaurant in mid-



*"Everything is in readiness for the coup, Colonel, including the new postage stamps with your picture on them."*





afternoon to pick the checkbook up. The proprietor greets me at the door while the taxi waits. He holds the book before him in both hands as if he were one of the Magi bearing a Magi's gift. The black leather cover is like mine, but I see that the name printed upon it, and upon the checks inside, is Philip Quarles. I look at the proprietor, and beyond him to the interior of the restaurant, where Pakistani men in business suits and women in saris are seated at what appears to be a wedding feast. "It is yours," the proprietor says. I hesitate. I do not want to disappoint him. But either it is not mine or I am Philip Quarles, and if I am Philip Quarles, then this is not reality but fiction or a dream. I give back the checkbook. "No," I say. "No, it's not possible. This cannot possibly belong to me." I return to the memoranda and the unfinished correspondence on my desk.

They are signs, these odd events, I tell myself that night. Signs of what I have become? Signs of what I might have become? Signs of my fatigue, certainly. I remember now having read, in some Buddhist text, that when the body is weary the defenses that guard it from the unseen are weakened, and a man may step through the broken shell of one world into another.

"I've begun to lose my bearings," I remember saying to Caroline on one of the last nights we spent together. "I'm adrift. I no longer know my

exact position. With regard to you, or to work, or myself. Or north or south or east or west. I looked it up in the dictionary. One's bearings are one's position in relation to surrounding objects. Or persons."

"As in pallbearers?" Caroline said. "Don't be cute."

"I'm not being cute. I thought that might be what you meant."

On Friday, I tell my boss that I could use a few days away from the office. He agrees. I can leave Monday morning if I come in over the weekend to clear my desk. No great problem. The peak of the season is nearly over in my department. The man in the next cubicle and I have interchangeable jobs. I've covered for him. He's covered for me. "Where are you heading?" my boss asks me. "New England," I say. "Vermont or the Berkshires. I'll let you know where I am." But I haven't the faintest idea where I'm going. I've never been up that way in my life.

**S**ATURDAY night, my father calls from Detroit. "Andy?" he says. "Andy?" As if he were searching for me in the dark.

"Hi, Dad," I say.

"You try to phone a few minutes ago?" His voice wavers. It is not the forceful baritone I expect, and the words are faintly slurred.

"No," I say.

"What time d'you have?"

I look at my wristwatch. "Ten-fifteen," I say.

"It's Sunday night," my father says. "I thought it must be you."

"It's Saturday," I tell him. The connection is poor. I hear a cocktail-lounge piano, and someone saying, "We've been held up by the rain," and what sounds like a clock.

My father goes right on. "I was in bed," he says, "and I heard the phone ringing. By the time I put on my slippers and got to the phone, the line was dead."

"I'll call tomorrow, Dad," I say. "Go back to sleep. I'll call around noon."

"But I'm wide awake," my father says. "You sure it's not Sunday? I watched football all afternoon."

"The college games," I tell him.

He laughs. "That's right," he says. "I forgot."

He lives alone in the three-room apartment well out on Dexter Boulevard in Detroit that he has rented now for more than thirty years, in a middle-class neighborhood that was once Gentile, and then Jewish, and is now black—"colored," as he usually says. He is one of two white tenants in the building. He's been retired for years. What does he do with his days and nights? He putters. He tinkers. He walks to the drugstore and the grocery store and back. He cooks his meals. He writes letters, or used to. He sends off





*"When the sun goes down and the moon comes out,  
The people gather round and they all begin to shout,  
'Hey, hey, Uncle Dud, it's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud,  
It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud.'"*

for things he sees advertised in mail-order catalogues. He watches TV. He watches his neighbors through a pair of binoculars. I don't often think about what goes on in his head.

"How's Caroline?" he says. "She there?"

"Fine, Dad," I say. "No, she's not tonight." He has met Caroline several times and likes her. I haven't yet brought myself to tell him we have broken up.

"How are you two getting along?" he says. "When's the wedding?"

A family joke. "You'll get the first invitation," I say.

"How are things at the office?"

"The usual." How I dislike these conversations! "I'll be out of town a few days starting Monday," I say, not wanting to tell him it's a vacation, for I've said that I would try to spend my next vacation with him. "How are things going?" I say. "How's Mrs. Sanborn?" She is my father's maid, and she is black. She's been cleaning his apartment twice a week for the past twenty-five years.

He sighs. "Always on the bottle, Andy. I have to lock it away." I've seen them together. He may lock up

the hard liquor, but he keeps her in beer. "That woman," he says, "can do nothing but talk. Sit in the dinette and talk." They talk. Over their beers, his one to her three. "Andy, it's getting so I have to do all the dusting and sweeping myself."

I hear a whir and the loud sound of chimes. "What on earth is that?" I say.

"You remember the Westminster chime clock your mother and I had in the Glendale apartment? On the mantel?"

"Sure, Dad," I say. I don't. "Did you get it fixed?"

He laughs—something like his old laugh. "Oh Lord, Andy, *that* one went to the boneyard years ago. Your Grandmother Merriman got her hands on it, along with the silver, after your mother died. No sir, this one is brand-new, and it's got the genuine chime. Wait'll you hear it strike the hour."

We are in for a long talk tonight. "Hang on, Dad, I'll call you right back," I say.

Now the connection is good. "What's on your mind?" I ask him. Something is.

"Helen's birthday," he says.

"I know. It's tomorrow or the next day, isn't it? I'll call her," I say. "I haven't forgotten." I have.

He sighs and says, "You know, Andy, your sister's birthday has always been a very sad day for me." For thirty-eight years, on his daughter's birthday he has mourned the death of his wife, who died an hour or two after Helen was born.

"That's a long time ago, Dad," I say. "I wouldn't think back on it now."

My father says nothing. The clock ticks away. It will be above the telephone table, I think, on the shelf in the hall. "That pesky clock," my father says. "When I'm on the phone I can't hear myself think."

"Why not move it, Dad?" I say.

"Now where would I move it to?" he asks petulantly. "You've seen this place." It is jam-packed. He has much of the furniture that was in the Glendale apartment forty years ago. And books, and magazines, and radios, and clocks.

He talks on. I am a good listener. I listen for a while, and put in a word or two. I take the receiver from my ear and stretch and listen again. The



clock strikes eleven. He goes right on.

"Your grandmother never forgave me, you know," I hear him say.

"Never forgave you, Dad? For what?" Is this something new?

"For marrying her daughter," my father says. "Just between you and I and the goalposts, your grandmother never had any use for me or my family. I wasn't good enough to marry Doctor Merriman's daughter."

"I can't believe that, Dad," I say. But it must be true. I remember Grandmother Merriman, and her "your father" this and "your father" that when we were growing up. Her voice dripping contempt. "Your father and that little blond girlfriend of his." To whom he was engaged for almost nine years, until she married someone else.

"The Thorps weren't 'well-to-do,'" my father says. "We weren't in the 'professional' class." He minces the words the way he always does when he speaks of snobs. But I thought my father was well-to-do when I was young. I thought he was rich. All of Geneva did. He was a city man, a business executive. He sent Grandmother Merriman a check each month for our support, right through the Depression. I had more pocket money than anyone else in school but the banker's son.

"Confidentially, Andy," my father is saying, "just between you and I and the ghost poles, I never had much use for your grandmother. I had very little use for her at all."

Ghost poles? It occurs to me for the first time that my father may not be well.

"How's your health these days?" I ask him.

"A bit under the weather this past week, Andy, but now I'm back to par."

"Have you seen a doctor lately?"

"A doctor? Why should I see a doctor?"

He is beginning to fail, I think. How old is he? Seventy-one? Something will have to be done about it soon. He can't go on living alone in that apartment forever.

We are not close, my father and I. To all intents and purposes, he abandoned his children when Helen was a few days old and I wasn't yet seven. Not that he meant to abandon us, I tell myself. Of course not. But having us on his hands would have been too much trouble. Simpler to let Grandmother Merriman have her way—let her keep us—and for him to pay us visits now and then. But as I have just said to my father, that was

## LOOKING DOWN, UP, AND ACROSS

1

Below my legs,  
arced like an Egyptian's,  
yellow cabs quiver softly,  
beetles in the dark street.  
Above lift gardens,  
green trees swelling from the tops  
of the asphalt-roofed houses,  
hanging thickly over each third story.  
In the middle distance,  
shell-green water towers  
perch like bird skeletons  
on beaches of tarpaper.  
Other rich glass buildings  
drift in the smoky sky—  
dangling colored stockings.

2

The room floats. The distant  
hiss of central air-conditioning  
sounds like the large, formless  
clouds racing through the upper atmosphere.

3

Four o'clock. The sky's a membrane. West,  
great flats of bone-water  
turn green. The last  
Palisades' naked trees and stacks catch  
light in the Hudson. A smoke  
crabs on the stretched dome of winter air.

—PAUL MALAMUD

a long time ago. It doesn't bear thinking of now.

ON Sunday, it rains. In the morning I read the paper. I read of an aboriginal tribe in Australia whose most sacred possession was a gum-tree pole given them by their ancestral god. They were nomads, and their life centered upon the pole. It was their link with their ancestors, and with their god. Whenever they decided to move camp they raised the pole, then let it fall and travelled in the direction the pole was pointing. One day the pole broke, and they lay down where they were in the desert, prepared to die. My situation is getting to be like theirs, I think.

I call my sister in Geneva. "Happy birthday, Helen," I say.

"Thanks," she says. "It's day after tomorrow." That's all she says.

"How are things?"

"O.K."

"How are Billy and Alice?" My nephew and niece. Helen has had two husbands, neither of them for long.



She's brought up the children herself.

"Andy, you know I hate these long-distance calls. I never know what to say. The kids are fine. I talked to Father yesterday."

"How did he sound to you?"

"Funny. Something's wrong with him."

"I thought so, too," I say.

"I talked to a medium here in Geneva last week. She told me I'd have bad news from Father soon."

"Is that all she said?"

"She said Mother was watching. She said Mother was pleased with the way things are going."

"What is that supposed to mean?" I say.

"Search me," she says. She laughs, the same quick bark that Dad has. "Mother watching," she says dryly. "You know how mediums are. I told that woman I didn't feel a thing."

At noon, I call my father. I can no longer hear the clock. "I'm building it a little mantel," he says. "It's in the dinette now."

In the afternoon, I go up to the office and clear my desk.

ON the first days away from the city, I do little but sleep. Monday morning, I take the shuttle to Boston,





Whitney Darrow, Jr.

rent a car at the airport, and drive through light rain until I am too tired to go on. Not far. Into New Hampshire, where I find a town I like called Royston. There is a long, broad green with white clapboard houses facing on it, and a meetinghouse, and an eighteenth-century inn. I check in at the inn, go to my room, lie down on the bed, and fall asleep. I wake shortly before supper and eat alone, except for three old women, in a dining room that can seat sixty or more. I go back to my room, unpack, and fall asleep. The rain is heavy through the night. I wake too late for breakfast. My window faces on woods, a wall of green and yellow I can see into for a hun-

dred yards or so down a sort of tunnel leading off to my left. It is still raining. Leaves are falling, and the tunnel opens up further as I look into it.

Directly before me is a bush still in full leaf. I sit in front of the window at a maple desk and watch rain-water collect and drip down from the leaves. One leaf bounces gently, as if it were on a spring, whenever a drop of water strikes it. I sit there and watch. The water collecting, then dropping. The leaf trembling, then settling into place, then trembling again. I look away from the bush, off into the woods through plane upon plane of leaves, and wonder vaguely in which direction I am facing and how far the

woods extend. When I look at the time, I see I must hurry if I am to have lunch. After lunch I nap, then sit before the window again until dusk, watching the water collect and drip from the leaves and looking off now and then into the woods.

Wednesday is much the same. A wind during the night has opened the woods further. The rain is nearly over. Toward noon, I walk the length of the village green and back again. In the sky are patches of blue. I return to the desk by the window after lunch, begin a letter to my father, and fall asleep sitting there.

On the next day, the sky is clear. I begin to feel like myself again. I walk





*"I didn't always have this mustache, and if I'm not mistaken you used to be a blonde. Weren't we married to each other from 1952 through 1956?"*

along a ridge above the town, where I find a small school, once a private mansion and now a Catholic seminary. On the grounds I pass a few boys hurrying to class or chapel, then find a path that leads through a pine grove back toward the town. The pines are tall and free of low branches and as evenly spaced as if set there by design. The ground is covered with pine needles, so springy underfoot that I leave the faint path to thread my way among the trees, taking now this alley and now that, as if I were in a puzzle maze. This, I think, must be where the brothers come to read their offices. The alleys are alike. If the grove did not slope down toward the town, I might easily lose my way.

Back at the inn, I call my boss to let him know where I am. Later, feeling restless, I go for a drive through the countryside, along back ways. Going nowhere in particular. Getting lost, as often as not, on hard-top roads that become gravel and then, once they are well into woods, dwindle down to rutted dirt tracks. Sometimes

I back out again right away. Sometimes I leave the car and walk for a time. No one lives in the woods, but traces of old habitations are everywhere.

Friday, I go driving again. I have used a car rarely since I moved to New York City—only in Michigan, on visits home. There the roads are nearly all straight and true, and run due north and south or east and west. Here the roads go every which way. They follow old Indian trails, or property lines, or logging roads, or the lay of the land. Or an early surveyor's whim. I drive them today in something close to a trance, through a blur of hemlock and pine and spruce and birch and beech and maple. The roads are empty. The fall color is fading, but some of the swamp maples are still fiery red, and there are swatches of bright orange on the taller trees, and the birches are yellow. Sylvanus Thorp must have settled in country like this, I think. I don't much care.

I see only closed-off prospects, ghosts of disappointed expectations, around me.

The woods are second growth. Where there are woods, there once were farms. Marginal farms. Deep in a scrub-oak thicket, a foundation wall. Or a cellar hole in a clearing, with a dog rose or two beside it. I came here in the hope of recovering some zest for life, and I have found country in which one might easily resign oneself to die.

My father weighs on my mind. The letter to him is unfinished. I don't know what to say. I should be with him now, that's the trouble. At least I should phone to tell him where I am. But I have put it off, then put it off again.

I call him on Sunday, and we have little to say. I tell him that I am in New Hampshire, and I give him the number of the Royston Inn. He knows now that I am on vacation, and he is hurt, I think. I tell him that some of our family may have lived around here. He was interested in such things once. He doesn't seem interested now.

"I had a long talk on the phone yesterday," he says. "With a woman." He has always been a ladies' man. "With a woman I've never set eyes on in my life."

"Is that right, Dad?"

"She was one of those survey people," he says. "I don't often talk to them, but I liked the sound of her voice."

"What was the survey?" I ask.

"I don't remember. When she asked for my age, do you know what I said? I said, 'What would you think if I told you I was forty-five?' And she said, 'I'd write down forty-nine.' And I said, 'What would you think if I told you I was seventy-two?' And you know what she said?"

"What?"

"She said, 'I wouldn't believe you.' And I said to her, 'Well, that's what I am.'"

"No one would guess it, Dad," I say to him. "You have the voice of a man in the prime of life."

"Why, thank you, Andy," says my father. As pleased as a child.

Today, he's back to normal. I am relieved.

That night, I dream of my father dead—come back from the dead, rather. Resurrected like Lazarus, but after more than four days in the tomb.



He is manifestly a walking corpse, though I find nothing horrible in the sight. For one thing, he's wearing a double-breasted pin-striped suit and a snap-brim hat. And he's sitting at the old Cable-Nelson upright in the Merri-man house, pounding the ivories and drinking out of a bottle of beer. What tune is he playing? The one tune he knows—"Take Me Out to the Ball Game." He does the runs with his thumbnail, like Chico Marx. I am happy to see him, but my happiness is nothing compared to his. He looks side-long at me and winks like a schoolboy playing hooky and up to no good. He doesn't realize what he looks like, or that he's dead, or that he has to go back where he came from. "I know more than you do," I say in the dream, silently and triumphantly. "I know where you're going, and I know where you've been."

A horrible dream, after all.

ON Monday, to give myself something to do, I look for traces of Sylvanus Thorp. Halfheartedly. In Royston, there is nothing. I find no Thorps in the cemetery, and the little library on the green is closed. In the next town, nothing, and nothing in the town after that. It's hopeless, of course. But in a day or two I try once more, in a city not far away, where there is a library with shelf after shelf of town histories in it. Even one of Royston, written by a Congregational minister in the eighteen-seventies. I look at it first, and find Thorps in the index, including a Sylvanus. A coincidence, but I am not surprised. When I first saw Royston last week, it felt like home.

Sylvanus is our Silvinus. Almost no doubt about it. He was one of the town's founders, and was buried, says the book, in the cemetery in which I could not find him. He's descended from the Joshua Thorp of my grandfather's family history, who came over from England to settle near Boston in 1633. It's all right there. And Sylvanus had a son named Samuel, who married a

girl named Betsey Forrester, and they had a son named Joseph. And Betsey was the name of the mother of *our* Joseph—my grandfather's grandfather—and the name of our Joseph's grandfather was Silvinus. No conclusive evidence, but what I've seen is enough. So far as I'm concerned, the family history my grandfather began is essentially complete. The link is made. Between Joshua in 1633 and Andrew in 1966. Though I feel little more satisfaction than I would at finishing a crossword puzzle in the *Times*. But my father will be pleased. Perhaps. I have photocopies made of the most interesting pages.

There is a list of original property holders in the history, keyed to a town plan of the eighteen-seventies. Sylvanus, and his brother Ralph, and Joseph Forrester—Betsey's father—are among them. I outline their holdings on a copy of the plan. Neighbors, I see. Samuel married the girl next door when he was nineteen and she was seventeen. Their son Joseph was born five months after the wedding. If the dates in the history are correct. My ancestors begin to come to life.

The farms were near a place called Barnes Crossing, still to be found on the state road map, that is a mile or two

outside Royston. On the town plan made in the eighteen-seventies, Sylvanus's land is mostly under water—Barnes Pond. There are Barneses in the Royston history, too. I read of them:

Bartlett and John Barnes, brothers, came from Scituate in 1780 and purchased 200 acres of land where is now the hamlet of Barnes Crossing. Boarding at first with Mr. Sylvanus Thorp, they cleared ten acres, set up a house, and roughly covered it. In the spring following they introduced their wives into this dwelling, which had no chimney until snow fell. Their wives were sisters, Christiana and Faith Hewes. Bartlett had fourteen children and John fifteen. Both married a second time. These brothers lived together for ten years, with their property in common, and then made an amicable division in fifteen minutes. Their father's family in Scituate lived in a small house about four miles from the beach, and there were ten boys and three girls in it, making fifteen in all, and the whole family ate bean porridge out of one large wooden bowl.

The Barnes brothers opened a blacksmith shop, the only one for miles around, and in 1825 Bartlett built a gristmill that was operated for years after his death by his sons, Luke and Elijah. He dammed a stream to power the mill, and the water backed up to form a pond on land he had purchased from Samuel Thorp.

That explains it. The pond came



"It's a Mom and Pop deli. That's Pop."



after Sylvanus's time. Samuel sold the farm, no doubt, after his father died, and moved on. The history of Royston doesn't mention him again.

I want to see the old Thorp land, or where it used to be. It's late in the afternoon by this time, but I go around by Barnes Crossing on my way back to the inn.

A dreary place, and not one I've passed through before on my drives. I missed it, somehow. Nothing in Barnes Crossing now but a lunch stand, closed for the winter, and a rotting frame structure four stories high that was once a practice tower for the Royston fire brigade. And Barnes Pond, black and stagnant, with a small

island in the middle—all that's left, I suppose, of Sylvanus's land. The island is a thicket of tangled scrub. Can that really be the spot? I'm not certain, and it's nearly dark. I will come back another day and see.

A letter from the office waits for me at the inn. There's a note in it from the man in the next cubicle telling me to enjoy myself, that everything's under control, and a letter from Detroit. But not from my father. It is signed "Mrs. Sanborn."

Just few lines let you no your Dady is not well. I can not get him go to Dr. I think only you can get him to go. I steal your address to write you—I think you should no. If you can just surprise him

and come make him go to Dr. Please don't tell him I told you But his legs are swollen and he walk quite stup over. I was there yesterday and today will go back tomorrow. I call all time. Hope hear from you soon.

The letter was written on October 19th. But I talked to my father on Sunday, several days after that, and he sounded quite all right. I call him, and he answers on the ninth ring. I hear machine guns and sirens. "I'm watching the news, Andy," he says.

"How are you doing?" I ask him. I don't want to let him know I'm worried.

"A bit weary today," he says. He seems preoccupied, or eager to get back to his program. "What's new?" he says.

"Nothing special," I say. "You're sure you're all right?"

I give him the number of the inn again. I've run across some Thorps, I tell him. Including his great-grandfather, as a matter of fact. He doesn't respond. Should I go to him now? Yes, I must. In a day or two. I write Mrs. Sanborn a note.

I dream once more of someone back from the dead—Grandmother Thorp this time, dressed in a bridal gown but looking as she did when I knew her and she was well past seventy. She's come back for a visit, to see my father and me. She sits on a chair in her kitchen, and we sit on chairs before her. "I've known both you boys now for forty-five years," she begins. Father interrupts her. "Impossible!" he says. "No, Dad," I say to him, correcting him as if he were the child. "I'm forty-five years old now."

"I've been watching!" my grandmother says in the girlish, teasing, singsong voice I remember.

"Where have you been?" I ask her. "Are you all right?"

Her features blur and then begin to melt. Nothing frightening about it. For a moment, I see her clearly, that's all—more clearly than I ever could in life. And then she fades away as spirits are said to fade away. What I take from the dream is the sense, recovered from my childhood, of her loving-kindness. She would have spoiled my father, I see. He was her youngest by quite a few years. She would have tried to keep him a child.

**I** MUST go to him at once, I tell myself when I wake, but I do not. I am more tired, still, than I realized. The day slips by, somehow. I spend much of it reading, lying on my bed. The next morning, bright and early, I get in the car and go back to Barnes Crossing. Or try to. I cannot find





# Jingle Bells

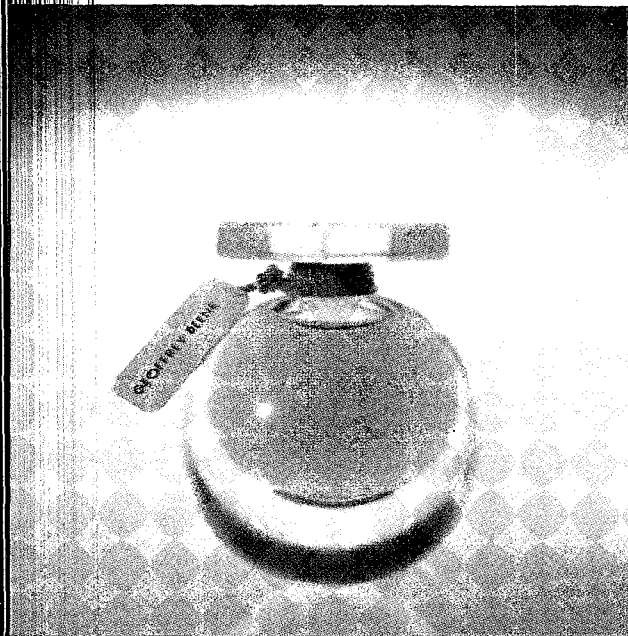


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it. I keep taking the wrong road. Several lead out of Royston in that general direction, and I follow first one and then another, and find myself each time back at my starting point on the edge of the green. There is a young girl walking along one of the roads wheeling a baby carriage. I pass her again and again, now from this direction and now from the opposite way. I am utterly perplexed. To keep taking the wrong turning, to wander along back roads and then suddenly find myself in Royston when I think I am miles from it! As if I were bewitched. And then there I am, finally, back at Barnes Crossing, when I supposed it to be far behind me.

The ancestral land is under water, no question of it. I stand at the edge of the pond and hear the rattle of dried, brittle birch leaves. On this side of the island is where Sylvanus lived, and at the far edge of the pond is where his brother Ralph's house would have been, and behind me on a low ridge was the Forrester house. Not under water, but vanished now. No sign of it, not even a stone fence. What isn't under water has been returned to the woods. Ancestral land! Though we weren't in these parts long. It was the Barnes brothers who stayed, and persisted, and prospered, and gave the pond and the crossing their name.

I would have liked my contact with our past to be more concrete than this. Beside the pond, I feel neither here nor there. I will go back to the cemetery, I think. I will try to find where Sylvanus is buried. The exact place.

I stop at the inn, for I left after breakfast without shaving. There is word of my father. Mrs. Sanborn called a few minutes after I left to say he had been taken to the hospital the night before. No details, only the number of the hospital phone. I call the hospital. He is on the critical list. I ask for his floor. He is in no immediate danger, I am told; the nurse will say no more than that and the doctor can't be paged. I take down the hospital's address. Then I try his apartment to see if Mrs. Sanborn is there. No answer.

I go up to my room to shave and pack. When I check out, it's still not quite ten in the morning. I consult the airline schedule at the desk. There is time to look for Sylvanus, I tell myself. Boston isn't far; I can easily be at the airport by one-thirty. I put my bags in the car and drive to the cemetery. My father, I remember, spent years looking for his great-grandfather Joseph Thorp's grave, in Kalamazoo County. He found it, and paid for its perpetual care.

I park in the cemetery and begin looking once more for stones that bear our name. The cemetery is on a hilltop that commands a view of Monadnock, purplish in the late-October haze. Nearly all the town since its earliest days is buried here. One hilltop, and so many generations! Up the hill are the thin slabs, gray and white, that mark the earliest graves. I have parked halfway down, in the nineteenth century. Around me, torn flags are set in cast-iron markers over graves of men who fought in the Civil War. Below me are twentieth-century stones of polished porphyry and granite, the names deeply incised. Here and there, enclosed by low iron picket fences, are stones of every age and description clustered about an obelisk the height of a man bearing the family name. Family gatherings. The Barnes family is among them. Everyone brought together by some descendant into a single plot.

I walk up the hill and begin to review the thin slate headstones, going

between the ranks on a serpentine path and stopping now and then to scrutinize a stone from top to bottom. As if I were inspecting troops. No Thorps. A few Forresters. Gaps in the ranks where the stones are gone. Broad spaces overgrown with grass. No Thorps at all.

As I head back down the hill, I hear a car drawing up on the gravel behind me. A plain, broad-faced girl no more than seventeen is in it. Her hair is in rollers and covered with a bandanna. The car must be as old as she is.

"Can I help you?" she says to me. "You looking for someone in particular?"

Family, I tell her. Buried near the start of the last century.

"Early settlers," she says. "They'll be up there." She points to where I've been. I tell her I've looked, and found no trace.

"The person you want to see is my mother," she says. "She knows where everybody is."

I have to catch a plane. I haven't time. I begin to tell her so.

She goes right on. "Mother happens to be home," she says. "If you went right now."

She won't take no for an answer. "Come on," she says. "You go see my mother." She wants to take me in her car, and leans over to open the door.

"I'll follow you," I say, and point to where I've parked, down the hill.

She drives to the car and waits for



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me, and then she moves off slowly. "Just up the road a ways," she calls to me. I have heard speech like hers before. My Grandfather Thorp. He had more than a trace of New England in him. His grandfather was born in this town.

Outside the house, in ramshackle kennels faced with chicken wire, are three spotted hounds, whining. "Pa's hunters," the girl says. An auto chassis, wheels and windows and engine gone, sits in the yard. I follow the girl inside. The smell of kerosene, and boiled cabbage, and molasses, and boiled coffee, and furniture polish. Like the Thorp house in Geneva. A woman sits at the dining table reading *TV Guide*. She is fat. One leg rests upon a chair. The knee is bandaged. It is a dirty bandage, spotted with yellow stains.

I tell the woman who I am looking for. She doesn't recognize the name. "Excuse me," she says. "But I am unable to rise." She twists about without moving the leg and reaches into the sideboard behind her. Out comes a ledger book with red corners. "They'll be either in this one or t'other one," she says.

On each page are a dozen or so burial entries. The earliest date is January, 1845. "Not this one," I say.

"That's too bad," the woman says cheerfully. "This one's got an index. T'other, you'll have to look."

"Wait," I say, and scan the index. No Thorps.

She hands me the other book, smaller than the first and bound in light-blue linen. "Beautiful handwriting," she says. The entries are in a round, positive script.

"The sexton's hand?" I ask.

The woman nods. "I'm a descendant," she says.

I find the entry—several entries—in the first pages, and read them with some pleasure at the sight of our name.

November 12, 1802. Interd Mr. Ralph Thorp 4 paces southwest of the head gravestone of Catherine Ross.

March 27, 1812. Interd Mr. Sylvanus Thorp on the north side of Mr. Ralph Thorp and wife's graves.

May 16, 1827. Intd the Widow Thorp between Mr. Sylvanus Thorp and Hepsebeth Thorp's graves.

I find no one else. Samuel and Betsey Thorp, as I guessed, moved on.

"I hope it's of some use," the woman says.

"I wish I had time to read this book through," I say.

"People have," the woman says. She turns around to replace the book.

"One couple, they came in the morn-

ing and then they came back and stayed all afternoon. Just reading that book." She closes her eyes for a moment, and it strikes me that she may be in pain. "That's what we're here for," she says when she opens her eyes. "To help you folks."

I get to my feet. "Sorry I can't rise," she says. "I was operated on last Thursday to take off a cyst on this knee." She points at the spotted bandage. "Twenty-three stitches," she says, and looks up at me, half smiling.

"Third time this past year I've had 'em taken off."

"Does it hurt much?" I say.

"Hurt much?" the woman repeats, and looks at something on the table. She seems to be considering exactly how to answer the question. But she says nothing.

I leave, more quickly than I should. The dogs yip from behind their chicken-wire screens.

The girl insists on leading me back to the cemetery. "Right up there," she says, pointing to the crest of the hill.

I find nothing. It is nearly noon. I should have left for the airport some time ago. I stand in the overgrown clearing at the crest, where the grave-stones are long since gone. They must have been buried about here, I tell myself; it's the best I can do. My eye catches a bronze marker almost buried in the dry grass, one of those set up by the Sons of the American Revolution. A nameplate dangles by one corner. It is Ralph Thorp's. I have found them. They are under my feet.

What becomes of family piety when a family won't stay put? When there's no one to care for the graves? To live in the same town for generations! Think of it! To live as the Barnes brothers did. To stay, and gather, and increase, and prosper. But it's the nature of some families to gather, and of others to disperse.

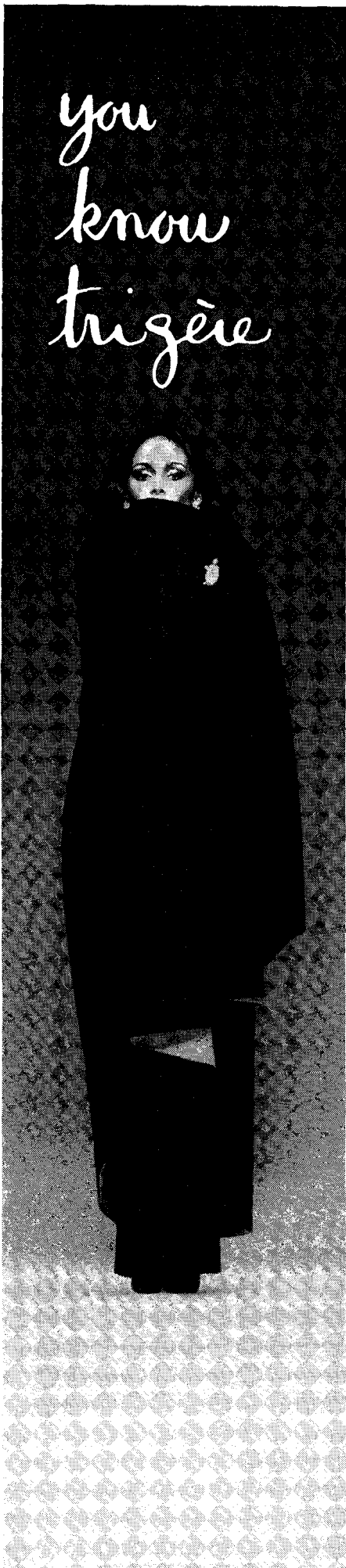
I'll miss the early afternoon plane, but there's another before too long. I can get to the hospital by dark.

"YOUR father is anxiously awaiting your arrival," the floor nurse tells me when I call from the Detroit airport. She has one of those open, cheery Michigan voices I remember from my childhood. He is conscious, she says, but I cannot speak with him, not now.

I drive to the hospital along expressways that take me through neighborhoods I know, past streets my father and I have driven on together. He was once master of all this—or so I felt when I was a boy. He prided himself on knowing his way around. The



you  
know  
trigère



shortcuts, the best places to park, the restaurants where the service was friendly and the coffee strong.

And now I'm getting around myself, I think—driving Detroit's streets for the first time in my life. In all my years of visiting my father, he never let me drive. In the country, yes. But then, not far past the city limit, he would say, "O.K., Andy, you can pull over now. Better give me the wheel." When I was thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-three.

I expect the hospital to be a dingy gray building on a busy city street, and instead it is in the suburbs, surrounded by broad lawns. Low structures of cream-colored brick, spanking clean and almost brand-new.

"Your father is in oxygen," the nurse at the desk says, and walks with me down the hall. I expect to find him in a ward, but he is alone in a private room. No hospital green, no white curtain around the bed. The walls are light yellow, the furniture polished maple, and the oxygen tent, of transparent plastic, is prettily trimmed in robin's-egg blue. From the door, I hear my father's breathing. It is deliberate and energetic, as if he were wrestling or on a long-distance run. He is, I think. The sound is like the snoring that kept me awake many nights in the bedrooms we shared in Geneva and Detroit.

The nurse and I stand beside his bed. He is frailer than I have ever seen him. He is asleep, and scowling a little. His hair needs cutting badly; it is almost pure white. For a moment, I see my grandfather and not my father—the Grandfather Thorp I remember from his last days, when he was into his eighties. My father is seventy-two.

"There's someone here to see you," the nurse says, with that Michigan lilt. Forced friendliness, I thought when I was younger, but now I am not so sure that it is forced.

The nurse unzips the tent. "You can talk for a while," she says. "For five minutes, or ten." My father opens his eyes. "I told you he'd turn up," he says in a voice pitched oddly high. He looks at me, and then at the nurse, and he winks. I take his hand for a moment.

How he talks! How he babbles! I am almost shocked at his giddiness, for I had braced myself for last farewells. He seems to be in no pain. His harshness, his stiff soldier's bearing have entirely left him. He is almost girlish.

Why is he in the hospital? I don't want to ask him. The swollen legs? Something more than that. Pneumonia, I suppose, or the kidney trouble Grandfather Thorp had. The nurse leaves,

meet  
trigère  
too!



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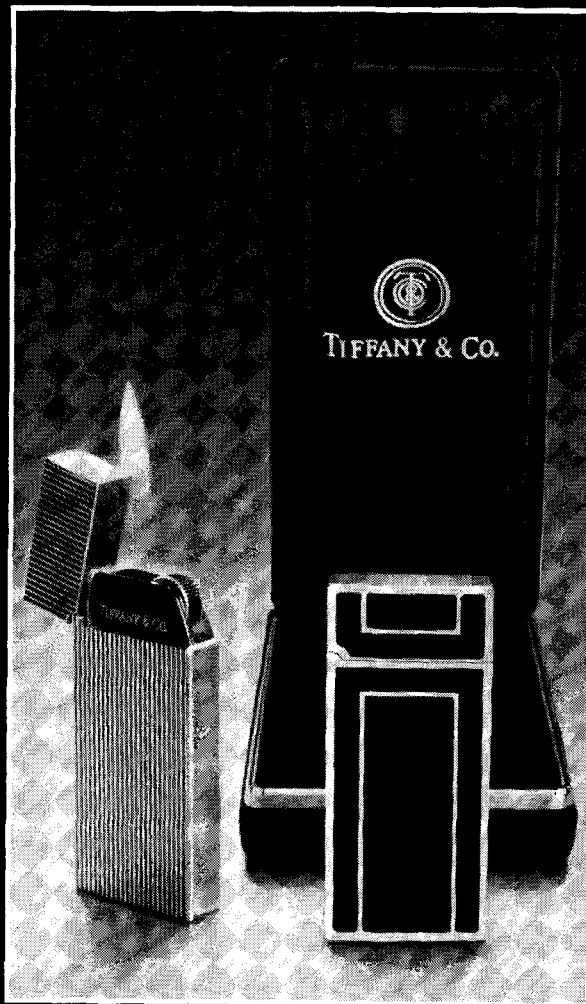
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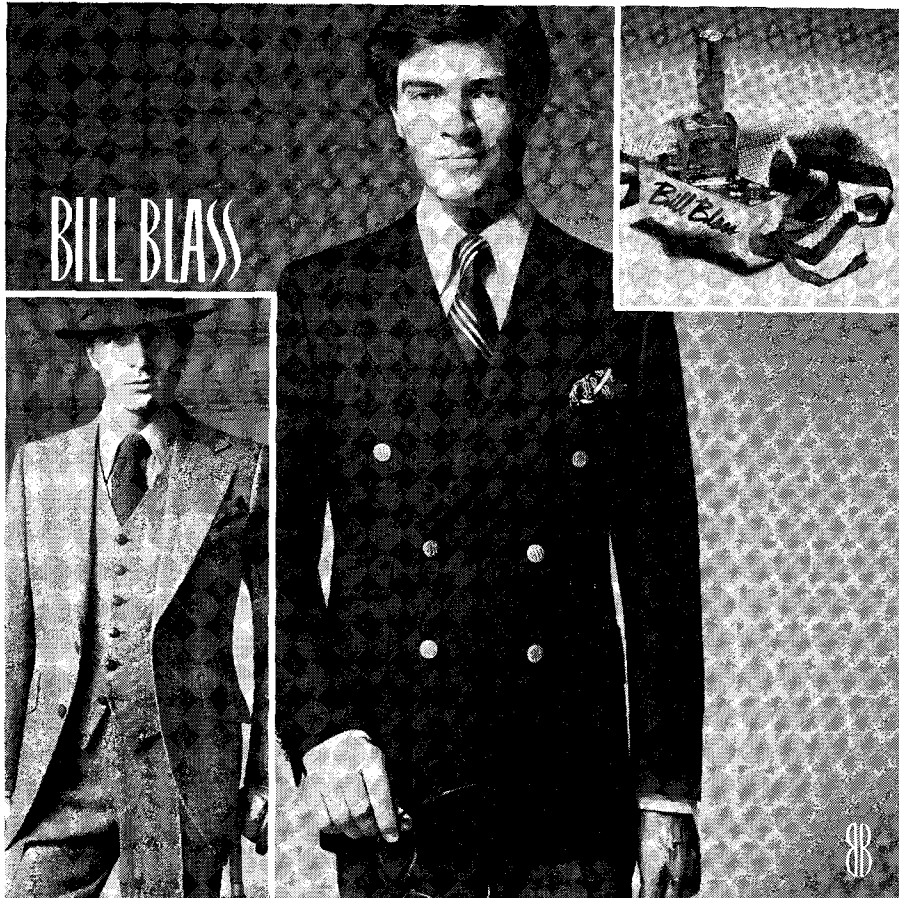


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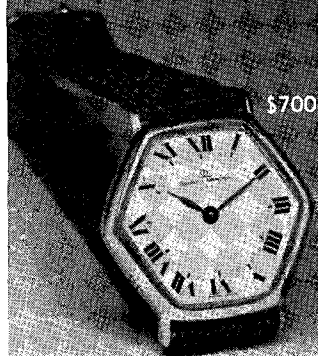


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and another nurse comes in with a hypodermic syringe on a tray. "Vitamin time," she sings. When she raises the sheet I catch a glimpse of white shrivelled hams.

"Don't shoot him below the belt," my father says. "The pants are mine."

"I beg your pardon?" the nurse says.

"It's a joke," says my father.

This can't be a deathbed. There's nothing of death in the place. Not the look, not the smell. Everything spotless, everything pleasant. Wide windows hung with flowered drapes look down on the lawns. Reproductions of Impressionist paintings are on the walls. "Raise me up just a fraction, Andy," my father says. I look for the crank at the foot of the bed. I see push buttons. "The darn bed's motorized," my father says. "What do you think of that?"

But something must be seriously wrong. The first nurse is back and tells me to let him rest. "How are you doing, Dad?" I've asked him. "Not too bad," he's said. "If I could stand the trenches, I can stand this."

The doctor stops on his evening rounds. "I'm not going to send you out of here an invalid," he tells my father. "I'm going to send you out of here a well man." My father looks up at him skeptically.

My father's heart is weak, the doctor tells me in the hall, but all things considered he is doing fine. The doctor wears a dinner jacket. It is Saturday night. He is in a hurry to get away. I spend the night in my father's apartment.

THE next morning, not long after I arrive at the hospital, my sister appears. Doug Merriman, our first cousin, has driven her over from Geneva and will drive back across the state in the afternoon. Helen plans to stay until it's clear how Dad is. I have not seen her for nearly three years, but she is little changed. Thicker through the waist, thinner in the face. Looking even more like Grandmother Merri-man. I lean forward to kiss her on the cheek, but she draws back. I have forgotten. She doesn't like to be touched.

"The family is gathering," I say to her.

"Such as it is," she says.

The three of us talk, and Dad listens, breaking in sometimes, as gaily as on the day before. And then, without warning, he falls asleep.

"They must be giving him happiness pills," Helen says in a low voice. "He's never been like this."

"It's the oxygen," Doug says.

"He's not ornery anymore," Helen



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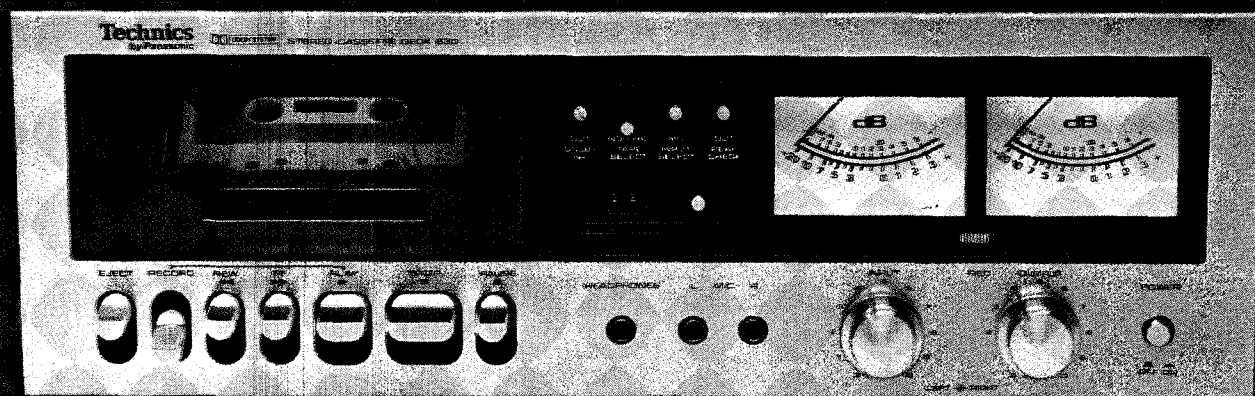
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says. "When he told me he was glad to see me, I think he really meant it."

"Why shouldn't he mean it?" I say. "He thinks he's dying."

"Is he?"

"I don't know."

Another doctor arrives to examine my father, and we are told to leave the room. We stand in the hall. "Do you think he expected us to come?" Helen asks me.

"He expected *me* to come," I say, teasing. "He told the nurse I'd turn up."

"I doubt if he gave me a thought," Helen says. "You're his favorite. You're his pride and joy."

"It's too late to be bitter," I say.

"Oh, I'm not bitter," she says. "I don't hate him anymore." She has one of those friendly Michigan voices, turned inside out.

I listen at the door and hear what sounds like laughing. I look in and see the doctor bending over my father, whose bare legs are outside the sheets. He is palpating my father's abdomen or his thighs.

"Are you tickling my father?" I say, meaning it to be a joke.

"No," the doctor says gruffly. He tells me to leave and shut the door.

Doug and Helen and I have lunch later on in the hospital cafeteria, and then we walk to his car and say goodbye. I haven't seen him for years. He is no longer lives in Geneva, and he's on the road a good deal of the time. "You've put on weight, Doug," I say.

"Two hundred and twenty-five pounds," he says. "Did it the easy way, one beer at a time."

In the early evening, Helen and I go to the apartment. She insists on my taking the bedroom; she will sleep in the living room on the Murphy bed. There are TV dinners in the refrigerator. We heat them up, and eat them, and watch part of a movie, and by ten o'clock we are both asleep. We have no clear notion yet of what is wrong with Dad.

LATE the next afternoon my father's doctor appears with an interne, an East Indian who wears a pink striped shirt beneath his white jacket. The doctor, the heart specialist, is as pink as the shirt. His blood pressure must be very high, I think. A sanguine type. My spirits lift as he enters the room. The doctor speaks loudly enough to the interne at his side for us all to hear. My father listens carefully, his eyebrows slightly raised.

"Now this man," I hear the doctor saying cheerfully, "decided to come in

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here with acute RV-LV failure and his lungs almost full of fluid. He's been digitalized and he's responding nicely. We've drained the fluid—fifteen pounds in three days. I've had him on the Karell diet—only milk—but tomorrow he's going on the thousand-calorie minimum diet . . .”

Heart failure. He very nearly died, then. “It's his own darn fault,” Helen whispers to me. “I've been trying to get him to a doctor for years.”

The heart specialist talks to us in the hall. “Your father has had a number of slight strokes,” he says. “Small cerebral hemorrhages. He will have memory lapses. It's part of the disease.”

“What time is it? What time is it, Andy?” my father says whenever he wakes from his catnaps. I look at my watch and tell him. Later, as Helen and I are leaving for the apartment, he asks me to bring him a clock the next morning. “The small one on the bedside table,” he says. “I can't keep track of time in this room.”

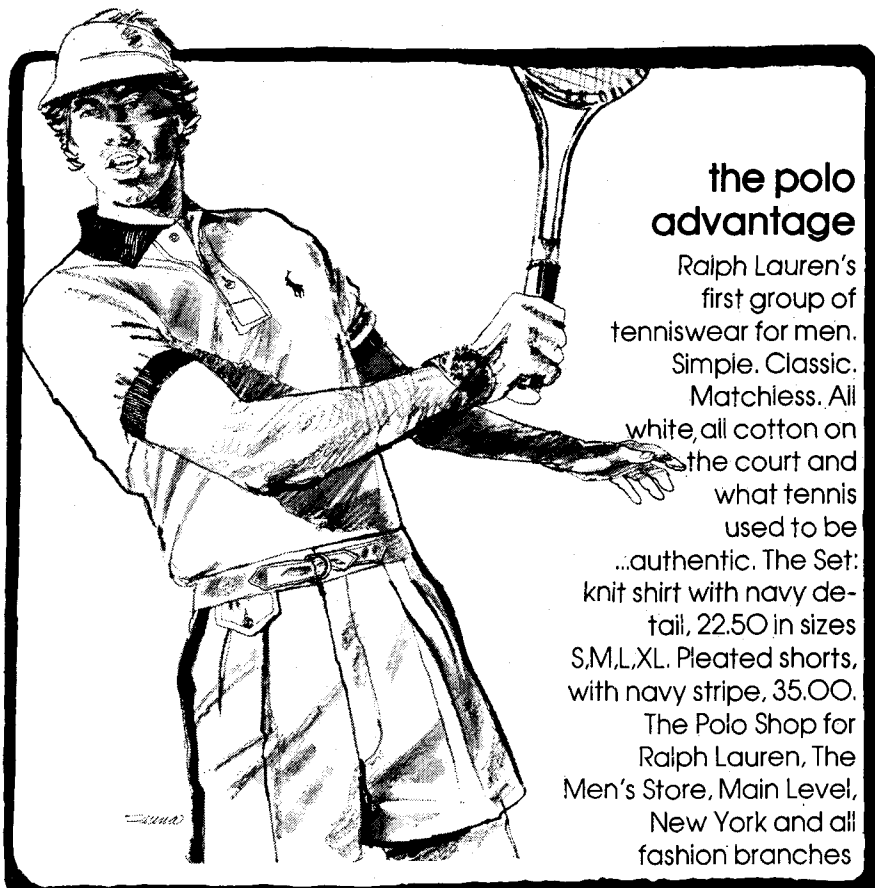
“He's better,” Helen says to me on the way to the car. “He's beginning to sit up and take notice again.”

**T**ONIGHT, we have dinner at the Suzie-Q Chicken-n-Chips near the hospital, and when we get back to the apartment we look around. Last night we were too tired. It's Helen's first visit to Detroit in years. She seldom leaves Geneva and her children.

“My God, look at the radios!” Helen says. “Look at the clocks!”

We count them. There are enough for several apartments and several lifetimes. The Westminster chime clock on its little mantel. Wall clocks with sweep second hands. A digital clock. A twenty-four-hour alarm clock. A clock that turns the television set on and off. Clock radios that turn themselves on and off. Shortwave radios and FM radios and tiny transistor sets. Ten clocks, seven radios, two clock radios. Five timers. Two television sets. In three rooms.

We look at the walls. A color snapshot of Caroline Russell that my father took in New York in the late fifties, when she was at her prettiest. A framed sign on tattered paper, hand-printed, that says “American Town Major.” He was in charge of a German village for a time in the Army of Occupation, in 1919. A hand-colored photograph of the Geneva lakeshore, the twin piers jutting into Lake Michigan and the sun setting orange behind them. A snapshot of Mother in front of the Glendale apartment. A studio portrait of Helen and me, taken when



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I was twelve and she was five. A map showing positions held by the Red Arrow Division near Juvigny in August, 1918. A plaque with a bronzed gear wheel on it and below the wheel an inscription that reads:

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He spent his Sunday afternoons at the office. It gave him a good start on the week.

We find a locked cupboard. "Let's snoop," Helen says. "I don't feel tired tonight."

The key is where Dad has always kept it, at the back of a drawer in the Governor Winthrop desk. A bottle of good Scotch, more than half full, is on the cupboard shelf, and an unopened bottle of gin. I gave him the Scotch one year for Christmas; he would never buy anything that expensive for himself. I make drinks. Behind the bottles are two small file boxes, one of metal and one of wood. There are letters in the wooden box, tied in packets. We don't read them. The metal box is nearly empty. We find envelopes with locks of hair—Mother's and Helen's and mine. One labelled, in Grandmother Merriman's hand, "Anne's hair, 14 months" and another labelled "Anne's hair, October 18, 1928." We find photographs with notations on the back in Dad's hand. Of Mother. Of his mother and father. Of ancestors. Of a woman we remember—that little blond girlfriend of his—and of two good-looking women we never met. Of a girl standing on a hill above a German town. And a blurred, canted snapshot that neither of us can make out at first. There's only a date on the back—October 20, 1928. "He took his Kodak to the funeral," I say. "It's the casket entering the grave." There's a wristwatch, a pair of cufflinks, and a set of captain's bars. There's a length of the red-and-green buttonhole ribbon I found for him in Paris years ago. He has the Croix de Guerre.

We talk until late, and finish the Scotch.

IN the morning, I put my father's clock on the table beside his hospital bed, and plug it in, and set it by my watch. "Is that the right time?" he asks me. "More or less," I say, knowing what he's going to do. "Hand me the phone," he says. I ask first for an outside line. He dials the time signal, as I've seen him do a hundred times. He dials, then dials again. Puzzled

now, he dials once more. He shakes his head quickly, looks up at me, and offers me the phone. He tells me the number. I dial it, and return the phone to him. He listens with a smile of recognition and tells me the time. I reset the clock, and he lies back with his head on the pillow and watches the second hand go around. And suddenly is asleep.

"For someone who's getting better, he sure sleeps a lot," Helen says.

Before lunch the oxygen apparatus is removed. The nurse pushes the button that raises Dad to a near-sitting position. "That's more like it," he says. His voice is lower in pitch. Not the old growl, but getting there. He's been shaved, and he's had his hair trimmed and combed, but now he has a cowlick that sticks up in back the way mine used to. Helen brushes it down for him.

"How's that girlfriend of yours?" he asks me.

"Fine, Dad. She sends her best," I say.

He asks after Helen's children and after the Merrimans. "How's Doug?" he says. "I was thinking of him not long ago."

"He was here the day before yesterday, Father," Helen says. "He brought me over from Geneva."

"Oh, that's right. I forgot," he says, not at all embarrassed.

I begin to tell him of New Hampshire. Of the old Thorp farm under Barnes Pond. Of Samuel marrying Betsey five months before Joseph was born. He isn't following me.

"Joseph was your great-grandfather, Dad," I say. "He came out to Michigan in the eighteen-forties. You remember, you located his grave."

"My great-grandfather was born near Elmira, New York," my father says. "Or so I was told."

I tell him about the cemetery in Royston, and the sexton's burial records, and how I located the Thorp graves. Helen frowns, and signals to me to drop the subject. But Dad isn't listening. He's drifted off again.

"What are you talking about cemeteries for?" Helen whispers at me when he's asleep. "What makes you think he gives a damn about ancestors? He's practically one himself."

"He used to be interested," I say. On the defensive. "He spent years tracking down his great-grandfather. He was interested once."

"It's the last thing in the world that interests me," Helen says. "I've got enough to think about in the here and now."

He will probably sleep until lunch,



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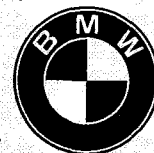
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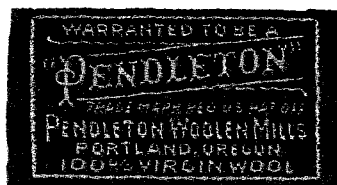
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the nurse tells us. He was given a light sedative this morning, after an uneasy night. We decide to visit the zoo, not far away. We walk for miles. Helen is getting restless. I am, too.

Mrs. Sanborn and her daughter are with Dad when we return, after lunch. They get up from the two chairs by the window and stand at the foot of the bed. We chat. I mention the old apartment on Glendale. "The coloreds have moved in all through there," Mrs. Sanborn says. They have brought a pot of yellow marigolds. A cloth bumblebee is on one of the flowers, and a cloth bluebird stands in the earth. "It sure does your father good to see his children," Mrs. Sanborn says to us.

"That's right," my father says.

"If only all the coloreds were like those two," he says when they leave. He seems wide awake now.

"Father, may I ask you a question?" Helen says to him.

"Shoot," he says. Like his old self.

"Would you remember when I was born?" she says. Sweet as sugar. "Exactly when?"

How *can* she? I wince. It's a cruel question, and she must know it. Dad seems to be collecting his thoughts. "For your horoscope?" I whisper at her. She nods. "Who else knows?" she says. He knows, all right.

But his look is untroubled. "You were born shortly before six in the evening," he says. His voice is firm; he means to be precise. "Six in the evening, in the city hospital in Geneva. I wasn't at the hospital at the time. You weren't expected so soon. I was having supper with Mother and Dad, I remember, at the house on Utica Street. We were finishing dessert when your Grandfather Merriman, the Doctor, telephoned to say that your mother had just had a baby girl. Six pounds fourteen ounces. I believe that's correct. It was very near six o'clock, because he called as we were finishing dessert, and we always sat down to supper right at half past five. I was told you were both doing fine."

He closes his eyes, as if he were trying to see the scene more clearly, and he falls asleep.

I turn on Helen. "What did you bring *that* up for?" I say. "You know what it does to him. You know how he gets, brooding over Mother's death. Why not leave him in peace?"

"You're a fine one to talk," she says. "What about this morning? All you could talk about was cemeteries and the dead."

He wakes before long and goes on as if he hadn't stopped. He might be making a deposition in a court of law. "I



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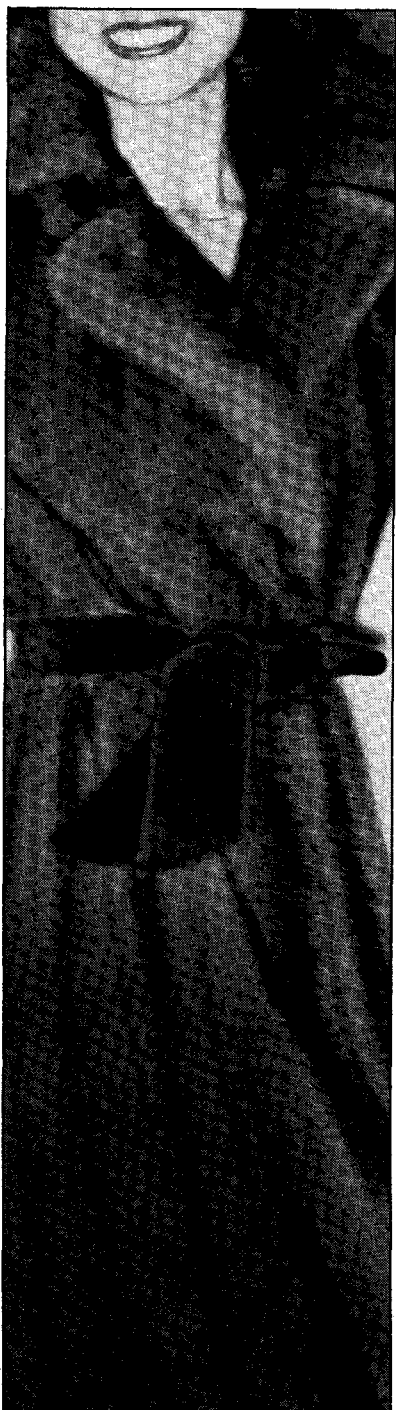
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left the house and went right to the hospital," he says. "At this time I didn't own a car. I took the shortcut over the trestle bridge that crosses the big ravine, and I was there by twenty-five minutes to seven. I saw you, and you were fine. I went into your mother's room and saw her just as she was falling asleep, and the nurse asked me to wait outside. I stood in the corridor talking to your Aunt Florence and to your grandfather, Doctor Merriman, and to Doc Brooks, who delivered you. A few minutes later, I heard a slight commotion in the room and saw the nurse come to the door and beckon to the doctors. I tried to follow them, but she barred my way. After a while Doctor Merriman came out, dead white, and said, 'She's in a coma, Henry. Get in there fast. I think she's slipping away.' But she was gone before I could take the ten steps to her bed. In the few seconds it took me to get into that room!"

He sounds surprised, as if he were speaking of an incredible event. Now he props himself up on his elbows and looks directly at Helen. "Your grandfather never forgave himself," he says. "It was the beginning of the end for him. *He* knew it was unethical for him to be in that delivery room. But you know who insisted, don't you?"

Unethical? It's the first time I've heard that.

"I'll tell you who insisted," the old man says excitedly, pointing his finger at Helen. "Your grandmother, that's who."

Insisted on Mother's having her baby in Geneva. Insisted on the Doctor's being there. Insisted on taking us after Mother died. He has never forgiven Grandmother Merriman. Or himself.

He lies back and goes on talking slowly and calmly, as if he were dictating to a stenographer. "I sat there in the hospital for a while," he says. "And then I went down to the lake and walked along the beach, wondering what I was going to say to Andy—how I was going to tell him. Then I went out on the south pier and sat there for most of the night. The sky was overcast, and the lake was calm. It must have been mild for October, because I don't remember being aware of the cold. Shortly before dawn I walked back to the Merriman house, where Andy was sleeping, and told him. I told him the truth. He was smart. He wasn't even seven yet. He said, 'Well, thinking about it isn't going to help. Let's get some sleep.'"

Not the way I remember it. He got

into bed with me and lay there shivering. I didn't understand what he was telling me at all. Weeks passed before I began to take it in.

My father falls asleep again, then wakes and begins talking once more. It's his autobiography now, in bits and patches.

"My father was a harness-maker by trade," he says. "But he dealt in insurance and real estate for most of his life. My mother came to Michigan by oxcart from Ohio when she was a little girl. I was born in Peoria, Illinois. We moved to La Porte, Indiana, when I was a babe in arms and from there to Geneva in nineteen hundred and six. I was a journeyman printer, but after attending the university and getting my degree I gave up the trade. Though I can set type from the case to this day."

I watch him closely. Now he is old, and now a young man, and now the man I remember.

The doctor comes in. His stay is brief, and Helen and I remain in the room. He lowers the bed, and when Dad is lying flat he presses down on his breastbone with both palms. "Do you feel any pain?" he asks gently. "No," my father says, looking straight into the doctor's eyes. "No," with a quick, firm shake of the head. Is he in pain? I think he may be. It would be a matter of principle for him not to acknowledge pain.

"He's getting better fast," the doctor says to us so that my father can hear. "I believe we can let him go in a few days."

But what is to be done with him? Helen's house in Geneva is too small. My apartment is too small. Can he go on living alone? A rest home is out of the question; he's not yet that old. He should go back to Geneva, Helen thinks. Go back there, find himself a little apartment and someone to look after him a bit, and give up the place in Detroit. She says so to him, and he looks blank. He bites his lower lip. "I'll have to think about it," he finally says.

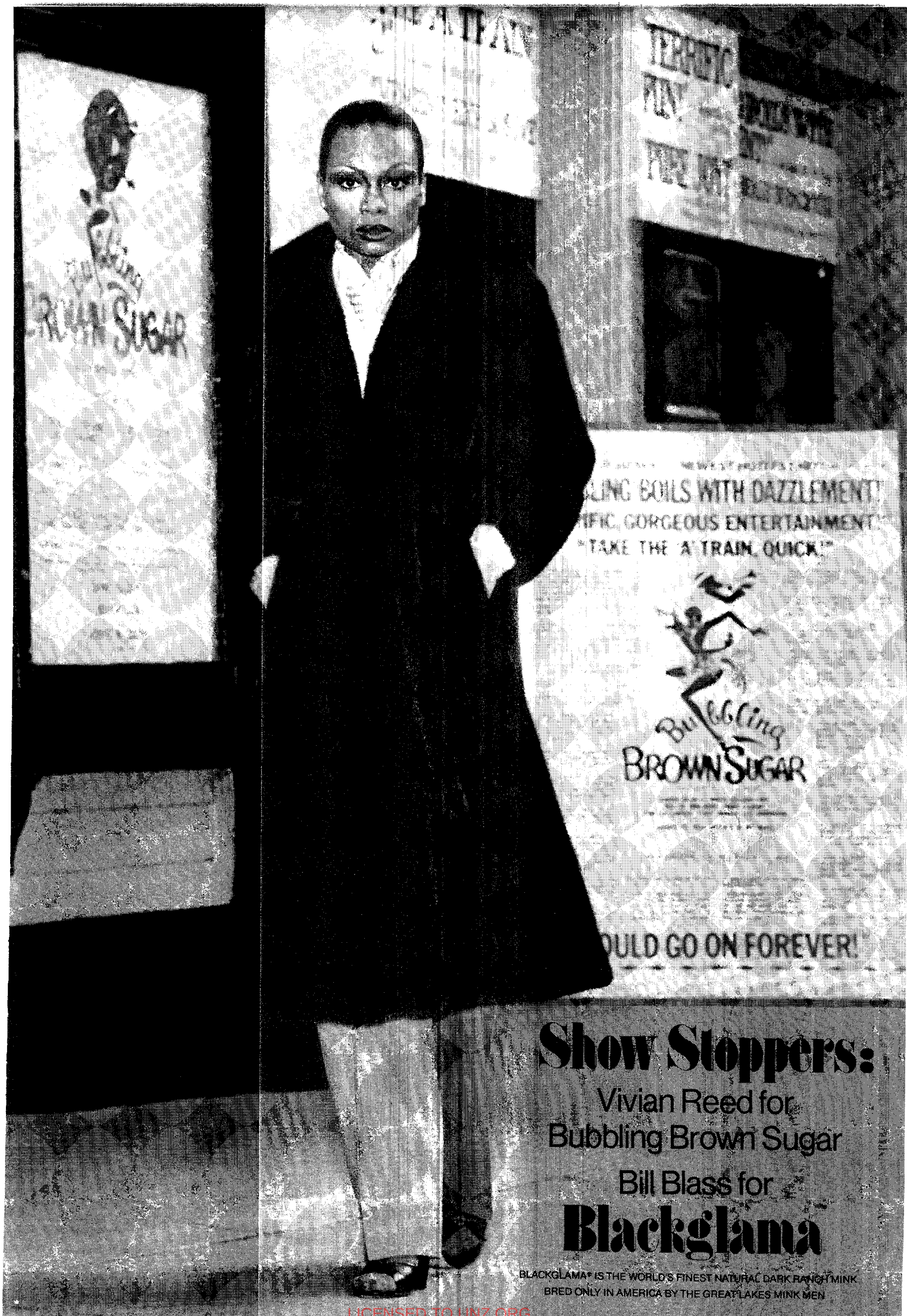
He no more wants to go back to Geneva than I do, though he'll probably have to before too long. We shouldn't push it too hard on him, I say to Helen at the apartment that night. It only gets his back up. He ought to be able to stay in his own place as long as he can. "Leave it to me," I say. "I'll work something out."

Again we talk until late. We've bought another bottle of Scotch.

"Of course I hated him," Helen says. "I used to. Leaving us in the







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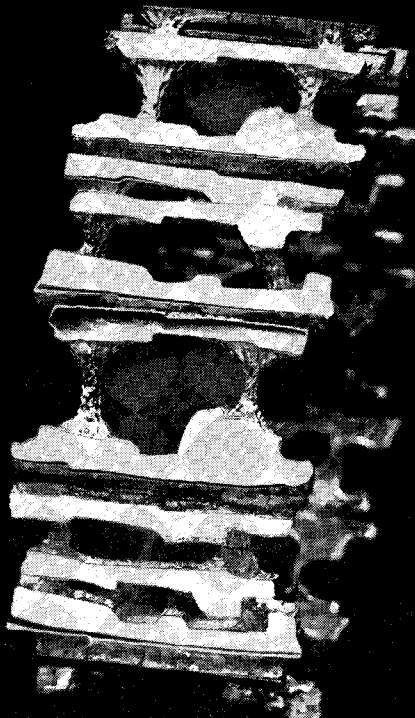
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hands of that selfish old woman." So that's what she thinks of Grandmother Merriman. "But I don't hate him now."

"What's there to hate?" I say.

"You have no idea what he was like these last few years. He got so bad-tempered with the children. Really mean. He said I didn't know how to bring them up. He was just the way he used to be with me when I was little. The way you were. And then lately he started confusing me with Mother. He'd call me Anne sometimes. It was weird."

"I don't remember being mean," I say.

"You were. You both were. I think you blamed me for Mother's death."

"But that's crazy!" I say.

"Sure it is. You were both crazy. But he's not mean now."

"He thought he was dying," I say. "We're his children."

"He's not dying," Helen says. "And I'm getting back to my children. The day after next."

She calls home. Alice is running a slight temperature and Billy has a sore throat. My sister decides to leave the first thing in the morning. On the train. Aunt Florence will drive over to Kalamazoo to pick her up.

We've never confided in each other much, but now I begin to tell Helen of my life in New York, and my fatigue in the last months, and my break-up with Caroline.

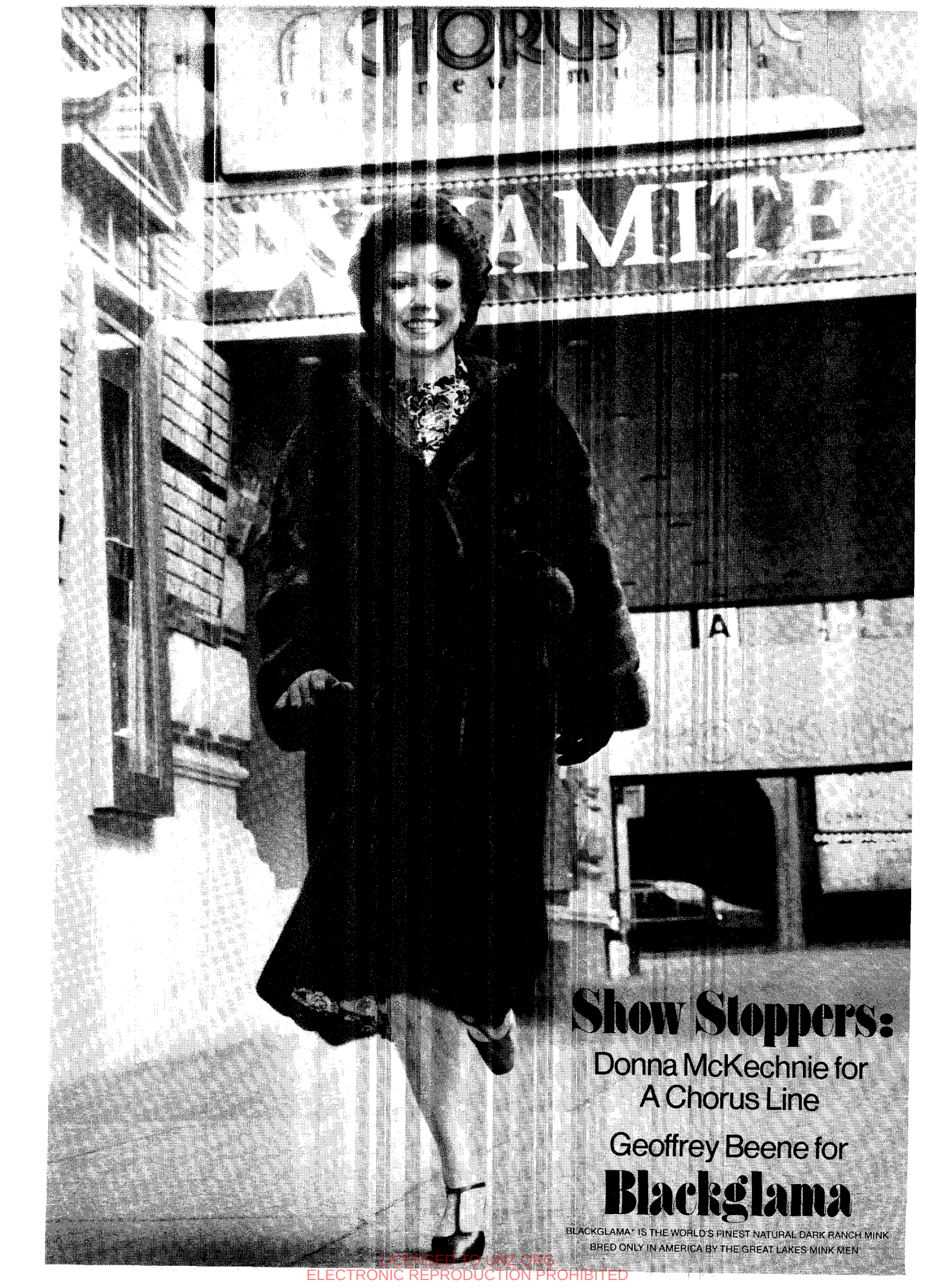
"Don't say anything to Father," she says. "He thinks you're happy. You know what he said to me the last time he was in Geneva? 'Oh, Andy's right up there now,' he said. 'He's making real money. And look at that pretty girlfriend of his. *He's* getting some fun out of life.'"

Helen insists on cleaning up the apartment before she goes to bed. It has to be the way it looked when Dad left. How neat he kept it, though in the days before he went to the hospital he was barely able to shuffle around. He's always been neat, and a careful dresser.

"Aunt Florence was with Mother right after I was born," Helen tells me. "She wasn't clear about the time of day, but she remembered what Mother said. 'Oh, look at her!' Mother said when she saw me. 'Tidy her up quick before Henry sees her. You know how he hates mess. I want him to like this baby. I want to have another right away.'"

"COME here, Andy. Look," my father says the next morning. I've told him Helen's been called





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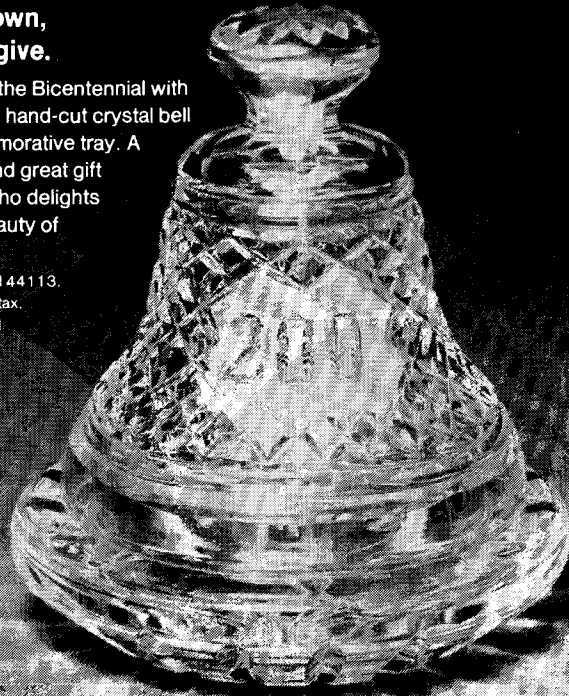
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back to the children in a hurry, and he didn't seem surprised. "Bring me that slipper," he says. "Put it on." He sticks one leg out from under the covers. The skin is cracked and leathery brown, as if it had been crudely tanned. The slipper fits easily. "I haven't been able to do that for months," he says.

With his dropsy gone, he weighs less than a hundred and fifty pounds. He kept his weight at a hundred and seventy for years. Now he has the gnomish look of very old men.

"Is the doctor letting you out of bed yet?" I ask him.

He holds up two fingers. "Twice a day," he says, and looks at me slyly. "But I'm getting up a lot more than they know about!"

He still sleeps a great deal. We will be talking and I will see him beginning to drift off. When I stop talking and pick up a magazine, he is asleep in a moment. Then he will wake and start in again. So much to talk about! So much to recall. We haven't spent this much time together in years. "Andy, did I ever tell you about the time..." It will be something he's told me before. He repeats himself. He will tell me a story, then drift off and wake to tell me the same story again, word for word, intonation for intonation. Not once or twice, but three and four times.

We talk of his apartment. "You keep everything so shipshape there," I say.

"I try," he says. He's house-proud. "I've lived in that building since it was built," he says. "I'm the only one who ever lived in that apartment."

There is a cry from the next room, over and over. A man's voice, throaty and commanding. "Nurse! Oh, nurse! Help me! I don't want to die!"

"This place can get pretty noisy at times," my father finally says.

He is prepared to die, I realize. Not like that man next door but like a soldier, with a wisecrack on his lips. He must have steeled himself for death in the war. He means to die like a brave young man. But not quite yet.

Names escape him. "Now, why can't I remember the name of that doctor?" he says, almost sitting upright with the effort. Then he lies back on the pillow. "That's all right," he says. "It'll come to me."

He knows that he's losing his memory, just as his father did. "We brought your grandmother and your grandfather over here one winter," he says to me. "Not long before your grandfather died. They stayed with me in the apartment through the winter, and when we took him back to



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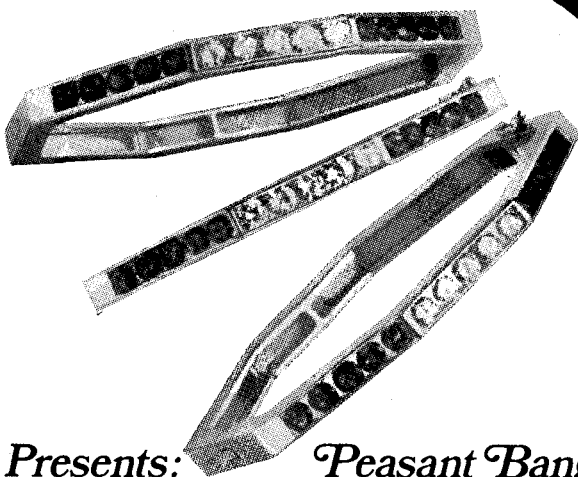
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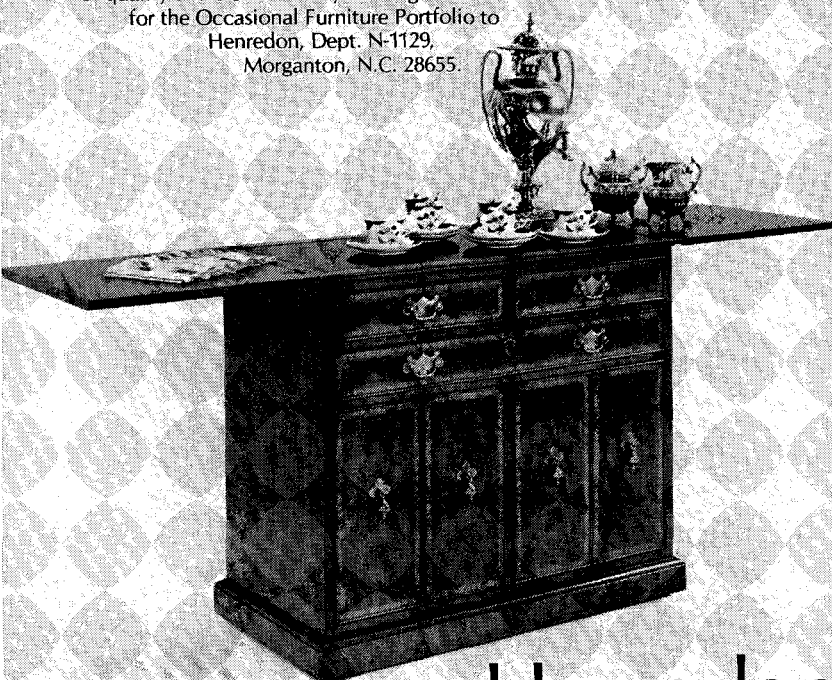
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Geneva in the spring and got out at the old house on Utica Street he had the *strangest* expression on his face. He knew he'd been there before, yet he didn't have the faintest notion of where he was. When he'd lived right there on Utica Street for thirty-five years! Andy, I wish you could have seen him."

I see him now.

"THE doctor tells me I've been pretty sick," my father says two days later. He will be home soon. Everything is arranged. I've talked to Mrs. Sanborn, and she or her daughter will be with him for part of every day. And a visiting nurse will come three times a week. He doesn't have to go back to Geneva, and there is no real need for me to stay on. I will leave in a day or two, I decide, though it is too soon for me to leave with a clear conscience. I have grown restless, and I am a little bored. I don't want him to know it. I want us to part while we are close.

Years ago my father had major surgery, the only other time he's been in a hospital and the only other time since the war that he's been at all close to death. "I don't know to this day what they gave me, Andy," he says. "They wheeled me into the operating room at six o'clock in the morning, and when I came to in my room I looked at the clock beside the bed and it was eight o'clock. 'Two hours,' I said to the nurse. 'Not bad.' 'Look out the window,' she said to me. I did, and do you know it was pitch-black? It was night! I'd been unconscious for fourteen hours!" How he hates to lose control. "I can't keep track of the days here," he says fretfully. He wants nothing in his life to be imprecise.

Much is growing imprecise for him now. He confuses his apartment with the one on Glendale, the roomy duplex we lived in when Mother was alive. "Why is it I keep thinking there are two floors to my apartment?" he says to me. He fights for lucidity. It's a losing battle. His mind was once quick—too quick for the job he had. Evenings in his apartment, he would work on mathematical problems, and brainteasers, and cryptograms.

I tell him that I must get back, that I will have to leave soon. After lunch, I decide to go the next morning. I tell him several times, until I think that he will remember and not expect to see me. In the afternoon while he is napping I drive over to see the Glendale apartment house. It's not far. The place I had thought no more than





## Show Stoppers:

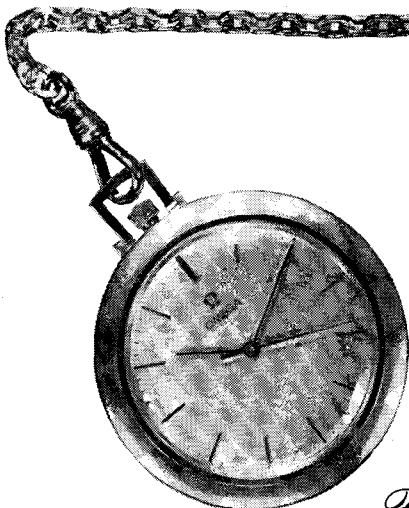
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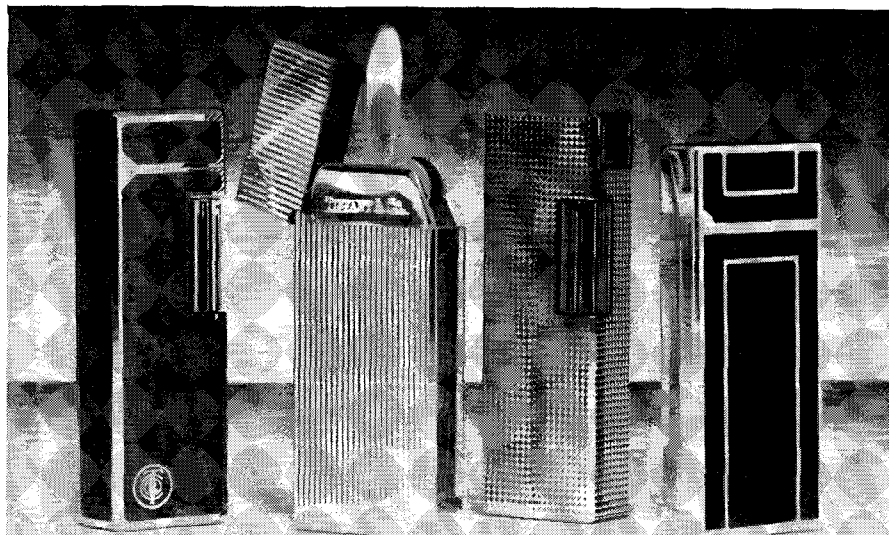
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my private memory still exists, and is much the same. It's a well-kept-up neighborhood. The same row of yellow stucco houses, the same gabled windows. The same number on the door that can be seen in the snapshot of Mother that hangs on Dad's wall. Black children sit on the front steps. I stand in the alley where I once played and try to remember being there before.

I tell my father where I've been. "The yard in back is where Davy Jones taught you to shoot craps," he says. "You remember Davy? He played right field for the Tigers in Ty Cobb's day."

"I remember Davy," I say. "But I don't remember shooting craps. I remember getting my finger pinched in a deck chair."

"That's right," my father says.

"I remember climbing up to the second story of a house they were building across the street, and you had to come rescue me."

"That's right."

"I remember having scarlet fever, and lying with the shades down, and the orange quarantine sign they tacked on the door. You couldn't come into the house."

"That's right."

"I remember the army blanket sprinkled with Lysol over the back door."

"You remember *that*? You were both in quarantine, you and your mother. I would bring you chow mein and crisp noodles from Lum Wah Kim's and leave it inside the door. Then I'd go around front and wave."

"Mother would call to you from my window."

"That's right."

We go on talking. "The Windsor chair in the corner of my living room was your mother's chair," he says. "I know that because it's shorter than the others."

"Was Mother short?" I ask.

"She barely came up to my shoulder," my father says. "In her stocking feet, she was not quite five foot three."

We shake hands, saying goodbye. His grip isn't at all strong. "Take care of yourself," he says.

MY father lived on for a number of years, until he was very nearly his father's age.

—ROBERT HEMENWAY

•

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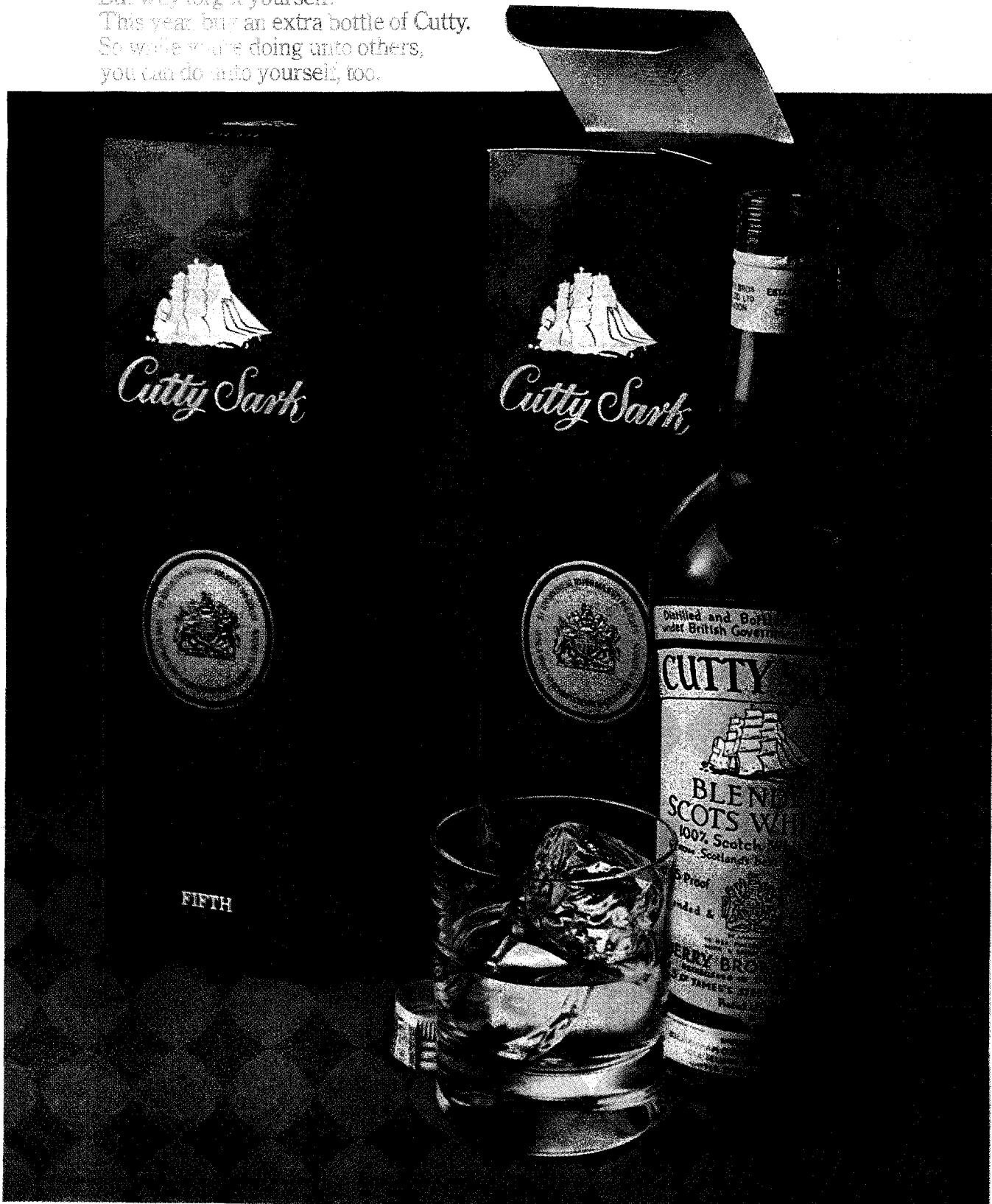
—Automobile adv. in *The New Yorker*.

And a place for front paws on the dash.

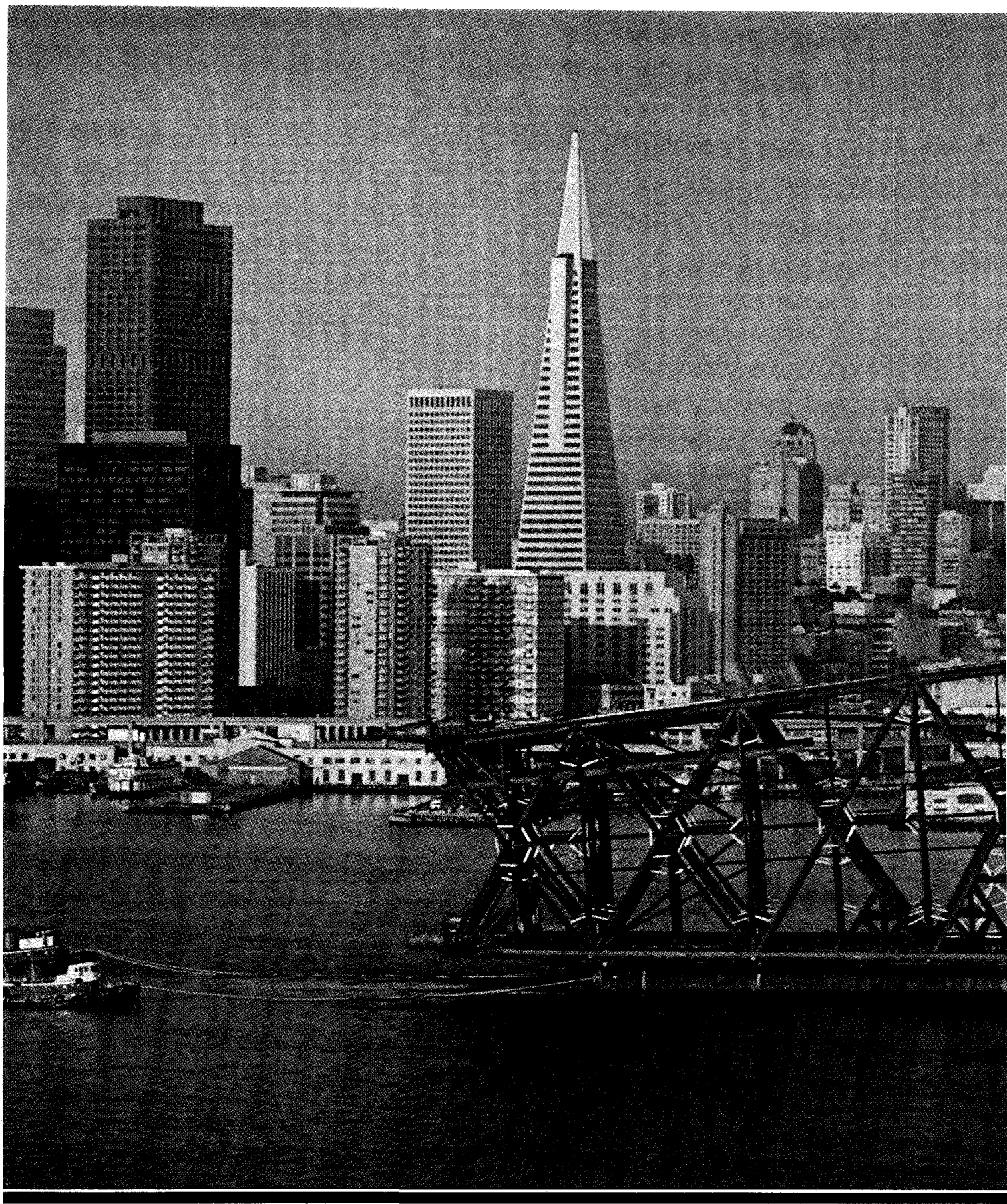


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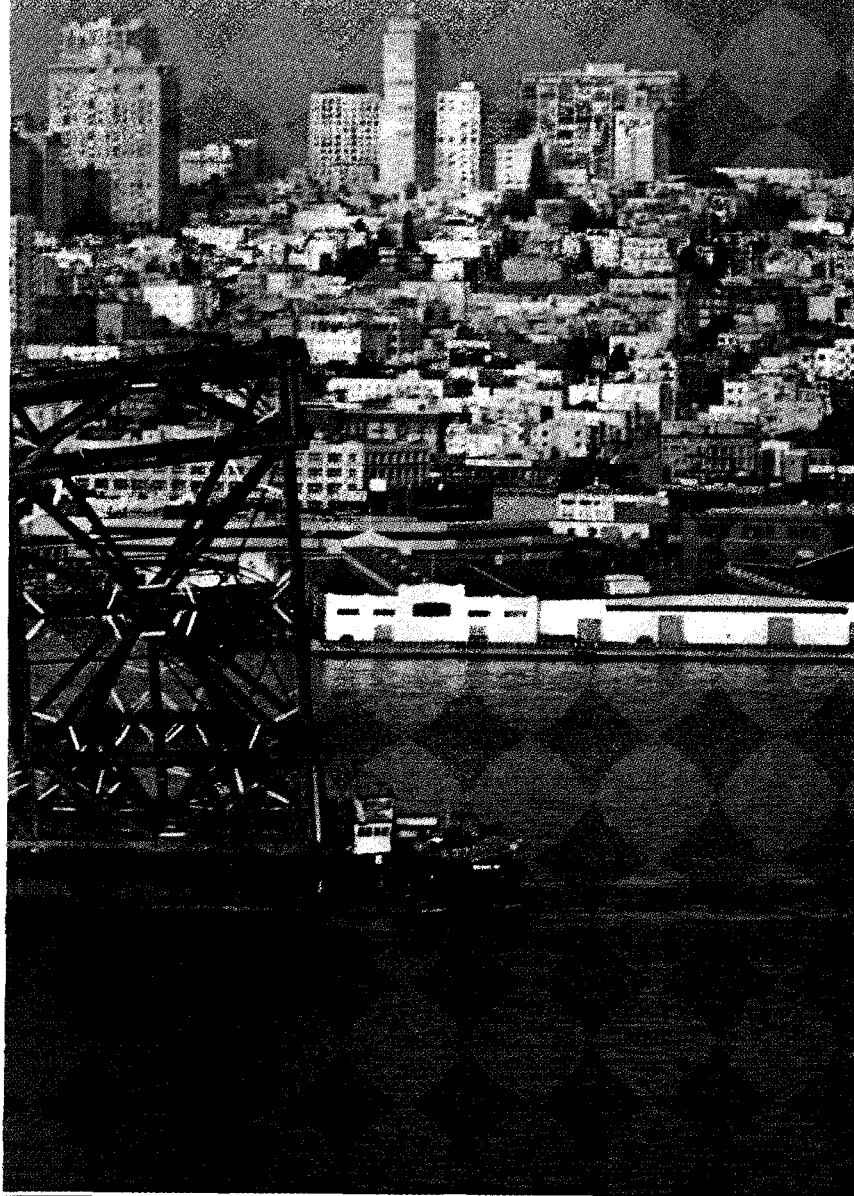




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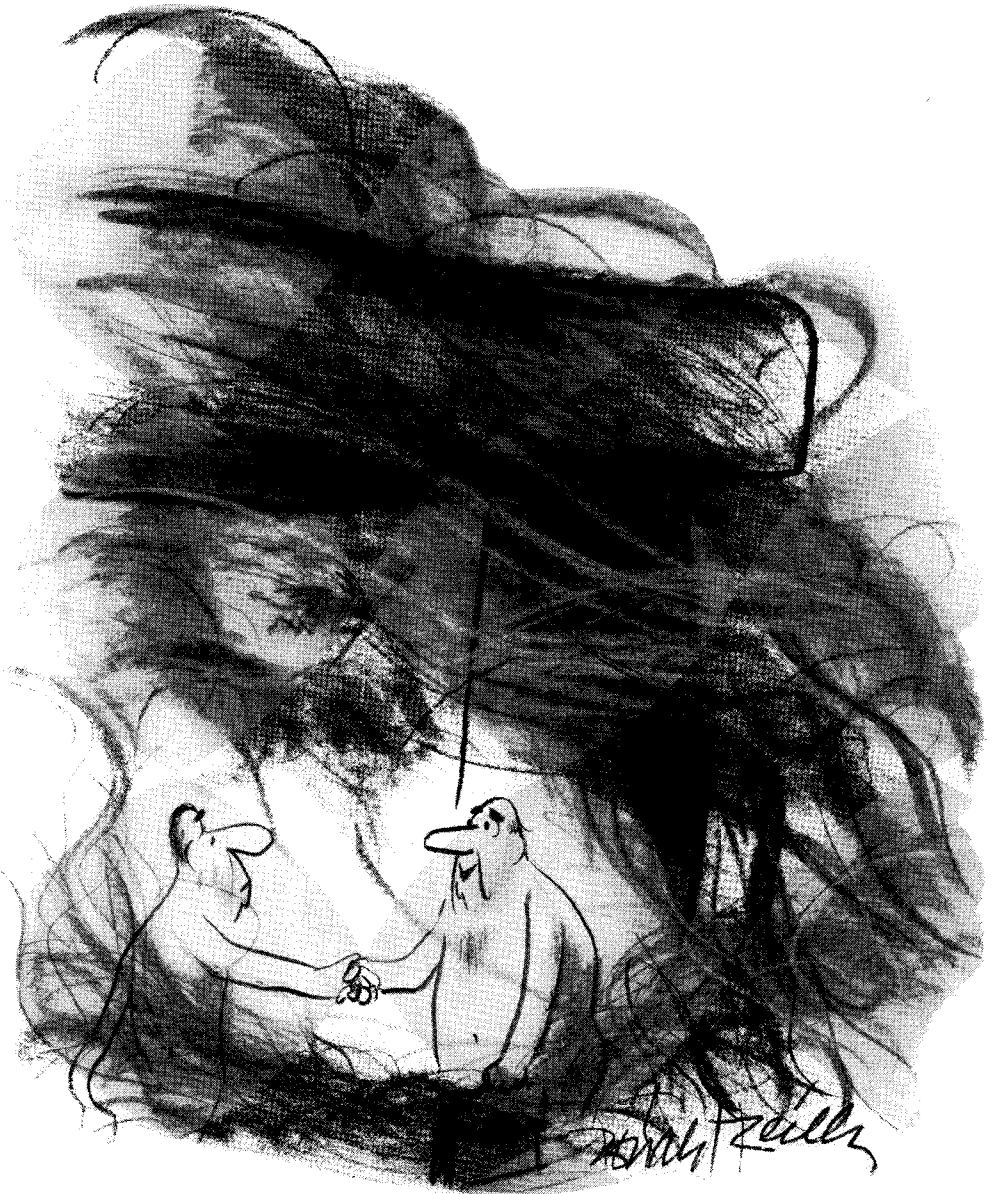
## OFF BROADWAY

THE return to New York of the Abbey Theatre of Dublin, after an absence of almost forty years, is an occasion, and its production of Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars," at the Brooklyn Academy, is considerably more than that. The play, as if you needed reminding, deals with the inhabitants of a Dublin tenement a few months before and during Easter Week, 1916, the year of the abortive uprising against the British, when the Irish Citizen Army took the field under its flag—the plough and the stars. Written by O'Casey ten years after that, the script is a masterpiece of characterization, tragedy, humor and wit, intelligence, shrewdness, and feeling, and of writing so glorious that it is almost possible to forget the action in the joy of just listening to the lines. Not quite, though. There is not one moment that is not theatrical. The performance as a whole, under Tomás Mac Anna's direction, is always adequate. Cyril Cusack's sunny, comic, self-important little Fluther Good, talking his way in and out of every situation, perhaps more aware than anyone has ever been of something "derogatory," and calming down the squabbles that constantly erupt around him, is first-rate work by a first-rate actor, and Siobhán McKenna's truculent, sarcastic, clear-eyed, staunch Bessie Burgess is a triumph of a true star. Among O'Casey's many, and often discussed, accomplishments in "Plough" is the distinction he draws between heroics and heroism; Bessie is a heroine, and so is Siobhán McKenna. Angela Newman is good as the insinuating Mrs. Gogan, and the scene in which she and Miss McKenna fight over an empty perambulator and then go out together with it to loot the battle-scarred shops is one of the funniest in the play. The scene of Bessie's needless, gratuitous dying, followed by that of the two Cockney soldiers sitting at a table beside her body drinking tea and singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning," is the very essence of this great ironic dramatist. Sorchá Cusack (Cyril Cusack's daughter) does well enough as young Mrs. Nora Clitheroe, at first subtly seductive with her husband, Jack, then frantic

with worry when he goes off to fight, and finally and permanently crazed at the news of his death. Also satisfactory are John Kavanagh as the fiery Young Covey, unceasingly spouting Marxist doctrine, and Bill Foley as fussy Uncle Peter, his verbal sparring partner. Máire O'Neill is to be commended for her performance as the whore Rosie Redmond and even more for her courage in using professionally the name of one of the famous Founding Mothers of the Abbey itself. "The Plough and the Stars" will remain at the Academy only through November 28th be-

fore moving on to Boston and Philadelphia.

IS Al Carmines' "The Beast: A Meditation on Beauty" (at the Judson through November 29th) truly a meditation on beauty? Well, as O'Casey's Mrs. Gogan might say, "it is and it isn't." Like all Carmines shows, it is heartfelt and well sprinkled with original thoughts, and quite entertaining—but broody, never. Mr. Carmines' music is especially tuneful—as played, of course, by him at the piano—and his impeccable words touch on such matters as ugliness, psychiatry, the avant-garde, and Garde above. The plot is an offshoot of "Cinderella," but who cares? The cast consists of only seven singers, all of them good and most of them Judson regulars. Lee Guillatt, a Judson regular if ever there was one, doubles as scenic designer. Her painted reversible screens that serve as backdrops are charming. —EDITH OLIVER



"Well, this is goodbye, Ed. I've been cleared posthumously."



## OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

## MAJESTY

THE master Kansas City blues singer Joe Turner is sitting on a low stool next to the grand piano in Barney Josephson's *Cookery*, and he looks more like a wayfarer resting by the road than like a performer in a night club. He holds a microphone in his right hand, but he rarely uses it. He waves it in small circles above his knee, he marks time with it, and sometimes at the end of a stanza he brings it to his mouth and delivers a booming basso tone, which shakes the house. He has a cane in his left hand, and he leans on it and occasionally taps the floor as if he were still walking. His clothes are a motley of Kansas City and Los Angeles, where he lives: a dark-blue suit with high-waisted pants and a broad belt, an orange sports shirt with a black design, and huge new sensible shoes. Turner is seated because he has gained a lot of weight during the past decade and isn't able to stand for long. "It was all that travellin', all that eatin' heavy food on the road for thirty years, that put this weight on me," he has said. "I guess my legs won't take it because of an accident I had in Kansas City when I was twelve years old. There was a fire, and I had to jump out a second-story window of the apartment we lived in, and I broke everything. Doctor said I'd never walk again. I was in the hospital two months, and after that I crawled around on the floor a year until I got sick of it and grabbed onto chair backs and pulled myself up and started learning to walk again. But some weakness must have been left, and that's what's botherin' me now." The rest of Turner, who is over six feet tall, is unchanged. His black hair is combed flat, and his face is still a boy's face—a collection of round shapes arranged around large laughing eyes. His voice is the same, too, except that it has deepened. It is a huge voice, a pre-microphone voice—a Bessie Smith voice that was trained a long time ago to carry across fields and down streets and through ballrooms. Turner has been called a blues "shouter," but shouting implies effort and even strain. All Turner has to do when he sings is open his mouth and get out of the way.

Turner is probably the greatest of



Joe Turner

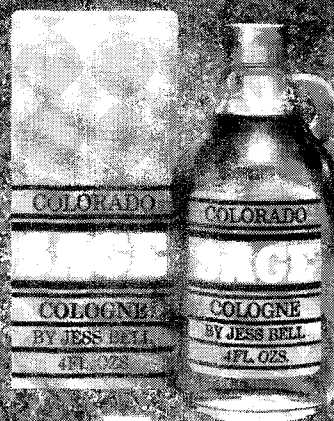
blues singers, stretching from Blind Lemon Jefferson and Big Bill Broonzy through the marvellous Jimmy Rushing and down to the white English rock singers. Not all his compeers have understood the blues. Some have treated them as dirges. Some have chanted them. Some have sung them as if from a pulpit. Some, like Dizzy Gillespie, have pretended they were potatoes. Some have offered them as candy. Some have intoned them the way Carl Sandburg did his poetry. Some have laughed at them. But Turner has invariably sensed that this simple twelve-bar (not always), three-chord (not always), tonic-subdominant-dominant (not always) form is capable of assuming all sizes and shapes. He sings of every human condition—loneliness, comedy, death, irony, fear, joy, desperation—and he does so in a godlike manner. He hands down his lyrics with his great voice. Sometimes they are intelligible and the passions harbored in his words stare through, and sometimes he jams his words together, lopping off the consonants and flattening the vowels so that whole lines go past as pure melody, as pure horn playing. Before Turner, most blues singers recited their words. The melodic content of their

blues remained unchanged from stanza to stanza. They used the same notes, the same inflections, the same rhythms. But Turner improvises, for he was raised among the great musicians who lived in or passed through Kansas City in the twenties and thirties: Lester Young, Ben Webster, Pete Johnson, Count Basie, Buster Smith, Jo Jones, Clyde Hart, Walter Page, Mary Lou Williams, Dick Wilson, Ben Thigpen, Hot Lips Page, Jack Washington. He speeds up his time and slows it down. He hustles his words along and spaces them out. He roars, then drops to a soft rumble. On a fast blues, he quickly and repeatedly raises and lowers his voice a tone or a tone and a half, and a line like "You so beautiful, but you got to die someday" jiggles and jumps past so quickly that we almost miss *what* he is saying—the story of humankind in nine words. On a slow blues, he bends his notes into domes and parabolas, lets them glisten briefly before he cuts them off, pauses, and starts the next line. There is no waste in Turner's singing. He rarely indulges in the luxury of a vibrato, and if he does it is short and flat. He is a percussive singer, and his lines fall like blows. The colors in his voice match his brevity and rhythmic force. It is a slate-gray voice that pales at faster tempos and grows almost black when he slows down for a line like "It's three o'clock in the morning, and the moon is shining bright." His voice has heft and agility and streamlining. Turner's imperturbability and cool give his singing a don't-give-a-damn air, but that seeming insouciance is the secret of his majesty.

So Turner sits and sings, an extraordinary presence, whose only motions are small and sporadic. As the numbers go by—some of them anthems like "Roll 'Em Pete" and "In the Evening When the Sun Goes Down," and "Cherry Red" and "Every Day" and "Wee Baby Blues"—he nods almost imperceptibly, from lower right to upper left, or keeps time with his cane, or marks the afterbeat with the microphone. There is no hint of his discomfort ("Sittin' on that stool half the night makes you want to almost cry") or of his nervousness at not having sung much in New York since 1942, when he last worked for Barney Jo-



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sephson, at Café Society Downtown. He keeps his eyes lowered; he looks at the audience between numbers quickly and shyly, but after he has counted off the time for his pianist, Lloyd Glenn, and his guitarist, Wayne Wright, he drops his eyes again. At the end of the set, he heaves himself to his full height, bobs his head at the audience several times, and makes his way toward his table at the far side of the room—a house being moved down a road.

**M**OST days, Turner and Glenn, who are sharing a room at the Gramercy Park Hotel, load themselves into a cab and go to the Cookery for lunch. (Turner's gig ends December 4th.) One afternoon, when the lunch people had cleared out and the place echoed, Turner pushed the table away to make himself comfortable, and Glenn, who had eaten with him, moved to another table and studied some sheet music. Glenn is slight and smiling, and the white hair at his temples flashes. He is a remarkable blues pianist—a special breed that is all but gone. His accompanying stays out of Turner's way, but his melodic lines and chords frame and embellish Turner's sharply different moods. Through a judicious use of blue notes and tremolos and a strong and original left hand, he rocks. If he is asked a question, he talks fast, and is happy to say that he was born in San Antonio in 1909 and learned to play boogie-woogie and blues piano from such local masters as John and Pudson Harris (who were brothers), Little Archie and Big Archie (who were unrelated), Bubber Howard, and Will Woolrich. Turner doesn't recall having worked with Glenn, but Glenn is positive they recorded together in Los Angeles in the fifties in an upstairs studio for a label that had a picture of Liberty on it. Barney Josephson put away some silver he had dried and sat down and said, "Joe, I remember walking into Café Society one night and there were Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis and Pete Johnson and you—four giants—lined up at the bar. I must have looked glum, because you said, 'What's the matter, Pops, you down?' You reached in a pocket and took out a bean and said, 'Now, in my hand is a bean and in that bean is a face as alive as you and me, and you can talk to it and tell it your troubles.' You made a fist and then opened it and slapped your hand down on the bar so that the bean landed under it. 'Everybody cover my hand with your hand,' you said, and we did—Ammons and Johnson and Lewis and me, a pile of black and white



# THE ROAD CAR. DRIVE IT!



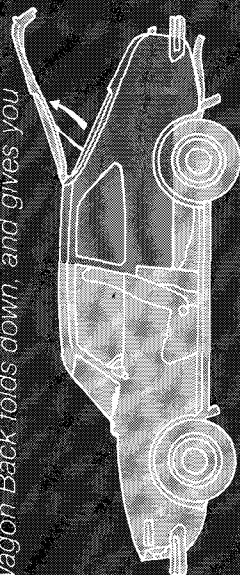
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hands. Then you started mumbling something like 'Bajabajebboojiborumbayahoojie,' and you stopped and said, 'All right! Take away your hands. You got nothing to worry about now. Everything's just fine.' Well, I laughed like hell and suddenly I realized I felt wonderful."

Turner looked at Josephson and smiled and let loose a descending "Yehyehyehyeh, man" that sounded as if he were singing. Indeed, there is little difference between his speech and his singing: one walks and the other lopes. "Walter Winchell gave me a flash on his radio program about that bean and what it could do for people," Turner said. "I got the bean from an African who worked in a place where he walked on broken glass and swallowed fire and didn't hurt himself. He told me to rub it and say that mumbo-jumbo and the bean would do anything, as long as I believed in it. After Winchell gave me the flash, people started asking me to rub the bean and help them do this and cure that, and I went wild, it was causing me so much trouble. Finally, it scared me to death to have so much power, and I put the bean in the toilet and pulled the chain. But I believed anything in those days. I thought New York was out of sight. John Hammond had heard Pete Johnson and me at the Sunset Club in Kansas City and sent for us to come to New York and play at that Carnegie Hall concert. I believe it was 1938. We met Albert Ammons and Meade Lux and we all got to be great friends. John Hammond gave us money every week, and we stayed up on Seventh Avenue at the Woodside Hotel. He told us to have a good time, and that he'd get us a job, but he didn't. So we went back to Kansas City, and waited for John Hammond's call. Everybody laughed when we got home—'Hey, you couldn't make it in New York City, man.' We'd say, 'Yeh, yeh. We just waitin' for John Hammond to call us back,' and they'd shake their heads and laugh again. Then John Hammond called, and we went to work at the Café Society for four or five years, and I didn't get back to Kansas City until 1950."

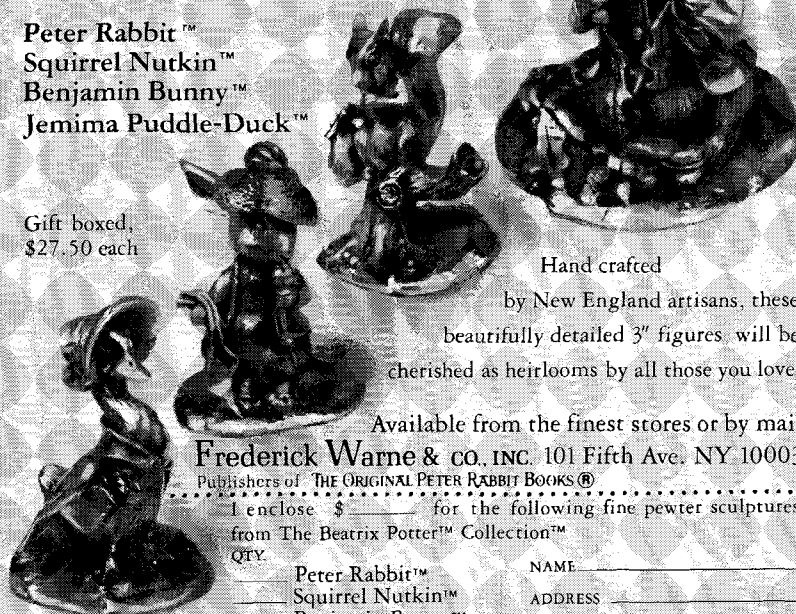
Turner ordered a sugarless black-cherry soda and swung one leg up on the bench he was sitting on. "I was born in Kansas City on May 18, 1911, and I was the baby of the family. My sister Katherine Turner—now she's Katie Bryant, which is her married name—is three or four years older, and she used to say my mother spoiled me. My mother made her take me wher-

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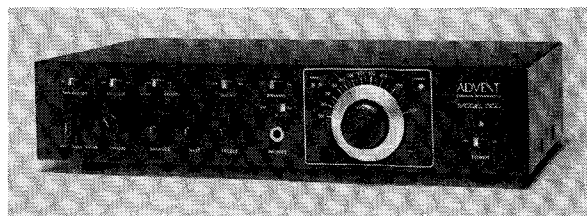
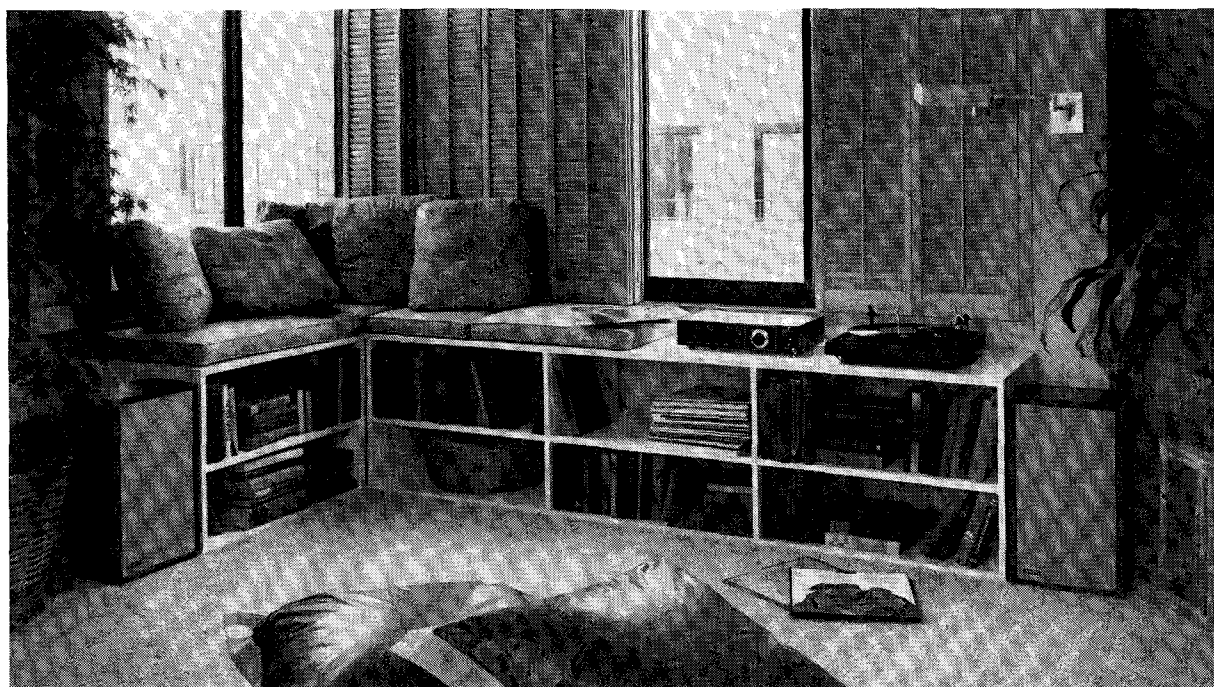
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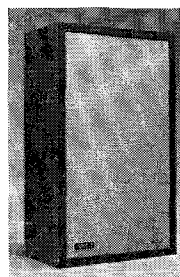
The Advent/2 is a simple, moderate-cost loudspeaker that comes very, very close (specifically, within a half-octave in frequency range) to the most expensive sound quality you can buy in any speaker. Its overall sound has the same accuracy, spaciousness, and convincingly natural quality as the very best speakers available. Its suggested price is \$77 to \$79.95, depending on how far it has been shipped.

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ever she went. But I like to bug her all the time because I was devilish. My father was a cook at the Baltimore Hotel and the Muehlebach Hotel, and he was a fisherman, too. He caught crayfish in the lakes and ponds and streams, and they had claws almost as big as a lobster's. But I don't know too much about him. He was killed by a train when I was three or four, and I was raised by my mama and my grandmother. Raised, I guess—'cause I run free pretty much from the time my daddy was killed. My mother was a tall woman, and a very beautiful lady. She was real light. She died five years ago in the house I bought for her in L.A. She was from La Belle, Missouri, and my father was from San Antonio. I never did ask where they met. After my father died, my mother worked in a laundry, pressing shirts. Until I went to school, which was the Lincoln, about ten blocks away, I stayed with my grandmother, who lived across the street. She was tall, too—a reddish-looking woman, like an Indian. She was my mother's mother, and I knew her as Mrs. Harrington. She had ten daughters. I never heard my mother sing a note, and she didn't play no music, and my father didn't, either. But ever since I was a kid I had singing on my mind. I started singing around the house. We had records—Bessie Smith and Mamie Smith and Ethel Waters. Ethel Waters is the only singer I ever adored, and I met her after I got to be a man. I used to listen to an uncle by marriage named Charlie Fisher. He played piano in a night club, and he also played on a piano in the hall downstairs in our house, which was like an apartment building. He taught me the new tunes, and I listened to two other uncles, who played guitar and banjo and violin. I was about thirteen by then and had gotten over my accident. We'd duck school a lot—I didn't get past the sixth grade anyway—and go down to the river and fish and swim. Or I'd go down from the house a block or two in the morning and find one of the blind blues singers standing on a corner. I'd stay with him all day and we'd cover the town. He stopped on corners and sang and I passed a tin cup. We went into restaurants, too, and when I was old enough I sang along. I made up words—blues words—to go along with his guitar music, and later, when I was singing with a band, I could sing for two or three hours straight and never repeat a lyric. Those blind blues singers would make quite a bit of change during the day, and they'd pay me fifty cents. I did that

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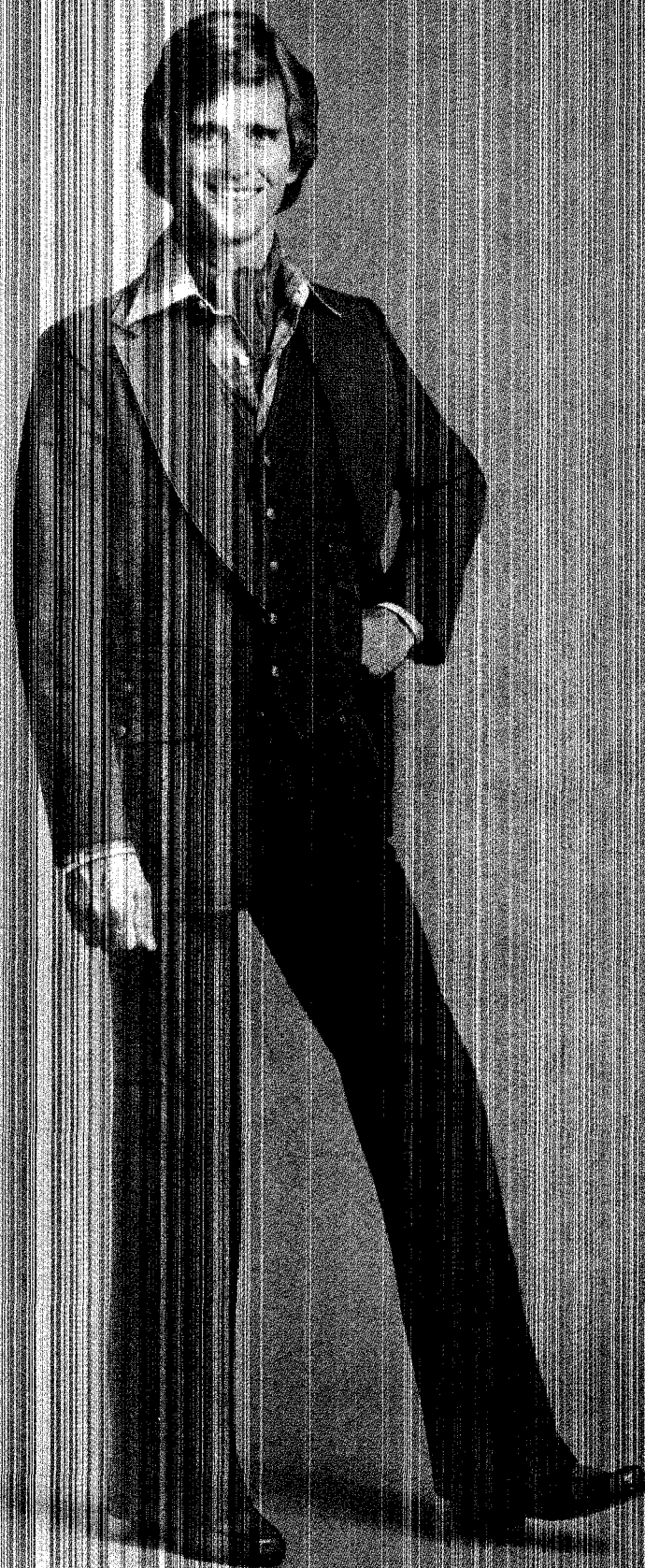
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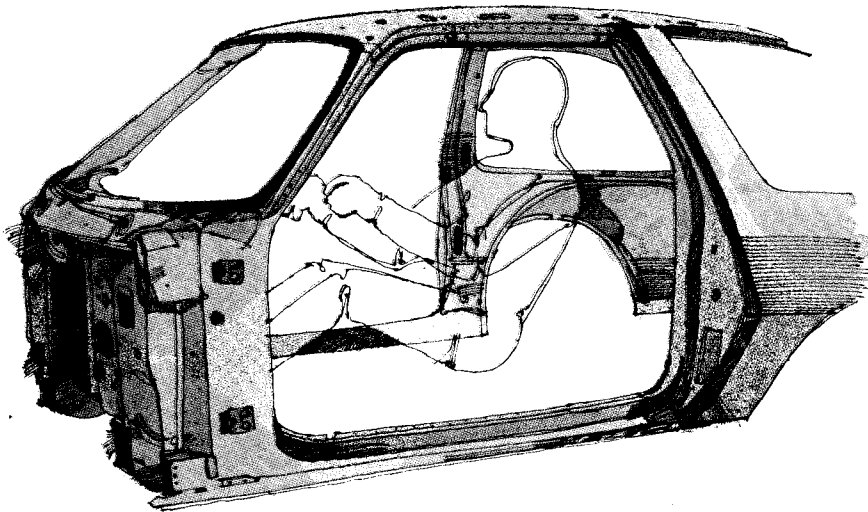
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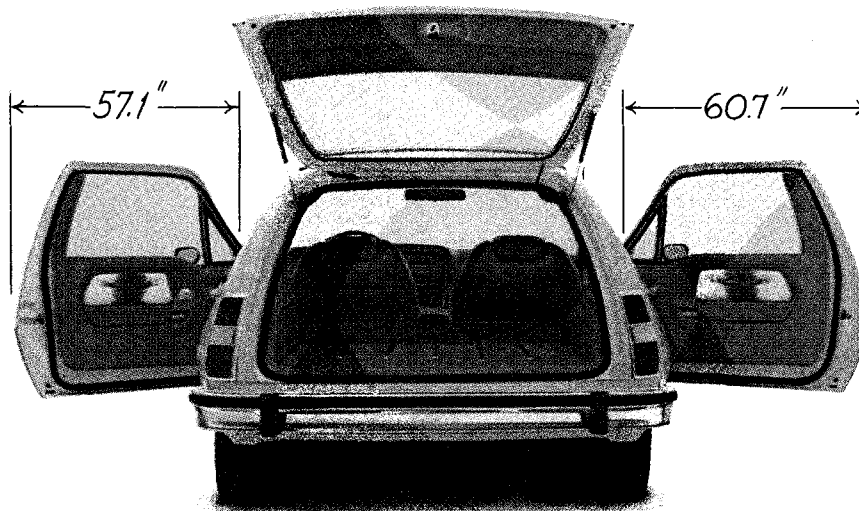
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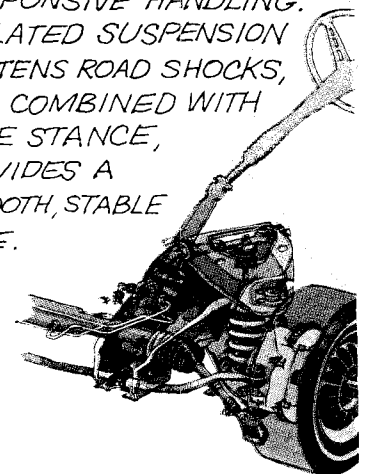


## RACK AND PINION STEERING; ISOLATED SUSPENSION

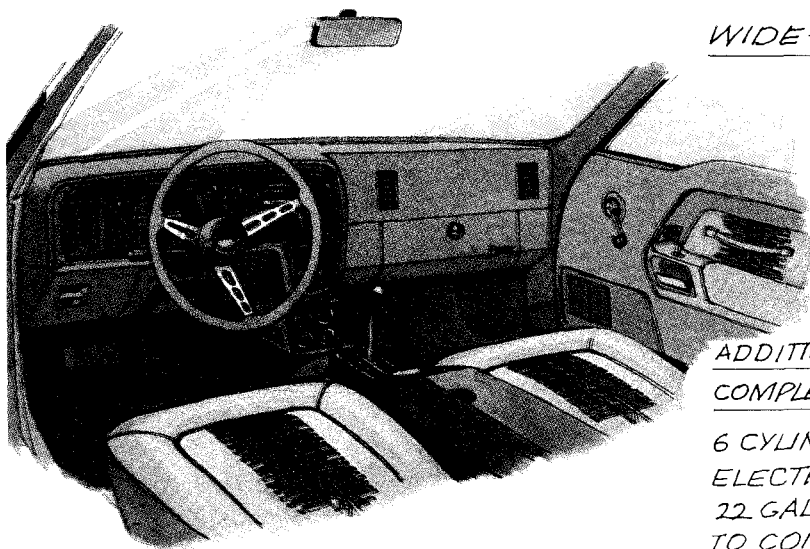
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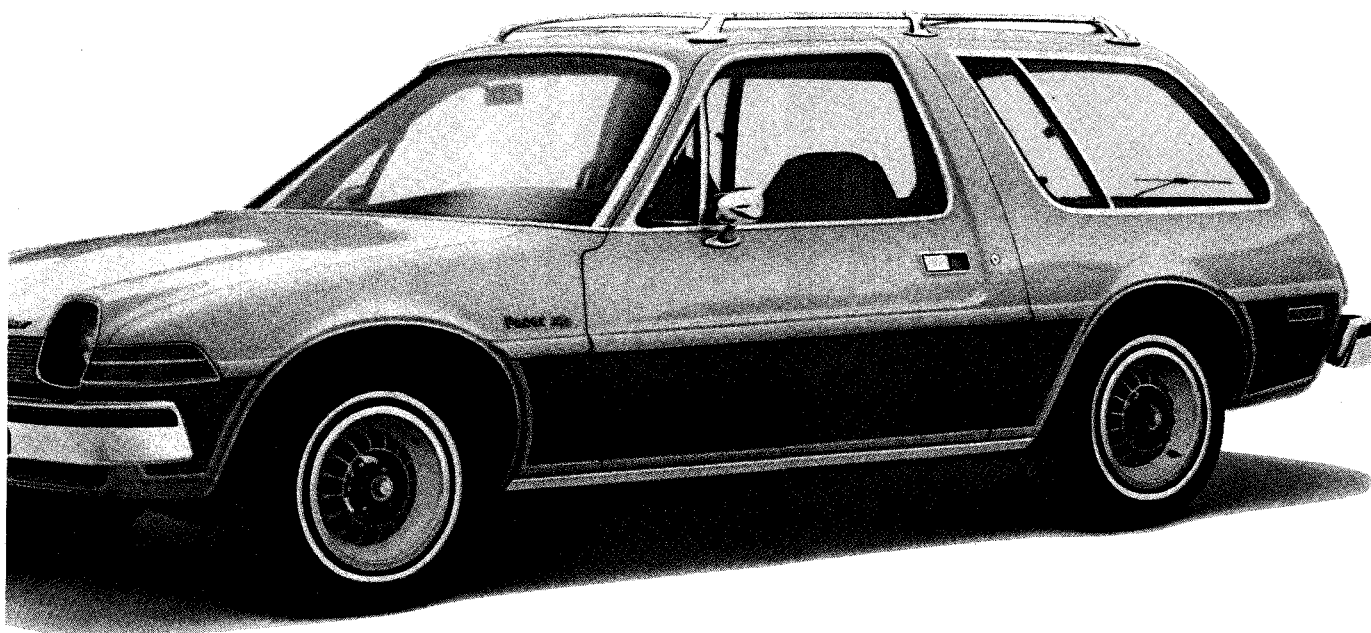


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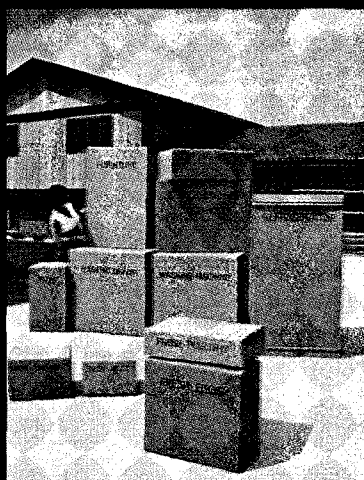
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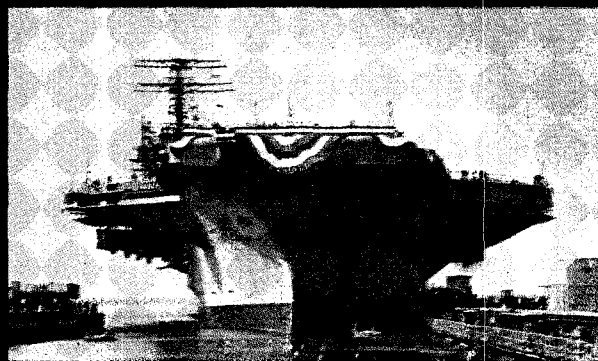
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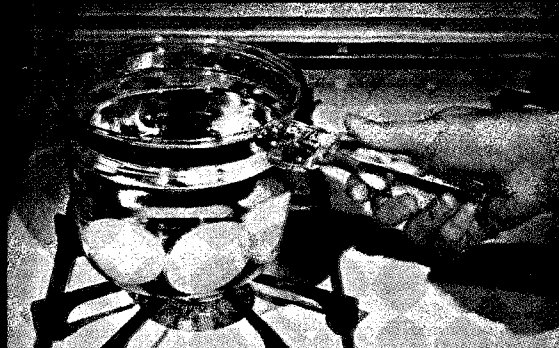
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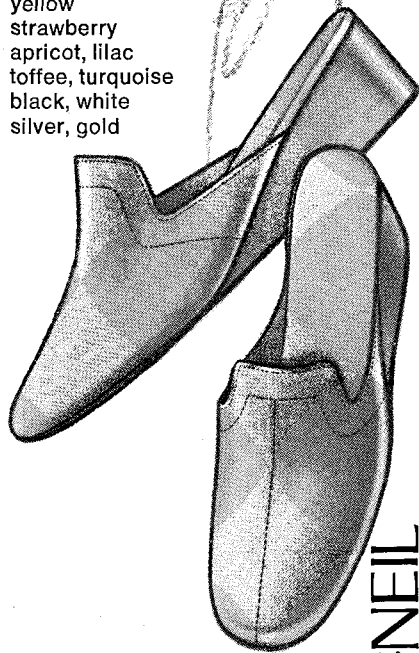
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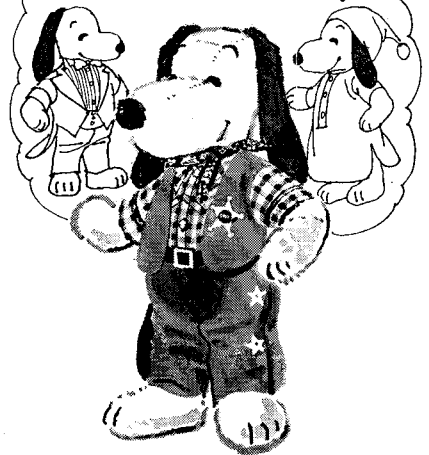
THAYER MCNEIL

off and on for two or three years, but I can't remember those singers' names. My mother didn't worry none about me when she found out—only did I have a hat on under that hot sun. I did all kinds of jobs. I shined shoes and sold papers and worked with a man had a double team and a wagon and hauled paper boxes and like that. I'd lead horses around the stockyard and make a couple of bucks, and I had me a job in a hotel cooking breakfast for the waiters. I learned how to cook from my mother and grandmother—least from watching them. I'd cook bacon and eggs, and fried potatoes, and grits, which we called mush. They kept it on ice until it got real hard and then I'd slice it and cook it like potato pancakes. I sang a lot on the streets, me and a bunch of the boys. They played gas pipes with one end covered and an old banjo and big crock water jugs. They blew across the mouth of those jugs and made that bass sound to keep the beat—boom, boom, boom! When I was sixteen or seventeen, I started hanging around the Backbiters' Club, which was on Independence Avenue. I sat outside and listened to Pete Johnson play the piano. The windows were painted over on the inside, and during the day I sneaked in and scraped off enough paint so me and my buddies could watch the people dancing at night. My brother-in-law was the doorman, and his job was to shake down the customers, search them to see if they were carryin' guns—anything like that. I couldn't get in at night with him around, but when he took another job I drew a mustache on my face with my mother's eyebrow pencil and dressed up in my daddy's hat and one of his shirts. I was already tall, and I'd slip the hat down over my eyes and go in with a crowd. The musicians would tell me, 'Go home, little boy,' but I'd bug them and say I could sing, and finally one night they let me. There was no mike in those days, but I got up there and sang blues songs, and they were surprised I could keep time so good and that I had such a strong voice. I sang a couple of songs and the man who owned the joint liked them and the people liked them. The man asked me how old I was, and I told him twenty, and he looked at me and said, 'Your mama know where you are?' and I told him my sister did, and I started working there on weekends. He paid me two or three dollars."

TURNER yawned and looked at a watch on his right wrist, which had Los Angeles time, and at a watch on his other wrist, which had New

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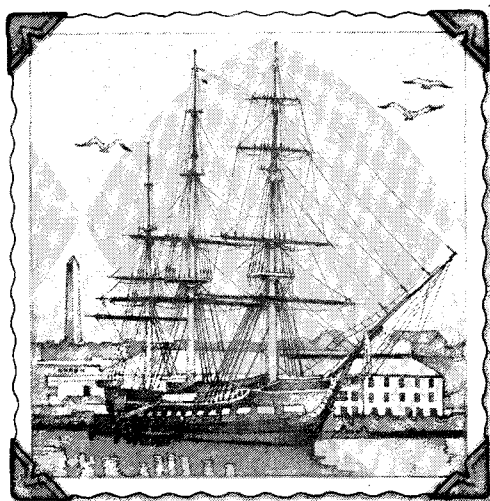
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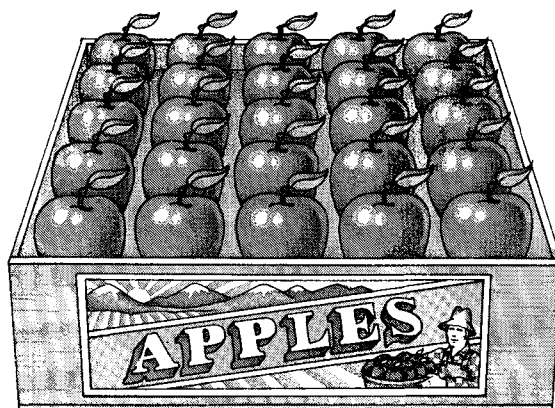
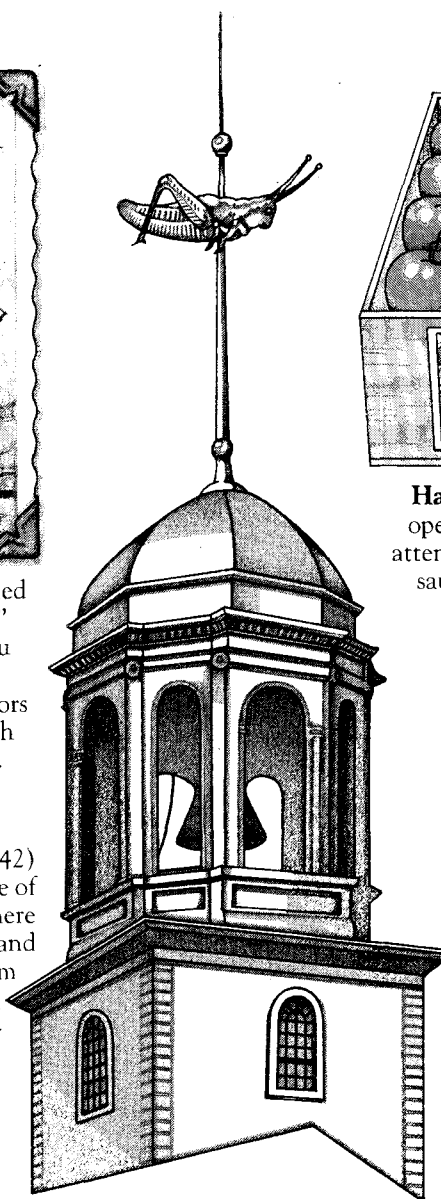


# This American Express® Guide to Boston includes a great New England tradition. Jordan Marsh.

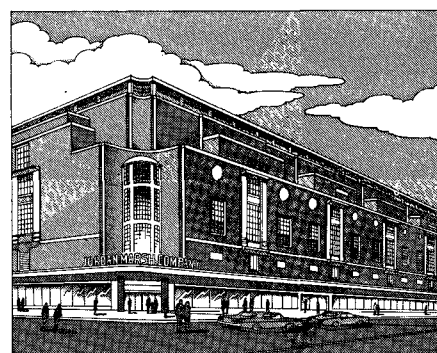


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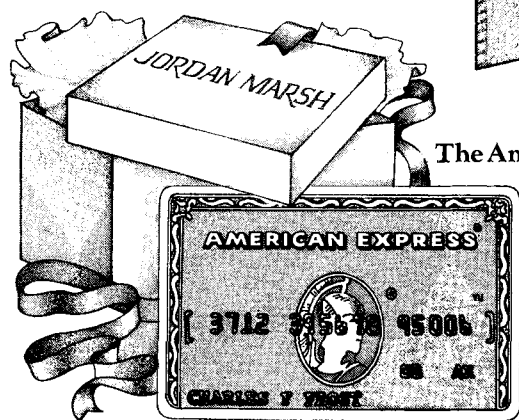
**Faneuil Hall.** This venerable (1742) landmark is rightly called the "Cradle of Liberty." Town meetings were held here before the Revolution. Listen closely and you might hear the footsteps of Sam Adams, Paul Revere, and Ben Franklin. Take a look at the weather-vane too. It's home to Boston's most beloved grasshopper.



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York time. "I got to walk me around  
some before my legs die," he said, and  
worked himself to his feet. He rocked  
down to the front of the room, his  
shoulders sloping like eaves, turned,  
and rocked back. When he reached his  
bench, he looked at it for a while and  
swung himself down with a swift un-  
broken spiral motion. "Oh me, oh  
my," he said, then shouted, "Glenn!  
Hey, Glenn!" as if he were on one side  
of Grand Central Station and Glenn  
on the other. Glenn looked up and  
smiled and came over. Turner peeled a  
twenty off a wad of bills and handed it  
to him. "Get me some change for that,  
please, Glenn. You said you got to go  
to the drugstore, so find me three big  
Vicks nose drops. They got that other  
stuff, the other jive, don't let them talk  
you into it. But don't come back with  
nothin', without some kind of nose  
breather. My throat dries up with all  
this singing and carryin' on."

Turner rested his hands on his cane.  
"The Backbiters' Club had an upstairs  
and a downstairs," he said. "The bar  
was upstairs and the music downstairs.  
I sang with Pete Johnson, and he had  
Murl Johnson on drums and a saxo-  
phone player. We moved to the Black  
and Tan club, which had been a furni-  
ture store and had a balcony and all.  
An Italian named Frankie owned the  
place, and he wanted to make me the  
manager. I said I didn't want that  
but I would get the entertainers and  
the waiters if he'd let me learn to  
tend bar. The bartender was Kingfish,  
and he was older. Part of my job was  
to get the bootleg whiskey and part  
was to take off my apron and sing  
with the band when things were quiet.  
Kansas City was wide open, and some-  
times the last show would be at five in  
the morning. After Prohibition ended,  
we moved to the Cherry Blossom, at  
Twelfth and Vine. It had been a  
theatre, and it had a great big dance  
floor. George E. Lee had a band  
there, and his sister Julia Lee played  
the piano and sang. She was a beauti-  
ful brown-skinned woman with per-  
sonality plus. The floor show had a  
comedian named Rabbit and a shake  
dancer, which was like a dancer in  
burlesque. Me and Kingfish still tended  
bar, and we had a ball serving beer in  
those big heavy glasses. We were at  
the Cherry Blossom two or three years,  
and then I left town with Pete John-  
son's band and travelled to Chicago  
and St. Louis and Omaha and back to  
K.C. again. We moved around, back  
and forth and in and out, but we never  
went too far from home. My mother  
was running an apartment building at

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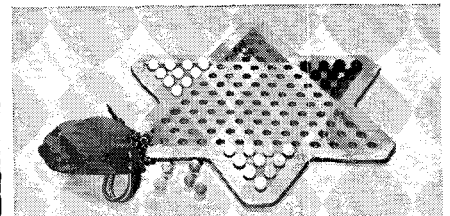
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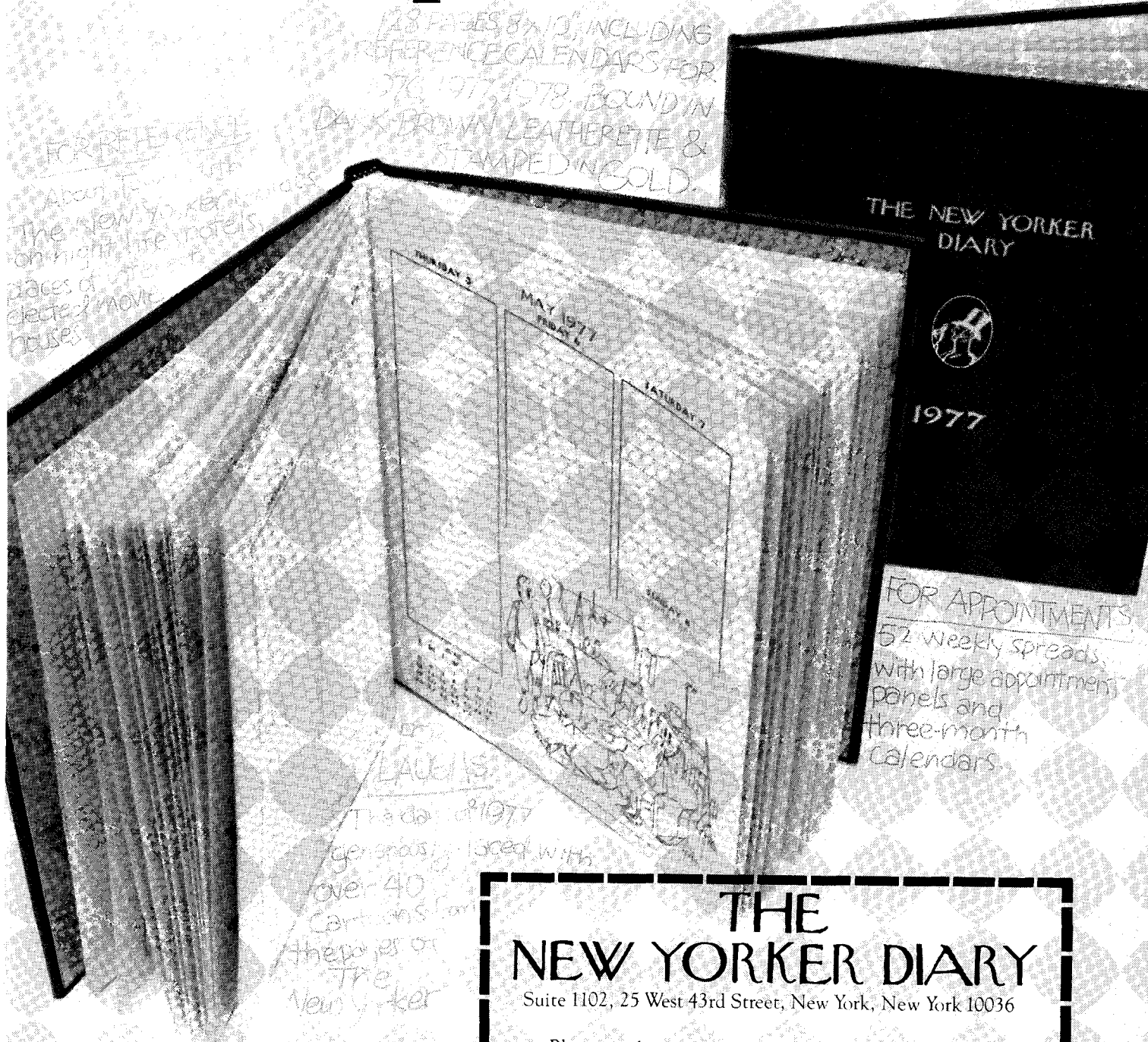
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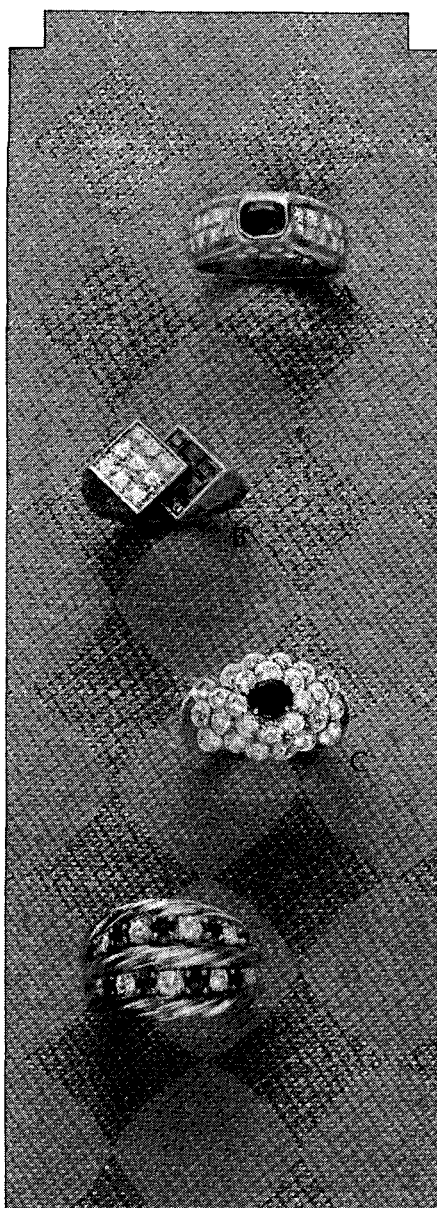
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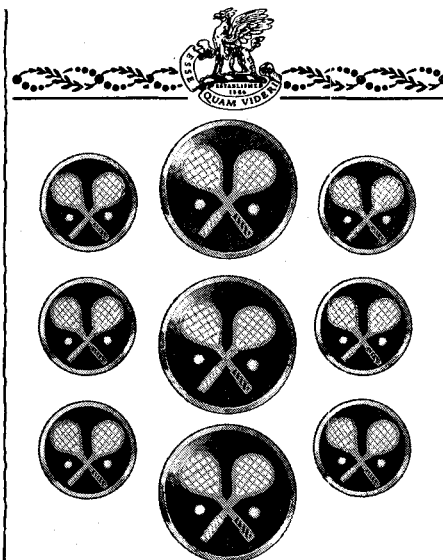
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Eighth and Charlotte then, and I'd show apartments for her, but I always kept one back for me and my gang. I went into the Sunset Club. Piney Brown ran it, and I was a bartender and still sang. When the place was empty, the band would play real loud and I'd go outside and sing through one of those big paper horns, up and down the street, and the people would come. I thought I was somebody when I got enough money together to buy a paper horn and a baton so that I could direct the band when I wasn't singing. When John Hammond came through looking for talent for his concert, I sang risqué blues songs and he pretended he was going to duck under the table, he was so embarrassed."

Glenn gave Turner his nose drops, and Turner checked his New York watch. "Hey, Glenn. I believe there's still time for you to take your nap." Turner's voice sank, and he went on talking, almost to himself. "You get out there and flag a cab and get in and when you pay the man he got to have his tip, too, and then you get in another cab and come back here to go to work and you pay again and tip him, and it's startin' to cost a lot of money." His voice trailed off. He peered around the room and his gaze stopped at the piano. "The reason I look down at the floor so much when I'm singing is if I look at the people I forget what I'm doing, which bugs the devil out of me. But I can see the people out of the top of my eye and see how they take what I'm doing. If they don't look happy, I change things around and sing something different. When I push the words together, it's because the piano player might be playing too fast and I don't want to get left behind. I'm in trouble if they go on without me. It's like the merry-go-round. I don't want to fall off the horse and have to wait until it comes around again." Turner was silent. He was running down. He looked at Glenn, who had got up and put on his coat. Turner stood up and headed for the front door of the Cookery. "I settled in L.A. in the fifties, but I been on the road pretty much ever since. Paul Williams, Dusty Fletcher, bands like that. I worked with Helen Humes, and we got to be big rock-and-roll stars. It wasn't but a different name for the same music I been singing all my life. By the fifties, Pete Johnson, who was my buddy, went his way and I went mine. He finally settled in upstate New York before he died. I been married three times. I had a little boy, but heart trouble took him. Whatever money I've made the



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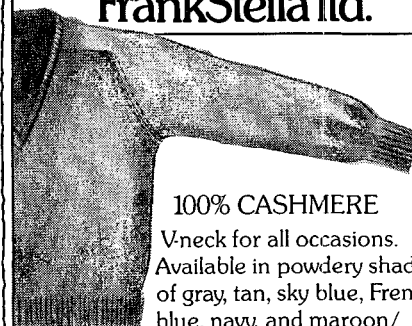
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wives about got it all. I'm married again, to Patricia Sims. We been married five or six years, and I still work around L.A., and Norman Granz has had me to make some records for him, so I keep busy. It's my life. Singing's all I know how to do."

Glenn helped Turner with his coat, and Turner rested a black porkpie hat on his head and followed Glenn out into the street. Barney Josephson had told the two men he'd see them at eight o'clock. "You know how Turner came to me?" he said. "I already had Ammons and Lewis at the Café when John Hammond said he had *another* boogie-woogie piano player, named Pete Johnson. I didn't know what to say. I told John he was a spoiled rich boy who didn't know anything about waiters and cooks and budgets. But he said Johnson would only make three pianists, and they could play together, like Ammons and Lewis already were. 'What else can I do with him?' he said. 'I can't put him on Fifty-second Street. Anyway, he belongs here.' So I finally agreed. Then, as he was leaving, John said, 'Oh, Barney, I forgot. A singer comes with Johnson. His name is Joe Turner, and I heard him in Kansas City and he's unbelievable.' Well, I couldn't fight John anymore, and, of course, the three pianists and Turner were a fantastic draw. Albert and Meade Lux sat at a grand and Johnson at an oak upright. First one soloed and then another and then all three played together and Turner came out and shouted. He was tall and slender and moved around a lot, and he drove the women mad."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

Nobody can say for sure, but if all the erstwhile Nobody can say for sure, but if all the erstwhile supporters of Gene McCarthy in 1968 had decided to vote for supporters of Gene McCarthy in 1968 had decided to vote for Humphrey instead of sitting it out the result might have been Humphrey instead of sitting it out the result might have been Humphrey instead of sitting it out the result might have been different.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.*

There are so many "if's" in politics.

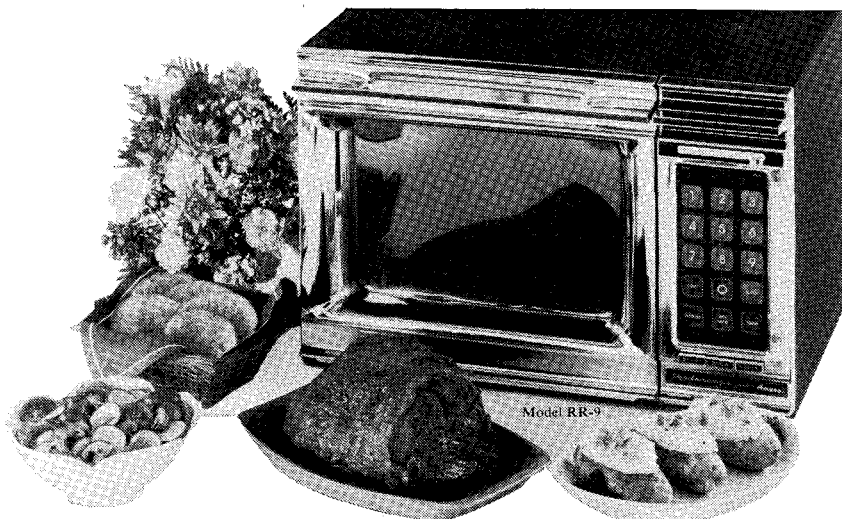
#### SUN AND MOON

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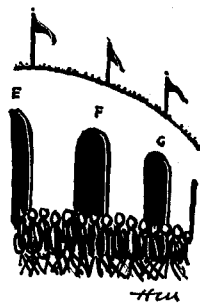
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## FOOTBALL

*Careerists*



SO Carmen Cozza will not, after all, be running Yale next year. Instead, full of tenure, he will remain athletic director, and someone else will inherit the seemingly assemblage of football players that would have been under his jurisdiction. One Ivy League championship, a tie for four championships, and three second places in a dozen years—this is emblazoned on Cozza's résumé. Mostly, coaches disappear when luck (known to the trade as the ability to persuade, by whatever means, enough likely performers to enlist in one's cause) begins to run out or an ethical misdemeanor is exhumed. None of this pertains to Cozza; he can plead only merit in self-defense. Shuffling off the immortal coil of football when one's career is at its height is not at all usual; death, as in the instances of Lombardi, of the professionals, and of Caldwell, of Princeton, has customarily accounted for the removal of the great front-runners. With Cozza there departs a basic orthodoxy whose spry mechanism functioned with complete cohesion of all its working parts; with Lombardi there departed a technician whose emotion and enthusiasm overflowed the giant frame of that huge bear of a man; with Caldwell there departed a silent solitary whose whole life concerned the integral calculus of the endeavor he loved best—not football but the outrider of the sport that went by the name of single-wing. Gentlemen, a toast, please, to these vanished fellow-citizens.

THE long arm of television intervened again this past week, as it did the day Yale and Brown met back in September, moving that match, which Brown so sturdily won, from early afternoon to the twilight zone. This time, it moved the engagement involving Rutgers and Colgate from New Brunswick to the Giants' playing field in East Rutherford and from early afternoon on November 20th to mid-evening of Thanksgiving. Television (hardly an *unseen force*) has done it again. What Rutgers and Colgate replace on Thanksgiving evening can scarcely have been of note, and the monetary beneficence to the consenting parties must be ample; the fact that a college docket can so easily be rear-

ranged by the unslaked appetite of a mighty outsider is another matter. True enough, there were the years when Thanksgiving dinners (they were really luncheons, though) were carefully plotted so that the moment when the turkey was to be carved did not coincide with the moment when Kaw took the snap from center and went on his way to another touchdown against Pennsylvania in the annual meet. The picture then was in the mind's eye; a crystal set transmitted the image from the stadium to the brain. All that, though, had been planned weeks ahead; it could be counted upon. For quite a while, it was Grande Semaine in Philadelphia during Thanksgiving week—Pennsylvania entertaining Cornell on Thursday, Army and Navy meeting on Saturday, and anyone who could not be put up at one of the midtown clubs had the Ritz and the Bellevue-Stratford at his disposal. Army and Navy still meet in Philadelphia on Saturday, though in the gloomy stadium on the outskirts, not in Pennsylvania's stadium; all else is memory—even the Ritz and the Bellevue-Stratford.

THE segment of the old-schoolers who would rather the ball be kicked than handed off continue to regret the vanishing, along with so much else, of the quick kick, for which there is indeed an excellent argument—except that whatever quick kicks this commentator has viewed this season, in whatever league, have been masterly in concept and comic in execution. Soccer players, in whom football now abounds, cannot, it seems, get off quick kicks. The segment of the old-schoolers who deem the dropkick the finest maneuver the game affords have a point in their favor: a dropkicker, it does seem, can outfoot any soccer player in the execution of the quick kick. An aged sabre-rattler of this observer's acquaintance even suggests that a drop-kicked field goal be awarded four points instead of the standard three. For that matter, the rules of the game might be jostled about sufficiently to lay a penalty on the quarterback who, as time runs out, throws a set of ill-conceived passes in the expectation that one will arrive at its destination. Two incomplete passes in a row once drew a fine of five yards; an incomplete pass in the other fellow's end zone brought about the loss of the ball. Football might be a tidier pastime if it became a little less like basketball.

—J. W. L.





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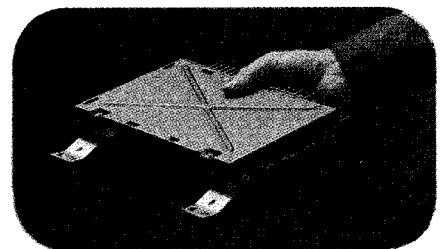
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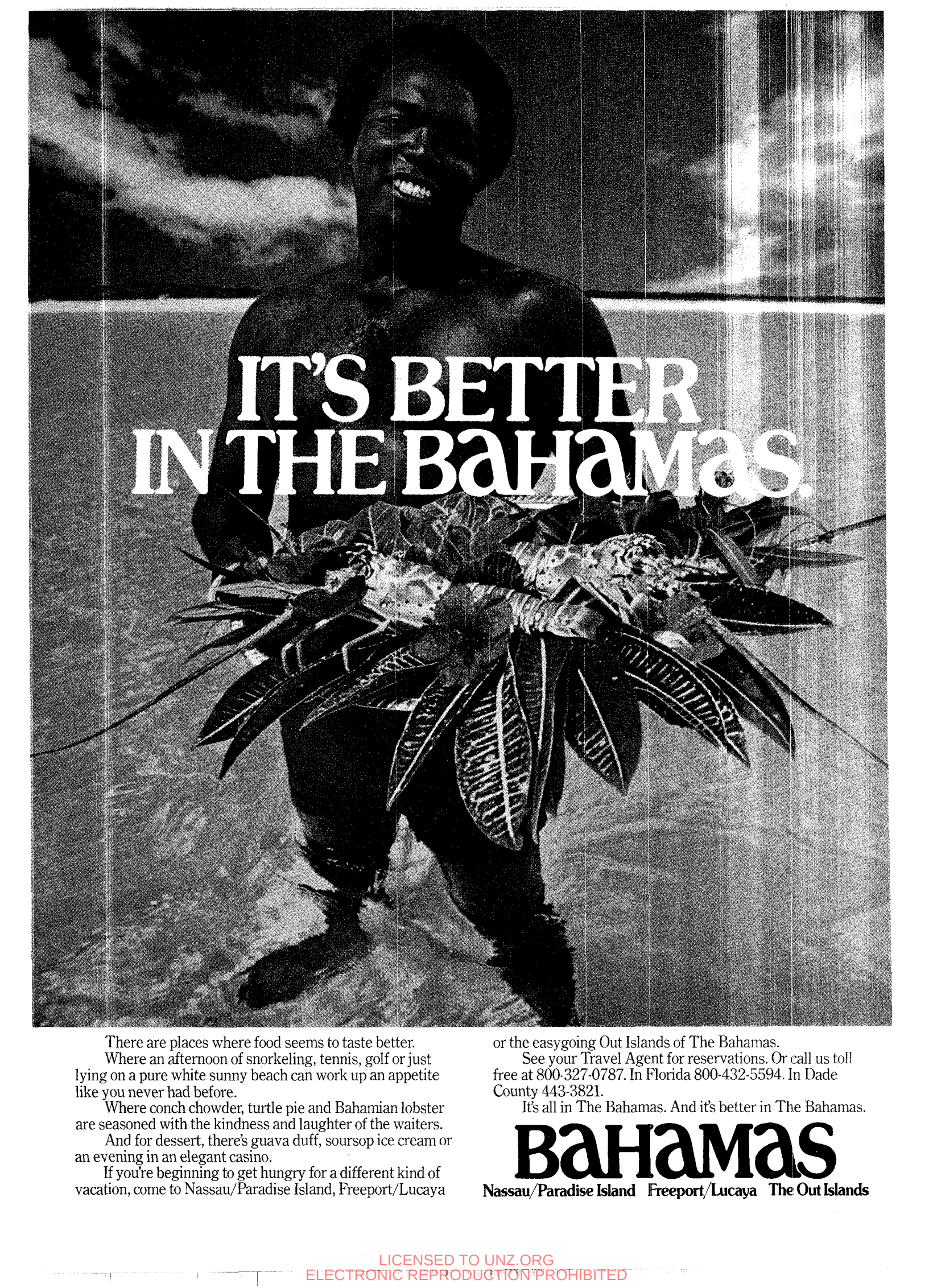
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### NOTES FROM A SPANISH VILLAGE

I DO not identify the village in Spain where I have a house and pass odd pieces of time, not so much out of secrecy or perversity as because there is a sense in which all Spanish villages are interchangeable: they have in common a manner of being, a vantage point, and, in this present Spain, a plight. Having lived in four separate villages, I think I would feel at ease in any—in its rituals and hierarchies, in its dingy, loquacious café, in its human rhythm. Spanish villages bear to each other family likenesses. It is only when one gets to know a village by name—landscape, houses, people—that it becomes a quite separate drama, a web of connections and commitments, even of argument. Not that our village is ever rent by civic strife—it has waned considerably from its self-sustaining, self-regulating days, and is now administered bureaucratically from the anonymous outside as part of the region. Still, it generated its own garbage collection ahead of other villages, and the forces of law and order have had no cause to visit since local traffic in contraband stopped, except for one occasion, when a drink-crazed Norwegian ecologist let the air out of the tires on the twenty-odd cars in the place, which meant his walking about four mountainous miles. But whereas the village once seemed content to perpetuate itself, keeping its own pace, it finds itself at present uneasy in a Spain about to change drastically, and, as most Spaniards are doing at the moment, it is beginning to wonder aloud about itself, in the first, tentative year of being out from under the general muffle of Franco.

AT first sight this summer, as the bus grinds its way up through a gap in the mountains, the village looks plump and abundant, like someone who has regained health and girth. I last saw it in early January, huddled and rain-streaked, with a few doleful faces haunting the windows, but in summer it throws open its shutters and honeys itself in the sun. In Spain, winters are looked on as an unnatural interim, summer as true being. It is easier to find a patch of shade in summer than a pool of warmth in winter. Under the unvarying sun and blue sky, the village surfaces from its hibernation and prepares to take in strangers. Alien cars drive into the dusty plaza beside the church, but their occupants,

after wandering around in search of a welcome, soon drive away, apparently puzzled by the silence. Judas, Don Anselmo's dust-colored Alsatian, who is slumped in the shade of a plane tree, opens one orange eye and closes it again. The silence so saturates the place that sounds enter the ear separately and singly—the squeal of an uncoiled wheelbarrow, the thunk of an axe from a higher terrace, a girl singing in an unseen garden. June rain has made the place greener than usual, and the vines, already grape-heavy, hang thick over the doorways. I push through the rattling chain fly curtain into the cool of the café. Nobody is there, and nothing has changed—wet-ringed marble bar, dusty wax flowers, messages spiked on an ancient nail, yellowed calendars and pawed photographs, spilled dominoes, deflated newspapers. A wasp is buzzing the top of a dusty *anis* bottle, sounding the note of the sleeping afternoon. Looking across the terrace, I can see the mountain sailing among passing clouds, folded in on itself, gray stone, dark-green pine. I hear a noise from Don Anselmo's room and put my head in. He is asleep

in his enveloping armchair, his large, compassionate, and wondrously ugly head on his own shoulder, his breathing like an organ bellows. It would be unthinkable to wake him. Besides, there is plenty of time—the summer feels like a vast, unmoving reservoir of it. As I leave, Judas does not even bother to open his eye.

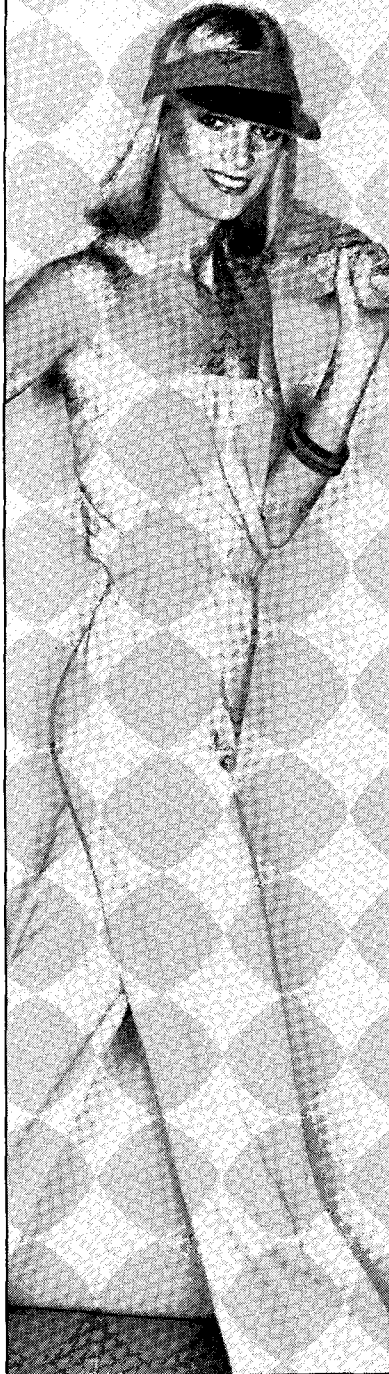
I TRUDGE up to the house, through asphodel and wild fennel waist-high. It is hidden at first in almond foliage; in actuality it is much more reassuring than in memory. Josefa has left the keys in the stone bread oven, by ritual arrangement. She tells me often that just after the turn of the century her parents baked bread in that oven for the small, vanished village from which my house has survived. The only trace of those days are seven ruins below us, their walls clawed at by vegetation. The key thunders in the lock; I am appalled by my own noise. The house has been lately occupied by friends, and does not hold the dusty silence that thickens after long isolation. Then it is like entering a cobweb. Dumping my extraterrestrial bag, I wander from room to room (though there are only three rooms) checking objects against my memory, which is





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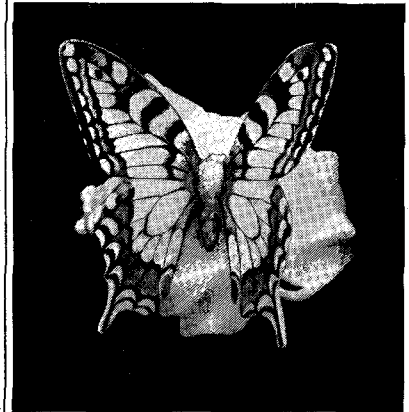
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always proved to be faulty by the surprise of a stone jar, a hanging lantern. The house looks curiously rearranged, through other people's eyes, but I am in no hurry to shift it. In a few days, it will take on its summer shape. I look over the books in disbelief; they are a kind of jetsam, too miscellaneous to be called a library—visitors, as I am. I do not so much unpack as conceal the things I have brought with me. As a rule, they are not needed until I am ready to leave. I drag a chair out to the terrace and take stock. Eugenio, the farmer who looks after the land, has obviously been about, for the vine is gravid, flaming-red flowers star the pomegranate trees, roots have been dusted, the garden cleared, the loquat tree crutched upright. I can think of nothing that needs doing. The roof casts a knife-edge of shadow across the terrace. I watch it. It does not move. Yet when I look again it is somewhere else, farther along. So will the summer go.

NO one comes to the house by accident, for it is the extreme end of the road. The ilex forest ends in a cliff with a fall of about five hundred feet to the floor of the valley. Not all visitors even find their way to the house. The most surprising visit of the whole summer was that of a meter reader from the electric company. A ponderous knocking just after the sun came up, and I found on the terrace this small uniformed man with a clipboard. He had not read the meter in two years. But he told me he always came to the house, even when he knew it was empty, for he liked to sit in the forest and eat his lunch. I told him, in the manner of the country, that my forest was his forest. But the first person to materialize is always Eugenio. He is generally working nearby, and as soon as he sees a shutter open or hears the plunk of the bucket in the well he sets course for the house. He is small and nimble, like a slow squirrel, and nut-brown with the sun. Nobody I have asked can tell me how old he is—"seventy or something" is the nearest I have got. He farms the land around the ruins, about thirty scattered plots, on which he grows a sumptuous variety of fruit, vegetables, and cereals; and since my land adjoins his, his green influence is now spreading across my terraces. He is perennially merry, permanently happy in his work, for he constantly expresses a mixture of awe and enthusiasm over the fact that things grow. Will he take a glass of wine? Yes, this time he will, but we have to

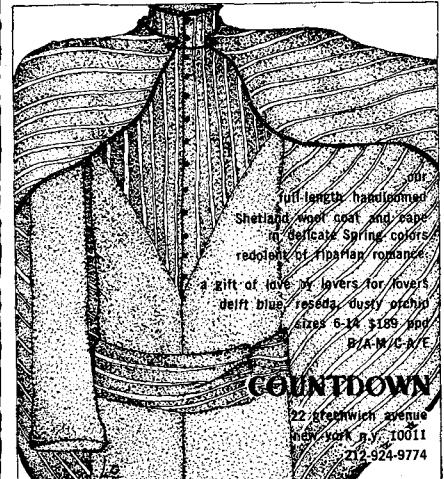
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carry it round with us, he is impatient to show me what he has done: the almond trees all pruned, the vines sprayed and yielding double this year, the forest fenced adequately enough for him to quarter his sheep there some nights—good for the undergrowth, too. He farms by instinct—he is not aware of knowing what he knows. He can show you where to make the cut on the almond branch but not why. He has told me the history of the house, down to the last tree. At one point, it was occupied by a fiery citizen who directed contraband in the region, and the ilex forest served then as a way station. Eugenio often tells me with glee how as a young man he would lead a mule from close to the coast up a concealed trail to our forest, through the night, and then cache its cargo of cigarette crates in the three caves in the cliff face just behind us. He is a presence—the only sound I hear apart from the sheep bells is the scrape of his hoe from somewhere below the house, and I sometimes catch sight of him on the ridge, piling brush to block a hole in the wall where the stones have fallen and are unlikely to be replaced. I count him a lucky presence.

EUGENIO's wife, Josefa, was born in the house and has looked after it for years as though it were a shrine, appearing after storms to see if perhaps a tile on the roof has loosened. Lately, she has taken to eking out Eugenio's seasonally variable profits by looking after the empty houses of the more affluent (and consequently more absent) foreigners, and this activity makes her the most difficult person in the place to track down. I recall Easter two years ago, when I went to my house by chance, and had to recover the keys from Josefa. She was on her caretaking rounds, but the first two swimming-pooled houses I called at were most un-Spanishly chained shut. I ran her to ground in the house of an absentee Irish tycoon, and she insisted on settling me in his most expansive armchair, pressing on me his best brandy in a balloon glass and a cigar from his humidor, while she filled me in on village happenings. She is powerfully hospitable, but she prefers the houses in her charge to their owners, absences to presences. She scrutinizes visitors to our house, for she feels that they ought to suit it rather than it them. She always questions me anxiously about the house, afraid I may sell it or somehow transform it. But I can always reassure her, for over the years I have become as

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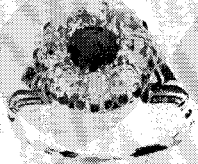
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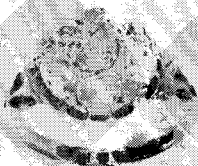




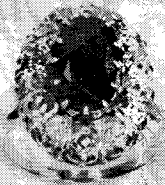
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possessed by the sturdy quiet of the place as she is. Was I going to make a road for cars to reach the house, since I had the right to, she once asked me. I told her that I had decided instead to build a drawbridge. I think she still wonders when I am going to begin.

EUGENIO breaks the silence; and from that first encounter the circles of involvement start up and widen. Sooner or later, I collect a basket and set out for the village. Below the small plateau, the houses are so spread and scattered over the groins and outcrops of the mountainside that only an aerial photograph would properly show where they lie in relation to one another. For that reason, one plans descents in advance, threading visits on a string of intention to avoid having to retrace mountainous steps. In winter, a fair number of the houses are sealed, their shutters like blind eyes; but in summer they all show signs of life—chairs on the terrace, towels on the line, intermittent music, isolated voices, a dog barking. I can tell the sound of the mailman's motorbike from other motors. Someone was ruthless enough, three summers since, to bring in a chain saw, the first whine of which brought everybody outdoors in horror. After three days, it fell silent, mysteriously, forever.

TO stop at Doña Anna's store is an imperative, and its contents are as familiar to me as a working bookshelf—I can reach instinctively for what I need. She emerges from the gloom at the back, a bantam librarian, at any hour of the waking day. Summer, with its abundant custom, lends her benevolence; in winter she is testier, knitting away the time. We have reached an arrangement over the years whereby she tots up my purchases on strips of newspaper, saving them in a drawer until just before I leave, when she sets aside an evening to add them all up, again and again, touching her thumb to her fingers. A pocket calculator would change her life, in every sense; but the luxury of not carrying money is worth the stumbling of her fingers and thumb, however much it may cost me—or her.

ANOTHER imperative of arriving is to track down Gonzalo, the mailman, who is even more elusive than Josefa, for he doubles as a gardener and conceals his erratic movements

from everyone. He even varies his delivery route at whim to avoid being waylaid by indignant villagers championing for their newspapers. I cannot think of anybody less suited to his vocation than Gonzalo. He dislikes the printed word, in the first place, and when he receives the mail he glares at it, letter by letter. The mail of foreigners sends him close to frenzy, and he so resents their confident expectation that *he* will take their mail to *them* that a small knot of the less trusting cluster around his door at mail time, stoking his irritability. Catch him at work in a garden and he is wryly amiable; but catch him in his cramped office or on his erratic round and he is a surly beast, an anti-mailman. Stories about him abound—mail in trees, old mail secreted in a trunk under his bed, his private hoard of postcards—but the villagers are mostly used to him, and have found their own ways of prizing their mail loose from him. He has never delivered mail to me, for the house is the farthest outpost of inhabited land, and his bike could not climb to the ridge. But some years ago I took him a metal spring clip with my son's name, my own, and the name of the house pasted to it, and hung it on a nail in his office. He beamed with delight, as though I had invented the wheel, and has stuck our letters in it ever since. Even so, I occasionally receive a letter that is a year old. Where it has passed the interim, only Gonzalo knows.

HOWEVER similar it may have looked and felt, the summer of 1976 in Spain stood out from the lassitude of its predecessors by the buzz of excitement that ran through it. Under Franco, spring and autumn were the times of the year when political unrest came closest to the surface; but between them the country used to go into a trance of inactivity, as if by agreement. This year, no such lull was ever likely. From the moment that Generalísimo Franco died, a year ago, the whole country, city by city, town by village, head by head, gave itself over to speculation about what might fill the previously unimaginable void. It took two or three months for Spain to shake itself free of the shock of Franco's nonexistence, and to realize that the future, far from continuing along the line of "institutional succession," as Franco had always implacably promised, was wide open to question—even to action. The torpor and indecision of King Juan Carlos and his gov-



ernment in those early months lost them an initiative they increasingly regret. What Spain needed then was firm assurances of a free and foreseeable future, after being deprived of it for forty years—some decisive promise, some sense of being led. Instead, the government, dominated as it was by the Franco right wing, dithered over granting amnesty, and so presented the opposition with a unifying cause and a rallying cry. “*Amnistía*” became a popular fist shaken at the government, in a wave of demonstrations through January and February, and the pressure for reform began to be applied systematically by surprisingly well-organized opposition groups, who could clearly call the disaffected Spanish workers out in support. All the government came up with was cautious and tentative promises of electoral reform, linked to its own expressed ambition to join the European Economic Community. The clamor continued to grow in Spain’s newly liberated press and in the streets until, in early July, King Juan Carlos dismissed Carlos Arias Navarro, the Prime Minister he had inherited from the Franco years. The King surprised everyone by appointing Adolfo Suárez González, a handsome forty-three-year-old lawyer whom few had heard of and who looked so normal and anonymous that his face defeated the cartoonists. The only calculable factor in his appointment lay in his close friendship with the King—an indication that Juan Carlos, whose reign was far from assured, had grown bolder and was choosing to rule rather than sit tight. The Cabinet Suárez appointed had the same anonymous look as he, and its members were soon labelled “technocrats,” for want of any clearer definition. With Suárez, almost everything remained to be seen, including the man himself. All in all, it was a summer not for lying back but for leaning forward.

THE King declared amnesty on July 30th, but the range of its applicability was vague. Not covered by it were all those guilty of armed acts against the public order, and this meant that the government’s attitude toward the Basque terrorists, in particular, remained as obdurate as ever; it was also still unclear whether famous political refugees, like the two Communist figureheads La Pasionaria and Santiago Carrillo, would be allowed to return from abroad and move freely in Spain. The King’s announcement was a wary answer to a positive demand. But Suárez

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rez and his incalculable Cabinet began to show commendable energy in applying themselves to a systematic program of reform. On July 21st, a decree was ratified granting all political parties except separatists, anarchists, and Communists the right to exist, and ever since that moment new political parties have been registering themselves with the government and exposing themselves where they could. Looming over everything was the dire state of the Spanish economy—Spain's trade deficit is over three billion dollars, tourism looks likely to level off well below its former peaks, there are close to a million unemployed, the devaluation of the peseta looks probable, and inflation has been cantering along at a hand-wringing rate. Autumn was imminent, and, with it, the threat of widespread strikes by an indignant labor force and the fearsome spectre of a general strike vaguely threatened by a left impatient for reform. With pragmatic zeal, however, Suárez spent his summer in a running discussion with the emerging opposition leaders, and on September 10th he published a draft version of his program for constitutional reform, which still had to be approved by a two-thirds vote of the Cortes, but which had the crucial approval of the military. Spain is to have a parliament of two houses: a lower house of three hundred and fifty members, elected by proportional representation, and an upper house of two hundred and forty-four members, four from each Spanish province and four from African possessions, plus forty appointed directly by the King. The King himself was granted considerable personal power: not only is he to choose the presidents of both houses and the Prime Minister but he can call for a referendum on national and constitutional issues when he wishes, and he will be doing so before the end of the year, to ask for popular approval of the electoral program. The most positive point in the new law is that it at last names a deadline for elections, June of 1977, before which time a great deal of preparation will have to be undertaken—by the government, to divide Spain up into electoral districts and bring into constitutional being the whole electoral mechanism; by the opposition, which will have to decide which of its cluster of small parties should contest the election, in addition to making its policies and personalities familiar to the electorate; and by the people themselves, who are obliged to do a considerable amount of homework on the way to discovering who they are, what they want, and how



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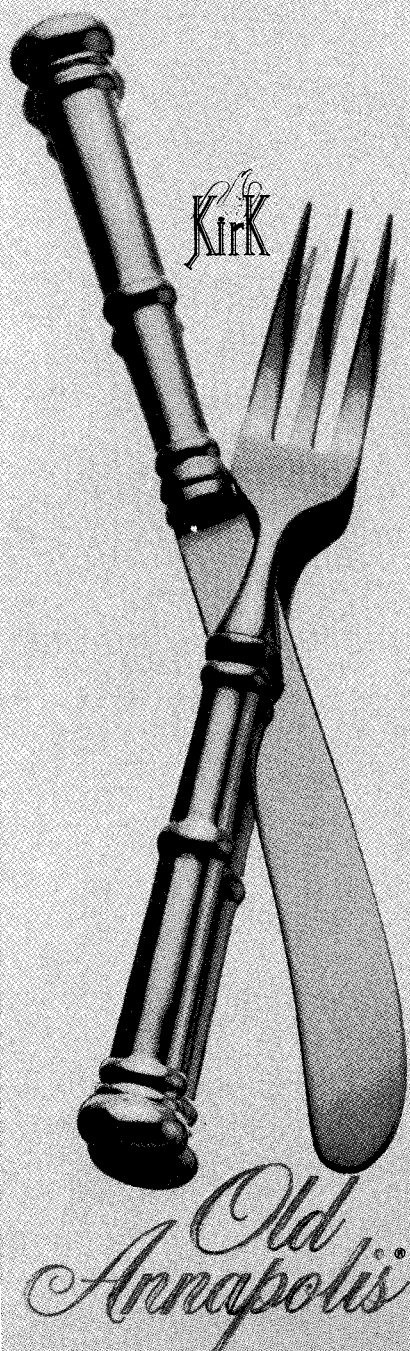
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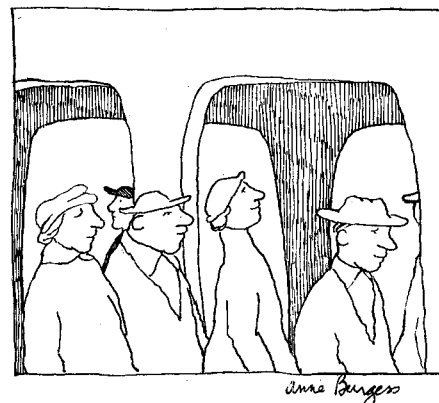


they will vote. The Prime Minister also announced that he was postponing any action on two ponderous questions—the forming of free trade unions and the granting of greater regional autonomy—until after the elections. He may yet have to go back on this decision, for industrial trouble is never very far from the surface, and will be that much more difficult to resolve if the workers still cannot be legally represented. Suárez was giving political reform priority over revision of the economy, but the two are so causally related that his priorities may have to be adjusted. Still, he has shown himself ready to listen and change his mind, and has put such commendable energy into his months in office that, whatever the flaws in his electoral law, the opposition trusted him to propel it through the Cortes. The dialogue of the summer has paid off. The opposition feels that it has Suárez' ear. And it will hold him to his declared deadline. The elections are what it wants—and counts on.

IN the village, all roads lead to Don Anselmo; and eventually mine does, too, for talking to him is like talking to the village incarnate. He says what it would say. None of the villagers would think of taking a job, selling land, or making a will without first seeking him out on the terrace of his *pensión* and listening to his wise, unobtrusive opinion. His kindness is just as unostentatious, yet almost everyone in the village has been touched by it, often in practical form. He serves as the conscience of the place, and has managed to stave off some of the more extravagant follies of foreigners by being the sort of presence it would be painful to offend. (I have seen him occasionally mutter into his soup, however, at the mention of some name or other, and he turns a dangerous color at any reference to one settler, who, out of well-heeled boredom, compulsively builds rustic extensions to her already overlarge domain, paradoxically compounding her solitude.) The past unreels easily from his prodigious memory, for he is a walking chronicle of the place, and from his terrace he will point out a house and supply the history of its inhabitants, anecdote by anecdote. The village's declining population has made him lately disconsolate; but while ruefully lamenting its death he is forever coming up with schemes to bring the place back to life.

I find him surrounded by newspapers on his terrace, overlooking the

lower village from his armchair with the concern of a lifeguard, pointing out small appearances—dogs, mules, people. "Can you remember now when you came here first?" he asks me. "Antonio still baked our bread every day, we butchered our own sheep, there was plenty of work, with the charcoal-burning, there was coming and going in the café, the carts left before dawn every day for the market, there were only two cars besides the bus, we used to barter our vegetables and pay our bills annually. Now, I know that when anybody begins to talk like this, it is a sign of growing old. But I have not lost my wits. I'm not talking about the kind of nostalgia that foreigners have, looking for forgotten villages and handmade existences. You know very well how that often infuriates us, for these things smack of a time when Spaniards had little enough to eat, when our hands were all we had. I *know* that plastic bags are uglier than baskets, but I know, too, that our lives are a lot more abundant than they were when we had to work all the waking day. I won't go over the Franco years. I'm ashamed of that time—that we let it happen. A country without politics is a dead country. I am being neither sentimental nor romantic; it's just that I look back again and again to a time when this village had an equilibrium of its own, which we saw going on and on. We worked hard, we delivered our own children and buried our own dead, we didn't need help from the outside, the place was fruitful. I know in my bones it was a good time, and it pains me to think it has probably gone forever. We had village politics, but we were small enough for them to remain human politics. We didn't need to belong to parties. We are too remote to make much difference to the new Spain—or, rather, it won't make much difference to us. Now, I have been thinking, and I need your help." I wondered what was coming, for there was a visionary gleam in Don Anselmo's eye. "There must be a number of





villages in Europe, perhaps some in your country, where they have the opposite problem from us—plenty of hands and no work. If we could only get in touch with one of these, we could make an arrangement where they sent us down six or eight strong men for the summer. We could easily house them here, and pay them a little—perhaps they'd enjoy coming to work in the sun, and my wife could teach them Spanish. We shall write a letter to several newspapers, and you can help me to translate it. I should have thought of it years ago. I'm sure that if we get all the fallow land planted, those who have left will think of coming back." As Joaquín the mason always says, Don Anselmo should be in Madrid. They need him there.

THE foreigners who have houses in the village have all come here for such different reasons that it is inconceivable to think of them collectively; nor do they form anything like a community. A small core of settlers lives here all year round—tentative writers and painters, an odd scholar, refugees, runaways, the eccentric, the hermitic, the retired—but they are obliged to bring their reasons for being here with them or they do not last. Knowing another world from that of the village makes them forever ineligible to belong to it: its fate need not be theirs. Don Anselmo has always hoped vaguely that salvation might arrive in the form of one of them. "Perhaps there is one who can teach us to make something small and useful, like matches or bows and arrows," he says, with a sigh. "But they all come for the silence, which is fed by our inertia. I would exchange three writers for a potter, or anthropologists for a chicken farmer, any day." Some foreigners exist only as legends. Over the past fifteen years, I have heard tales of a retired South African brigadier who has a stronghold in the place, but I have never to my knowledge set eyes on him. I know only those foreigners whose lives have been involved with mine at some point, whereas I know the villagers in the manner that one gets to know a family, all the way to its periphery. The lives of the foreigners here are cellular—they make separate truces with the place, contrive different rituals, and are likely to meet others by chance only when they have to redeliver mail that Gonzalo leaves in error. A number have come and gone, their books begun and stalled, their houses anxiously for sale. The silence is not for everyone. Noth-

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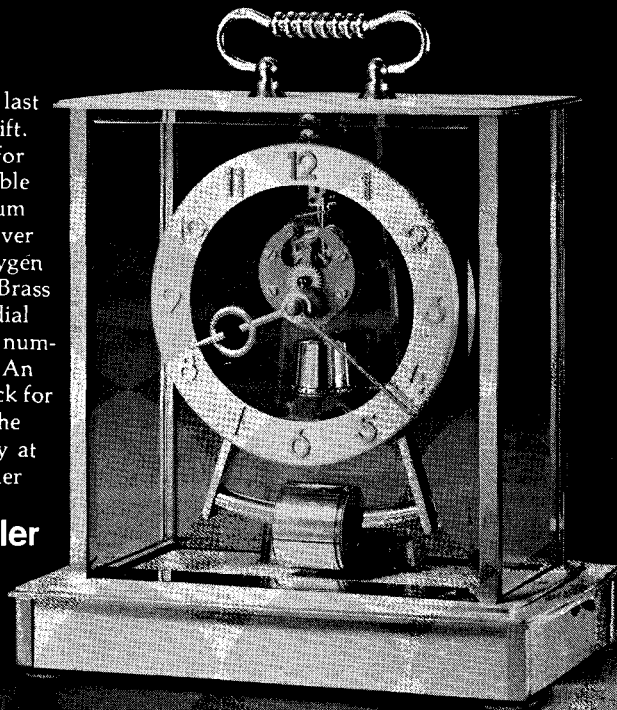


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ing intrudes from the outside. The days are great spaces to fill, and filling them can require some ingenuity. In winter, the cells insulate themselves even more, and to visit people feels like entering disconnected boxes. To get through the winter here, it is necessary to have something as sustaining as a patchwork quilt to make. Summer is more expansive. The holidaying foreigners come from other lives, often bringing friends; the few swimming pools are filled; children set up a network of their own; and the place feels peopled—especially on weekends, when exiled local families come up from the town, the nuns chaperon teen-age dances, and the priest may even put on a movie. (His predecessor used to censor anything approaching the prurient by clapping a hand over the projector lens.) But there are fewer foreigners this year, and the empty houses have been bought by prospering Spanish businessmen—a state of affairs that is likely to continue, for the situation of foreigners has changed perceptibly. During the Franco years, they often fulfilled for Spaniards the function that the newspapers do at present, but now they are excluded from the conversation and have become an economic aside, albeit a rich one. It is as though Spain suddenly wanted itself back. Josefa takes a rueful view of the new Spanish settlers. “They don’t surprise us. We know what they are like; after all, we speak the same language. But with foreigners I’m always being surprised, always learning something. I am an expert in sign language by now. And I tell you another thing—the foreigners give us always plenty to talk about; they’re better than reading.”

**A**LTHOUGH I know only a few of the foreigners who live in the place—there are supposed to be twenty-seven, but no one seems in a position to make an accurate count, since one or two have apparently not been seen for years—I know the nicknames of a good many of them. The villagers never attempt to pronounce foreign names but have a collective genius for fastening identifying nicknames to the strangers in their midst—and, indeed, they do it to one another, too. The nicknames have a knack of settling on the most distinguishing characteristics: a Dutchman who remains here to nurse his alcoholism is known as Señor Sacacorchos, Mr. Corkscrew, and actually has a corkscrew look; a finicky Englishman with the habit of checking all his pencilled bills for errors is called El Mate-

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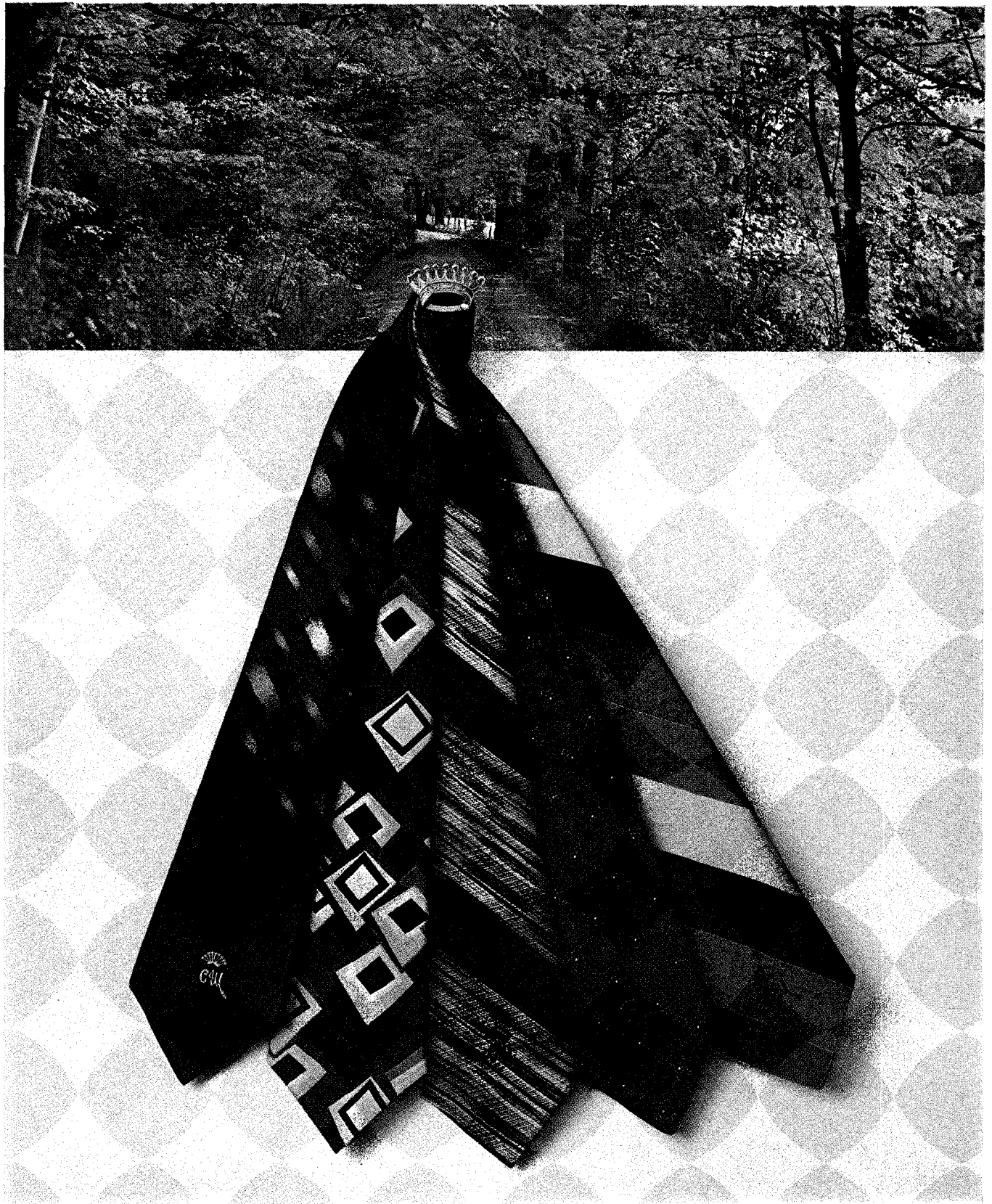
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mático, the Mathematician; a German who is wont to talk to imaginary animals is known as El Ventrilocuo; a Venezuelan violinist and his parrot-tempered wife are always referred to together as Los Demoledores, the Wreckers, so often does the sound of breaking glass and furniture resound from their enraged house. But who is the one they call La Sudadora, She Who Sweats? And will I be able to recognize La Manotadora, She Who Waves Her Hands, in a place where everyone does? I'm sure I will. Not many know their own nicknames, for the system is so arranged as to give the impression to everyone that he is the nicknameless exception. I know mine, through the accident of coming down behind Gonzalo's house one afternoon while he was trying to identify the recipient of an overseas letter as his wife ran through the whole cast of nicknames before my ears. But, for luck's sake, I would no more reveal it than I would leave nail clippings or hair trimmings lying about.

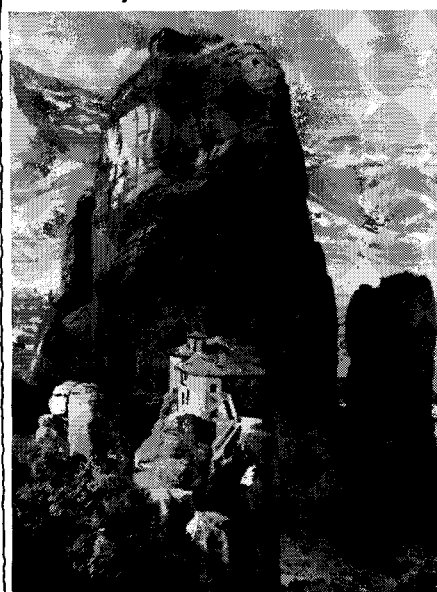
UNDER Franco, Spanish newspapers had become solid monuments to the drab, the sports pages manifesting their only exuberance; they had gray paper, tired print, a listlessness about the text. The censorship sat heavier on them than they realized, for self-censorship had become a habit after so long, and free comment was not just impossible but unimaginable. The death of Franco left the country in a trancelike state, from which it woke slowly, wondering who it was. The waking has gathered vociferous momentum, however, especially since the King and the government have more than once revealed their hesitancy over decisive reform while still voicing the need for it. As it has dawned on the Spanish press that everything is in question, that it is a time for questions, the papers have been growing bolder by the day—assisted, it must be said, by the staunch support of Adolfo Martín-Gamero, Minister of Information in Arias Navarro's government, who pugnaciously insisted on the freedom of the press as a condition of health. Censorship is not totally absent. The papers were recently kept from printing stories of torture in Spanish prisons. But the fact of the censored stories was well circulated. Films are still censored; Buñuel's "Viridiana," with its savage religious ironies, cannot yet be shown in Spain. But the censorship's moral edge has proved to be much more sensitive than its political one, for the Ministry of Information

has been most exercised by the appearance of a crop of skin magazines—a liberation it had apparently not bargained for. Newspaper articles are outspoken, almost shrill; investigative journalism has become something of a new craze. But so much change is in the air, so many crucial moves are in process, that it would be hard to make a Spanish newspaper uninteresting these days. The relative freedom of the press is the first of the new freedoms to be felt in Spain, and while the government is pondering reform the newspapers are in the position of being able to offer it daily advice and criticism, to count on not only popular but official attention. The new seriousness and responsibility of the Spanish press are most apparent in a new Madrid daily, *El País*, which was founded in May and now has a circulation of nearly two hundred thousand. It has taken *Le Monde* as its model; its news is well proportioned, its layout crisp and attractive, its foreign coverage excellent, its writing on Spain blunt and to the point. It regularly prints interviews with leaders of the emerging political parties, and it airs dissident voices in its letters column. The Spain reflected in its pages does in fact feel like a new Spain; the Franco years are over, and the paper avoids the kind of wallowing self-castigation to which Spaniards are prone. Of the magazines, the two that earn most attention are *Cambio 16* and *Cuadernos Para el Diálogo*, since they have made their essential function the creating of a dialogue between government and people while the two are still separate—interpreting each to the other. The most noticeable thing about the Spanish press is that the Franco years are now dismissed curtly, not just as a disaster but as inconsequential in the light of the furious possibility and activity of the present.

Book publishers, too, have been muscling in on the politicization of the country, rushing into print whole series of political primers aimed at a people who have not had the experience of voting in forty years, if at all. One publishing house has promised a new title a week, and has already published handbooks covering every political ism in the wind. At the rate new parties are declaring themselves, it looks like an enterprise that will continue for some time.

ONE afternoon, I come on Ignacio painting the tailgate of his truck in a rage. He gesticulates at me, spraying black paint. "Three weeks ago, they

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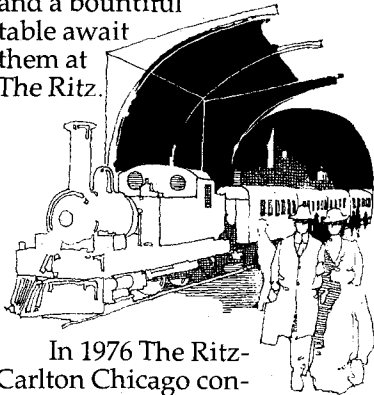


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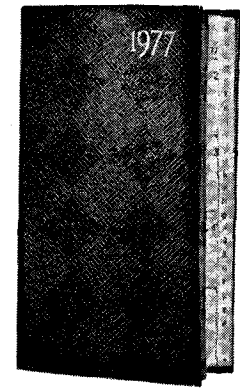


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painted 'AMNISTÍA' on the truck, and that was fine. I felt quite good with it there. But last night I had to park the truck in town for the early market, and this morning someone had painted 'FRANCO' on my tail. Now, that's too much. Besides, people will begin to think I'm a turncoat."

He lays his brush down carefully. "I remember, during the Republic, we'd sometimes hear noises at night, and in the morning we'd find the whole street wall of the house plastered with posters. Not so many people in the villages knew how to read and write then, so the parties would print these picture posters, with a slogan on them, and slap them up in villages through the night with cheap paste. If they weren't of our party, we'd wash them off in the morning. But what about now, when we've got literacy, and spray paint, and armfuls of new parties, and a country full of blank walls? I hope they mean what they write, because it will never come off." He waves his arm dramatically across the façades of the descending houses, and I am suddenly aware of how many expanses of pristine white wall there are. "Take a last look at all the white walls of Spain!"

THE market town, the provincial capital, is only some twenty miles from us, but I take my cue from Doña Isabel and Doña Matilde, two elderly seamstresses, who have never gone there in their lives. In the village, although meat is sparse and the chickens are muscular, fruit and vegetables abound. Besides, I have no machines to break down, nor a car needing gasoline. Town occasions do crop up, however—tickets to be booked, a friend to be met, banks to be visited close to bill-paying time. I make the journey reluctantly, for it means wearing clothes and shoes, and putting on a civilized face. The bus leaves before the sun has touched the village, and we reach the town when it is scarcely awake. Shopgirls are watering their stretches of sidewalk, and two men are drinking *aguardiente* in a café to fuel their morning. The town was once an agreeable and quite graceful provincial capital, with bookbinders and bucket menders in its back streets, trams, and a fleet of vintage taxis, some of them running on a gas given off by almond husks, which smoldered over a charcoal brazier attached to the back of the cab. The tourist boom of the sixties, however, grafted on top of it the trappings of a city—tourist and airline offices, sleek banks, Formica cafés, and, of



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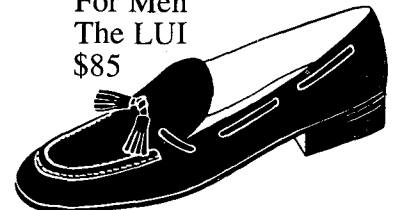
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course, automobiles, which have turned the place into a misery of congestion. One or two cafés stay the same, the waiters familiar as uncles. There used to be a celebrated waiter who served drinks in a bar and dinner in a nearby restaurant simultaneously, flitting back and forth on a bicycle.

I go to the bank—an ordeal that in Spain is a kind of office theatre. You are given a paper number, and your check, with an identical number pinned to it, is dropped in some abandoned “in” tray, the proprietor of which is deep in conversation or a newspaper. By the time your number is called, you know all the bank employees well enough by sight to nod at them instinctively in the street. I make a sally into the market. Its variety is blinding after the village—especially that of the fish market, outside which an army of cats paces expectantly. Several times, I cross the path of Ignacio, and we greet each other like survivors. He brings his truck down on weekdays to stock Doña Anna’s store, but at the same time he carries a list of bizarre commissions: thread for Doña Matilde, a well pulley, whitewash, flypaper, eccentric electrical fittings—for the village technology is long out of date, and replacements can now be found only in dusty stores in back streets, which he alone knows. My last stop is to buy newspapers and magazines, and, with these, I arrive in relief at the café we use as our outpost in town. It is run by a man from the village, and in our eyes it has the status of an embassy—we leave messages and baskets there, and seek asylum until bus time. Don Anselmo spends Saturday mornings there, and those who have moved to town from the village still come to ask his counsel. Sebastián, the bus driver, is a pillar of the place, and glows with importance; for when he leaves, we leave. We do eventually, and gratefully.

ONE day, the sound of the bell floats up from the church. We stop talking. It goes on tolling. We stand still and listen to it. In a small place of around a hundred souls, which is what we number in summer, a death reverberates. Who has died? Antonio, the retired baker, who reads only old newspapers and so is always full of strange news? Consuelo, who used to sell us chickens, all of which she knew by name? The old people inhabit a continuum in the village. They are its most permanent fixtures, they are honored and listened to, and their absence remains tangible. When we go down



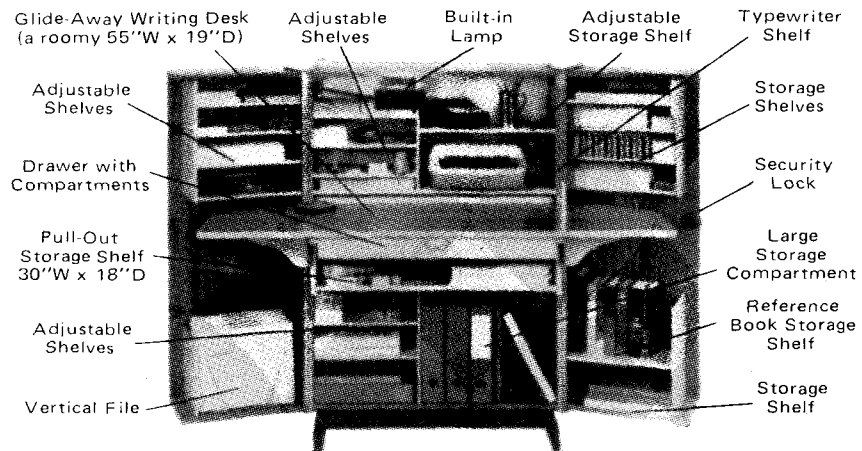
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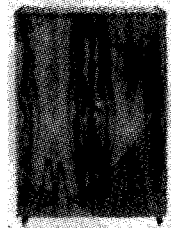
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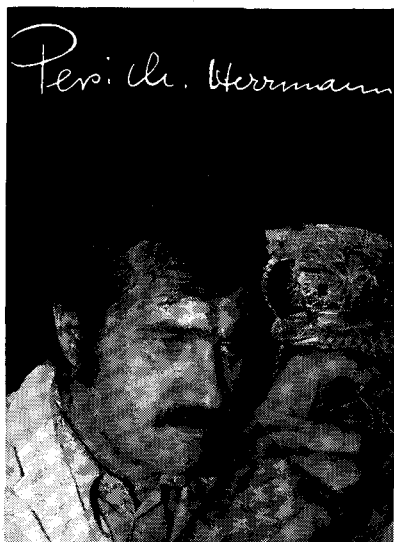
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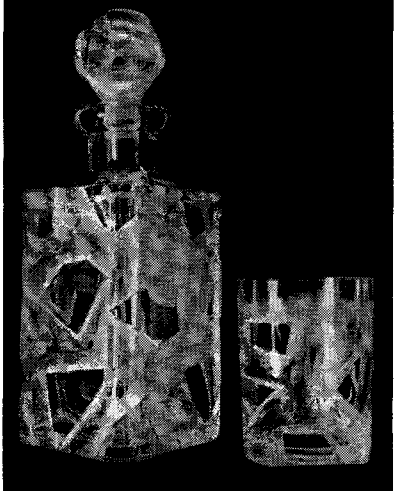






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later in the day, people are standing about in twos and threes, talking. Consuelo, on her terrace, is wearing a black shawl. It is Doña Esperanza, of the high orchard, who has died, after being ill for more than a year. I remember her as someone wrapped in sadness. Doña Anna has closed her store. The whole village has stopped. Joaquín the mason, Doña Esperanza's nephew, is sitting on the wall outside the café, strange and grave in suit and tie. Inside, Don Anselmo silently hands a glass of brandy to everyone who enters. There is not much conversation. The whole village will attend the funeral; and until it is over we will all think about death.

I DO not own a watch, and pass the summer without ever knowing the time. There is nothing to know it for, except the morning bus. Doña Anna's store is her house, and so is always open except for periods of sleep. Now and then, if the air is still enough, I can hear the chimes from the church clock wavering up to us, but never distinctly enough to count them. We have a crude measure of our own, however. As the sun rises, it projects through the top window and onto the white back wall a rectangle of orange light, which yellows and descends in the course of the morning. Thanks to a visiting watch, we have marked a crude scale on the wall—the first touch of light is approaching six o'clock, the top of the picture is nine, its bottom edge ten. It serves for the summer. I think I have twice missed the bus, but that may not have been the sun's fault, for Sebastián, unless he is forewarned, is apt to leave on whim, as long as there is at least one passenger for conversation. He, too, is watchless. And the church clock, bought by subscription six years ago, often veers ten minutes in either direction from the correct time, they tell me. But how do they know?

THIS morning early, as I am peeling fruit in the kitchen, an explosion of sound engulfs the house. I rush to the terrace, too late to see the plane; but another is following, directly over us, only a hundred metres up—a light plane with Spanish Air Force markings. We hear them circling over the far side of the valley, then droning back seaward, to return some half hour later, diving down on us and swishing the trees. What have we done? Planes never cross our sky. Then, as the planes are making their third run, Eugenio

appears, to say that the far side of the mountain has been burning since early morning, and that the planes are dropping chemicals. The house is an obvious landmark for them. That evening, the mountain is haloed from behind in red. But the planes do not come back, and the fire burns out. All summer, we hear and read of drought and fires. Near the River Ebro, the newspapers tell us, brushfires have been exploding shells buried since the Civil War. Then, late in August, after a brooding morning, the skies tear and rain obliterates us, lacerating the terrace. I wait until the roof is washed off, then connect the gutter pipe to the well entry. The deep boom of the water gushing in does wonders for our spirits, and eventually sends us to sleep in satisfaction. Next morning, the summer, wiped clean of fire and water, is blue and clear and permanent again.

AS political momentum increases by the week in Spain, the villagers feel more isolated than ever, more left behind in time. The new Spain envisioned in the press is a context from which they feel themselves excluded. Even if subsidies are given to farmers, it is already too late, they say. The village will go on, in some skeletal form, as a weekend asylum. The villagers will vote, but without much commitment. "The road ends at the village," Joaquín says. "Do you think they will come all this way to ask us what we want?" As the time to leave draws closer, I find myself growing wistful. Already, in September, the village has begun to feel like a house with too many rooms. While I am paying bills, I feel I am somehow betraying the place by going. I catch up with Eugenio on the path, and he upbraids me, as usual. "Almost a hundred kilos of grapes, which you won't even taste," he says. "You could be living well here. But if you have to go, send me somebody with a strong back who'll give me three hours' work a day. That's all I need. I get enough out of the crop and the sheep now to keep Josefa and me well enough, but if I had help we'd all be well off. Surely somebody must want to come here." We stop at the ridge to get our breath. It looked so green and golden in the afterglow of sun that I felt at that moment that almost anyone would want to come. Eugenio is rolling a cigarette. He will probably have voted by the time I see him again, I remind him. He looks rueful. "I'd vote for Franco's grandchildren if I thought they'd give some at-



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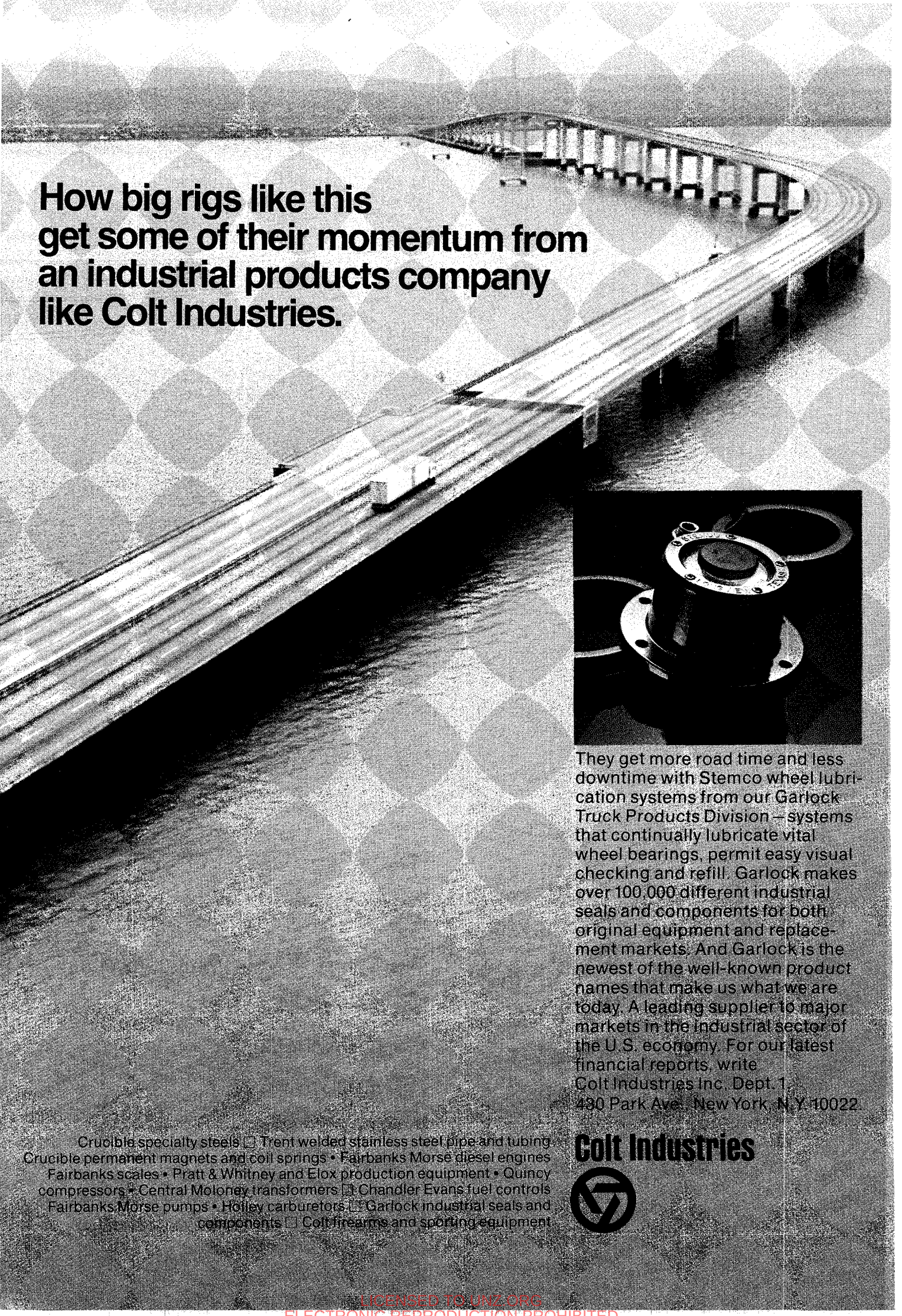
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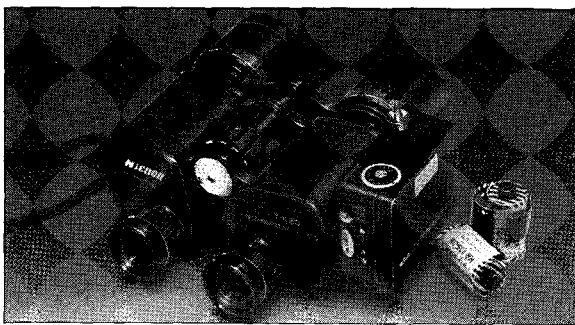


tention to the land. As it is, I'll have to see what they come up with—the parties. I hope there's at least one sensible enough to send me some help. I may be simple, but growing food seems to me such a fundamental thing to do that I can't see why it isn't in the front of everybody's mind. It's far beyond politics. But do not forget to send me those seeds. They will be up by the time you come." We shake hands, and I tell him I hope he lives a hundred years.

**C**ARTOONISTS this past summer have been fond of showing Spain divided sharply into two, and at first glance there does seem to be an absolute polarity, between right and left, government and people, centralists and separatists, conservatives and reformists—a net stretched between them. But the Spanish scene is really a web of wary balances, the upsetting of any one of which could lead to an eruption. The dominant element is the country's economic plight: it hands the Communists a powerful disruptive weapon, in the form of organized strikes, which they have already put to judicious use. The Franco right has been relentlessly insistent on the maintaining of "public order," and the police have been far from restrained in putting down public demonstrations, but the police are on a tightrope, too. Should confrontation become dire or an extended general strike threaten, the Army might be provoked into intervening directly—a possibility that all groups keep at least one eye on. It is because of the Army that the Prime Minister has chosen not to risk legalizing the Communist Party in Spain; the Communists, for their part, are ignoring the ban and campaigning openly, daring the government to act against them. Everybody in Spain is watching everybody else, but nobody keeps a more watchful eye open than the King and the Prime Minister, for it is they who have to steer the country toward elections and reform without upsetting any of the balances. So far, the Prime Minister can take heart from the relative success of the dialogues that he has been holding all summer. He knows that if he should make an error he will fall; but, amazingly for Spain, he is beginning to be trusted, and the King's commitment to reform becomes more substantial as time goes on. "There are so many things that could go wrong I hold my breath all the time," a lawyer friend in Barcelona told me. "But we are undergoing a surprising thing—I would call it existential government. It is most un-Spanish,

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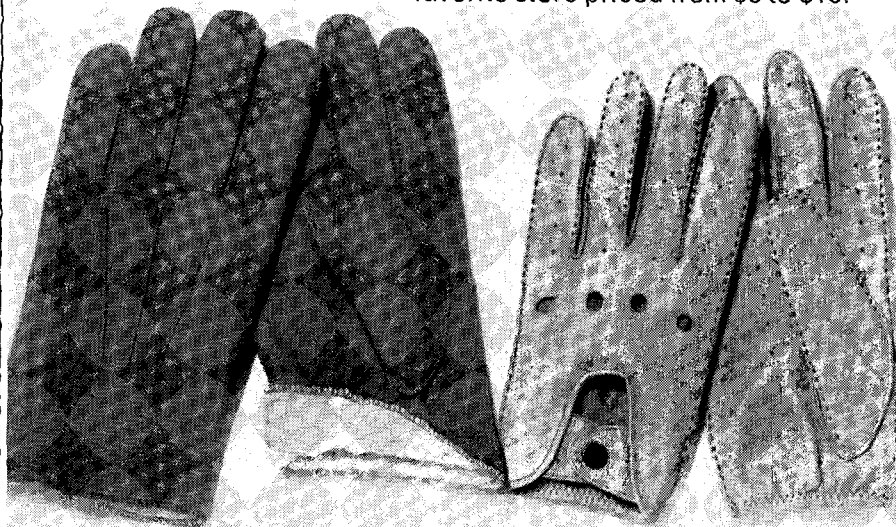
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but so far it is working." I am holding my thumbs.

THE edgy equilibrium was jarred quite brutally into an imbalance in the autumn, and looked more precarious than ever. On October 4th, in the Basque city of San Sebastián, Juan María de Araluce y Villar, the president of the local Provincial Council and a member of the Council of the Realm, was shot dead, along with his chauffeur and three policemen, in his car—an event that sent the Cabinet into emergency session and left the whole country in a state of shock, for the killings were shaken brutally in the country's face by the most committed wing of ETA, the Basque extremist organization, whose followers showed their emphatic dissent from their party's recently expressed intention of renouncing violence. The Basques, implacable enemies (and victims) of Generalísimo Franco, had put their demand for autonomy before questions of electoral reform; but the dangers implicit in doing so became clear in the days after the killings. The government, we learned, had come close to declaring a state of emergency; the Army, it was rumored, had considered intervention. Groups of right-wing demonstrators rampaged in San Sebastián, and right-wing politicians used the occasion to cast doubts on the wisdom of the government's reform program. The Prime Minister was quick to declare that "terrorism would not hinder Spain's march to democracy," but until recently there was a strong likelihood that, with the stiffening of the right, the bill for electoral reform would have difficulty in gaining the necessary two-thirds majority in the Cortes, whose members, in voting for reform, were in fact voting for their own extinction. If the bill had not passed, the King would have been left with the dangerous option of dissolving the Cortes, holding a referendum, and making the bill law by decree. The killings have also brought the right more decisively into the political scene. Manuel Fraga Iribarne, who has been counted as a reformer until now, has formed a Popular Alliance of seven right-wing parties to contest the elections—a kind of Spanish Conservative Party, which must hope to attract frightened middle-class votes. Ministers of the right denounced the reform bill in advance of the vote, calling it "the liquidation of Franco's life's work" and "the funeral of the Franco regime." An air of strain came back to Spain. Anxiety, however, did not curb Prime Minister Suárez' pragmatic energy; he



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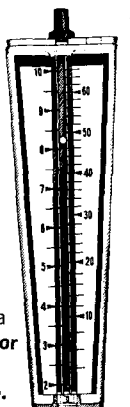
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announced that he proposed to legalize those workers' trade unions which are not politically affiliated, and that he was freezing wages and prices for an initial two-month period. The most depressing aftermath of the political assassination was the call for Army intervention, expressing gloomy fear that democracy may be temperamentally incompatible with the present Spanish condition. But Señor Suárez refuses to be deterred from giving Spain a new face—his most recent move has been to disband the Brigada Social, the secret police identified with Franco's repression. The notion of reform, besides, has taken root too firmly for the people to swallow delay; and time is against the obsolescent stance of the Franco right.

**P**OSTSCRIPT: On November 18th, the Cortes ratified the bill for electoral reform by a majority of 425 to 59, with 13 abstentions—94 more votes than required. Spain is now a democracy. I shall write Don Anselmo tonight, to congratulate him. All the anticipation of the summer has suddenly turned into substance.

**I** CANNOT remember at the moment the details of closing the house and leaving, except that I know I forgot to untie the clothesline. When I think of the house now, I think not of the summer past but of all summers in one, of sitting on the terrace under a crowded night sky, layered in biological time. And yet, at will, I can remember the contents of a miscellaneous drawer—green glass marbles, a pack of Spanish playing cards with *copas* and *bastos*, a dolphin pendant left behind, a stop sign that we used to hang on the first tree on the path, electric bills, shopping lists in various languages, the house keys. The house serves me as an extra vantage point, from which I can take a different fix on existence. It also gives me a commitment to Spain. I telephone summer friends I made in the village, but we are separated by other lives, the village no more than a small territory in common. The photographs have been developed, wax effigies of August, but they are less substantial than the image of the village in my head. Indeed, on my first few evenings back in the world, I open my front door and half expect to find, instead of a groomed London square, the pale shape of the mountain under the moon, the still almond trees, and the stone terrace we once laid by hand. —ALASTAIR REID

*"For all the good times  
sad times  
laugh times  
silly sentimental times  
we've shared—  
I celebrate you, my friend."*



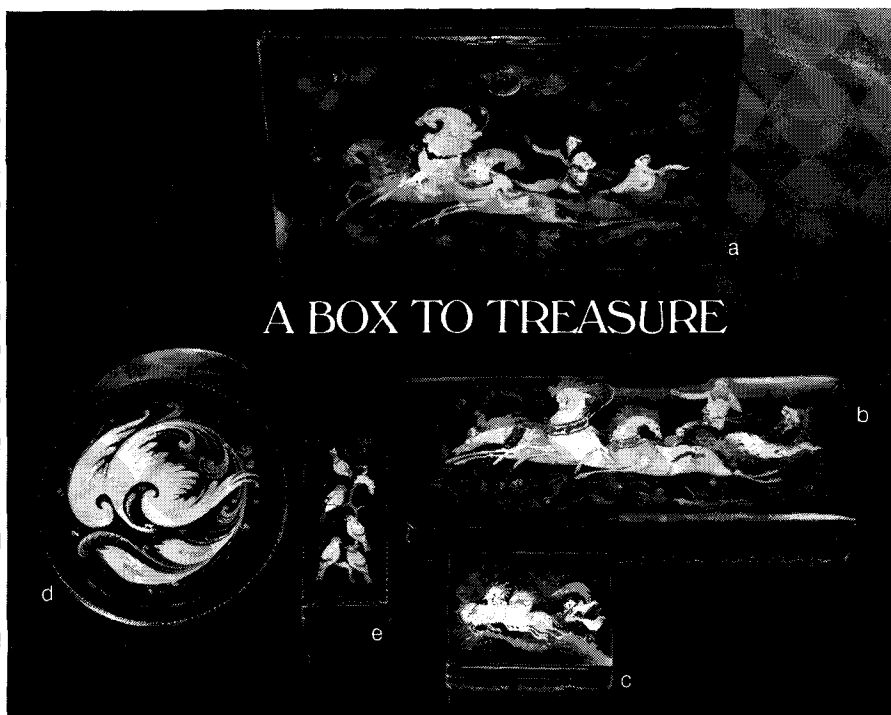
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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR THE HOUSE

ONE of the most depressing (and instructive) sights we know is that of an apartment on moving day. What was once a handsome and comfortable habitation is reduced to a pitiable collection of undistinguished tables, chairs, lamps, and pictures sitting in a bleak heap in a room grown small and dirty. The lesson of this disillusioning sight is precisely to point out the significance of illusion in the decoration of interiors, and the relative insignificance of actual objects. The Museum of Modern Art's 1977 appointment calendar, entitled "Rooms," carries this ideational view of interiors to wittily extreme lengths—among its fifty-five pictures of rooms, culled from paintings, photographs, constructions, and films in the museum's collections, it includes the laboratory from "The Bride of Frankenstein," the corridor of the hospital in St. Rémy where van Gogh was incarcerated after cutting off his ear, and a Victorian bedroom from Max Ernst's "Une Semaine de Bonté," showing a gentleman in a

frock coat thoughtfully surveying a pretty woman sleeping in a canopy bed, oblivious of the two agonized men (one of them headless) who are drowning in a sea of water beside the bed. It is clearly not a book to consult for tips on fixing up your apartment. But it is a marvellous oblique testament to the variety of ways in which rooms can be conceived, and it is a Christmas present that few householders (as well as art and film lovers) would not welcome. The price is \$5.95, and other rooms shown are Bonnard's delectable breakfast room; Diane Arbus's touchingly hideous "Christmas Tree in Living Room in Levittown, Long Island;" Frank Currier's serene Boston kitchen, photographed in 1901; a preposterous Art Deco dining room from the film "The Kiss;" a luxurious dayroom in the Graf Zeppelin; and a sleekly functional environment designed by Joe Colombo.

One of the few styles not included in "Rooms"—maybe for good reason—is the Mission style, which arose

at the end of the nineteenth century as an American manifestation of the English Arts and Crafts movement, went out of production and notice by the twenties, and reëmerged in 1972, when the Princeton art museum mounted a large exhibition called "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America, 1876-1916." Mission furniture has a plain, heavy, geometric character: chairs and settees have slatted backs, and tables and chests are substantial and either entirely unornamented or decorated with turgid Art Nouveau-derived motifs. The wood is mostly oak, and the furniture has a cumbersome, sombre, sometimes even gloomy aspect. We have all seen Mission furniture—in ancient lodges in the Adirondacks, in apartments of elderly intellectuals, in unrehabilitated offices (we sit in a fine slat-back specimen as we write this)—but only now is there a shop exclusively devoted to the style. This is the Jordan-Volpe Gallery, in SoHo, at 457 West Broadway (between Houston and Prince Streets), where an enormous collection of Mission furniture is on view, along with lamps, pottery, paintings, drawings, and artifacts, and where an effort has been made to evoke the ambience of the days when Gene Stratton Porter was writing "Freckles" and "Girl of the Limberlost" and aestheticism was practiced as a kind of grim moral duty (hence the term "Mission"). The Messrs. Jordan and Volpe have unfortunately subverted their intention of creating a period piece by filling a prominent area of wall space with twenty or so incongruous, vividly colored paintings by a man named Kenneth Schnall, "a contemporary we love." But even under ideal presentation the American Arts and Crafts style is not likely to capture the public imagination in the way that, say, the Shaker and the French Provincial styles have done. The visitor to Jordan-Volpe is more apt to consider a piece or two for unobtrusive inclusion in an established modern interior than to feel the Mission lust. Although the gallery prides itself on the quality and rarity of its collection—on the fact that many of the pieces are from the workshops of Gustav Stickley, Elbert Hubbard, and other prominent Arts and Crafts figures—it is actually the furniture's nondescript, anonymous, vaguely thrift-shop quality that will recommend it to the contemporary householder who regards furniture merely as a necessary convenience and a foil for the rugs,



*"I called to say why don't you and Pauline come over a little earlier. Horace is very cute tonight."*





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fabrics, plants, baskets, pictures, and art objects that have come to constitute the matrix of our dwelling places. Prices of the Jordan-Volpe pieces range from around \$100 to \$1,500, and everything has been brought into good condition by the refurbishing and reupholstering efforts of the partners, who were personal collectors of the stuff before they went into the business of selling it.

Some items at Jordan-Volpe that do not belong to the Arts and Crafts genre but, unlike the Schnall paintings, do no violence to the gallery's heavy atmosphere and muddy color scale are a collection of what at first sight appear to be Futurist wood sculptures, what on closer inspection seem to be enormous wood puzzles (since most come apart into four or five pieces), and what are finally identified as hat blocks acquired from a factory of the twenties and thirties. Some of the blocks (once you know what they are) resemble the hats they shaped, but others—the strangest and most interesting ones—have a purely abstract appearance, and, with their worn hardwood surfaces (which the partners have cleaned, waxed, and lightly varnished), are fine works of what could be called vernacular Surrealism. Each block is marked at the base with a head size and a catalogue number, and prices are between \$35 and \$175.

If the Jordan-Volpe Gallery is "a nice place to visit," the shop of Elux C. Putting, at 226 East 51st Street, is a place we'd be glad to move into permanently. Putting purveys French country antiques—tables, chairs, benches, cabinets, chests, settees, and armoires—possessed of a wonderful plain solidity and a characterful surface quality that no new furniture can achieve and that little fine antique furniture exhibits, since this quality is a product of endless daily confrontations between human carelessness and arboreal imperviousness. No effort has been made here to re-create the original eighteenth- and nineteenth-century rustic interiors (cold, dark, malodorous hovels, in which goats lived along with sick children, as one may suppose many of them to have been), and no effort has been spared to present the pieces, along with vernacular pottery and primitive artifacts, as they might appear in contemporary living rooms and as they may best express today's special veneration for plainness, crudeness, directness, and utility. Prices of the furniture are very high—starting at an average of several hundred dollars and going well past a thousand—so

most of us must be content to come and gape, but some of the pottery and wooden artifacts are within the range of possible purchase, and, in their way, these things are as remarkable as the furniture. Earthenware crocks and pitchers from the Loire Valley have simple, ample proportions and crude, pitted surfaces with an almost archeological feel, as if they had been dug up from classical antiquity rather than made in the nineteenth century. They are undecorated except for their interesting pittings, which turn out to be dirt that the Putting staff has thoughtfully not scrubbed off. Some of these pottery pieces are slightly glazed, while others are not, and they all come in various shades of the yellow-grays and beige-browns of Picasso's and



Braque's early Cubist paintings. The price range is between \$25 and \$125. From the South of France, Putting offers glazed pottery that has a similar plainness of shape and dirtiness of surface but is decorated with simple slip motifs. For example, a rounded jug with two ears has a large free-drawn green sprig painted on one side of its ochre-glazed body, and is priced at \$35, which is about average for the jugs, crocks, tureens, and pitchers in this category. From farmhouses near Avignon, Putting culled his collection of marmalade bowls—enormous, crudely shaped vessels, around fifteen inches in diameter and with flowerpot rims, unglazed on the outside and glazed a creamy yellow within—in which local oranges and sugar macerated a hundred years ago. These bowls are reminiscent of American yellowware, though they have a rougher, more hand-hewn character. Their price is \$35. Some crudely carved wooden bowls at Putting that look as if they might have come from the same bountiful French farmhouses actually come from the Himalayas. These pieces retain faint traces of the paint with which they were originally colored (in the late nineteenth century) and which highlights the plain, worn surface of the wood and the rich brown patina it takes on when a coat of wax is applied. A shallow round bowl, sixteen inches in diameter, is \$40, and a deeper round specimen, nine inches in diameter, is \$25.

THE guiding conception behind the small antique shop of Maya Schaper, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), is a cozy nineteenth-century English cottage kitchen crammed with homey blue-and-white-flowered pitchers, platters, tureens, mugs, and teapots, and with utensils of the silver-plated



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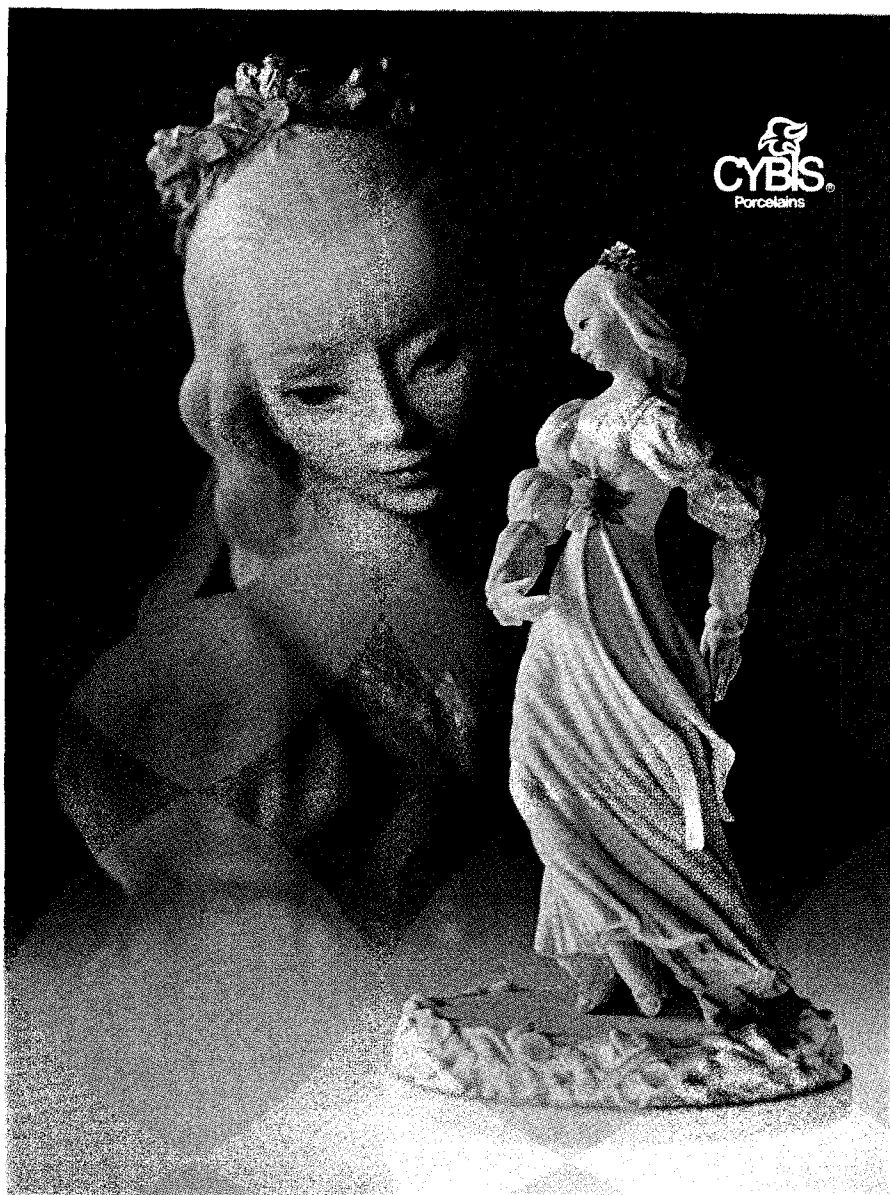


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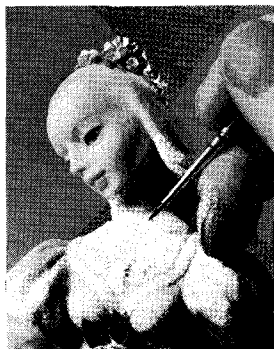


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utilitarian-genteel sort that were a kind of signature of Victoria's England. But although the shop is full of things, it is not a jumble of things: objects are neatly arranged by category, and each object bears a little tag citing its price and giving a little description. It is remarkable what a difference these descriptions make—how giving something an identity invests it with an air of importance and interest it doesn't have when left to make its own claims. Practically everything here could be a fine gift (though nothing is very grand or precious)—as, for example, a bone-handled cheese knife (thus identified not only on its tag but on its own blade, in etched capital letters), priced at \$12; a small white parian pitcher (\$25); an appealing set of blue-and-white stoneware dinner plates that picture gothic ruins surrounded by a thick border of scrolls and leaves (\$100 for six plates); a number of very utilitarian bread knives, with rounded wood handles that have seen better days and blades from which the words "Bread Knife" are all but obliterated (\$12 to \$25); and some genuine old Paris-café saucers (\$5 each), which would hardly have appeared in Victorian kitchens but would be nice ashtrays or spoon rests in ours.

**T**HE second-story antique shop of Julia E. Kuttner, 951 Second Avenue (50th), is just the reverse of the well-ordered establishment of Maya Schaper. Here a chaotic profusion of objects greets the visitor, and, to make matters worse, the labels on the objects—to which the shopper's gaze hopefully gravitates—turn out to be dauntingly inscribed with a code that only the owner, Edmund Earle (the late Julia Kuttner's son), can decipher. The reason for the code, he told us, is that if the shop were to be broken into, the thief wouldn't know what was valuable—i.e., would be just as daunted as the shopper and presumably leave without stealing anything, as the shopper is apt to leave without buying anything. However, patience has its rewards here. The shop is one of the town's largest and best sources of American and English country antiques, and though some of the prices are high enough to justify the owner's precautions, many things are relatively inexpensive. As it happened, the first price tag we asked the owner to decode for us—affixed to a shallow, round, early-nineteenth-century redware pie plate that had feathery strokes of yellow slip applied in clusters of three parallel strokes—was a staggering \$275. The owner explained



that the high price was because of the rarity of slip-decorated redware, and he obligingly guided us to a collection of undecorated redware of similar antiquity but more modest cost. A deep pie dish, six inches in diameter, with straight sides and a glossy deep-brown glaze, is \$30; a seven-inch version, with a rust-red glaze pleasingly pocked with brown specks, is \$20; and a shallow, round plate, ten inches in diameter, whose glaze is a rich umber, is \$30. These dishes, made strictly for use, are as handsome as any art pottery, and the insignia of their use (they are blackened on their unglazed undersides and variously pocked, pitted, and worn) give them a special warm evocativeness. Julia Kuttner's large collection of nineteenth-century white ironstone from Staffordshire is another genre worth poking around in and pestering the owner about. Oval platters approximately sixteen inches long are priced between \$18 and \$25; a pitcher of graceful amplitude (about two quarts) is \$28; and various small pieces crammed into a Kuttner cupboard—plates, pitchers, bowls, serving dishes—range between \$3.75, for a nine-inch oval platter, and \$10, for an eight-inch rectangular serving dish. Among the rarer, and thus more costly, Benningtonware here—glazed pottery characterized by its dense warm-brown mottling on an ochre background—are a one-quart pitcher, for \$75, and a seven-inch oval baking dish, for \$36. Baskets, breadboards, tinware, copper kettles, bottles, stoneware crocks, pressed glass, weathervanes, samplers, shop signs, furniture, and naïve art can also be found at this difficult, wonderful establishment.

"WHATEVER you have in your rooms, think first of the walls, for they are that which makes your house and home; and if you don't make some sacrifice in their favor, you will find your chambers have a kind of makeshift, lodging-house look about them, however rich and handsome your movables may be," advised William Morris, the poet, artist, designer, Socialist, and wallpaper manufacturer, in a lecture of the eighteen-eighties on "The Lesser Arts of Life." This dictum strikes a responsive note today (as do so many of the sensible things Morris said), for although true wallpaper is not much used anymore, a sort of self-designed composite wallpaper—posters, prints, drawings, photographs, maps, quilts, fabric hangings, folk art, child art, and so on—has emerged as a ubiquitous appointment of the middle-class

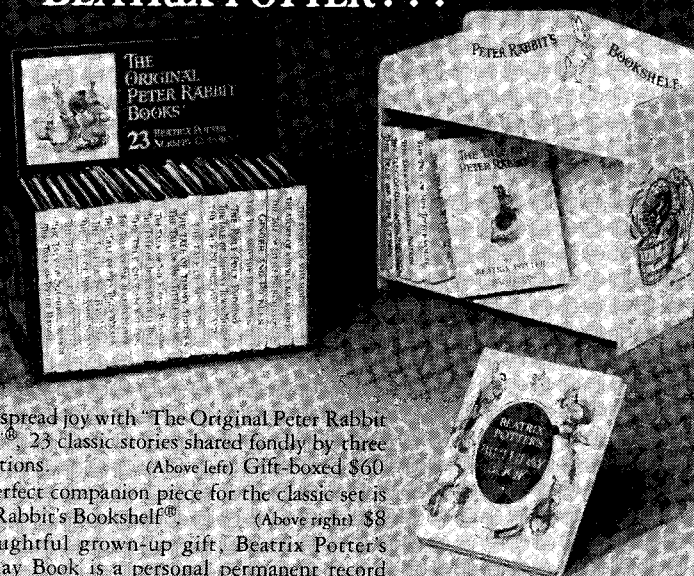
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household. The range of possible items to be included in this "paper" is ever expanding, and the latest source to be tapped is, paradoxically, wallpaper itself. The pioneer examples come, fittingly enough, from the oeuvre of none other than William Morris. The Reinhold-Brown Gallery, at 26 East 78th Street, acquired a late-nineteenth-century pattern book of Morris papers (the designs range from 1864 to 1895) and recently exhibited some twenty samples as framed works of art—which they indeed became when thus isolated and presented. A number of sheets (most measuring forty-one by twenty-two inches) remain from the exhibition, and are available framed (from \$200 to \$450) or unframed (from \$150 to \$400). They reflect Morris's restless innovativeness—some of the patterns are simple and regular stylizations done in two or three colors, some are naturalistic and multicolored, some are a complex meld of naturalism and abstraction—and they testify to his supremacy as a designer. The authority of his line, the clarity of his arrangements, the sheer beauty of his colors have never been surpassed. All the patterns have as their basis the flowers of garden and field which grew near Kelmscott, Morris's house in Hammersmith, or in the imaginary fields and gardens of the medieval tapestries and illuminated manuscripts that he loved and collected, and they were not chosen merely for their conventional formal use in design. When Morris wrote that "any decoration is futile, and has fallen into at least the first stage of degradation, when it does not remind you of something beyond itself, of something of which it is but a visible symbol," he was merely reiterating what Ruskin had said in the twentieth chapter of "The Stones of Venice." But when he sat down at his drawing board, he did something no one had done before, which was to invest stylized floral design with the delight and wonder that he himself felt as he translated his vision of the shapes and hues and attitudes of actual flowers into the flat complexities of decorative art. Morris's notion that "real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor" is shiningly illustrated by these lovely relics, which communicate an almost palpable sense of their maker's relish and enjoyment.

As we gazed at the Morris papers, something stirred in our mind in addition to the memory of the sweet meadows and bowers of high summer. We suddenly realized that we had seen

these papers once before, and had even written about them in these columns—in 1970, when the W. H. S. Lloyd Company had samples of Morris papers on view in its showroom, and people could order them, for between \$25 and \$90 a roll, from Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Ltd., in England, which possessed the original wood blocks. The next morning, we telephoned Lloyd, and were dismayed (but somehow not surprised) to learn that sale of the Morris papers had been discontinued



about four years ago. We then telephoned the Sanderson company, in London, and were relieved to be told that fifty-four Morris papers are still being hand-printed today in a workshop in Perivale—in most cases from the original blocks (some

worn blocks have been replaced by replicas)—and are available on special order, for between £6.13 and £30 for an eleven-yard roll. We subsequently received from Sanderson six small samples of the Morris line, three in the original Morris hues and three in "updated" colors. The latter left us cold, while the former gave us the same excited feeling of being in the presence of something old and rare and remarkable that we had experienced at Reinhold-Brown. Inquiries about ordering the papers or acquiring large samples may be addressed to Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Ltd., 52 Berners Street, London W1A 2JE.

The thread leading from William Morris to Walter Gropius that Nikolaus Pevsner traces in his classic "Pioneers of Modern Design" is so knotted and circuitous that only scholars can get a grip on it, and doubt has arisen even among scholars about the validity of the connection. (See Herwin Schaefer's "19th-Century Modern," in which the anonymous designers of vernacular and technological forms are held to be the true pioneers.) On the face of it, the views held by the medievalizing, handicrafting, ornament-loving Morris seem the very antithesis of the plain, geometric, machine-centered program of Gropius and company. One clear ground of agreement, however, was the hatred of and campaign against the debased machine-made ornament that was being churned out in nineteenth-century Europe and America to satisfy the taste for aristocratic historical styles among the rising middle and aspiring working classes. Morris liked to think that if you got rid of the machines and revived the handicrafts, you would have happy people and beautiful objects. (Morris the Socialist knew better, and



the struggle between what he knew and what he liked cast a tragic shadow over his life, though, fortunately, it didn't inhibit his prodigious creativity or his moral effectiveness.) Gropius, more realistically, saw that the machines were here to stay, that they were only as good or as bad as the people who used them, and that an aesthetic based on the special properties of industrial technology was in order for twentieth-century architecture and design. But both men held to the idea that the houses people live in and the objects they use are not mere extraneous necessities or trappings but have an expressive and ideological content. The reform of design was thus conducted, first by Morris and then by Gropius, as a social and spiritual undertaking rather than as a mere aesthetic one, and the revulsion against ornament by the early functionalists had its emotional basis in the association of ornament with the oppressive aristocratic old order. Today, our urban landscape is "modern" beyond the wildest dreams of the pioneers of the design revolution, but our homes, oddly enough—or perhaps naturally enough—are quietly filling up with ornament. Morris's feeling that there is some deep human need for embellishment and "useless" decoration seems to be borne out, and advanced opinion no longer seems to find ornament per se inimical to egalitarian ideals. One reason for this unexpected change may lie in the fact that the emerging ornament is of a different sort and reflects a different taste from the ornament that was swept away by the functionalists. Instead of drawing on the rococo or neoclassical or Louis XIV styles, the new ornament draws on ethnic patterns, folk decoration, primitive art, vernacular motifs, and botanical prints, and on the productions of the Arts and Crafts designers, who had themselves already begun to abandon the aristocratic conventions. Among the most distinguished manifestations of this new taste are the fabric designs of a Welshwoman named Laura Ashley, who began designing in the nineteen-fifties and has since become something of a cult figure in the fabric world. The collection of her prints on the fourth floor at Bloomingdale's immediately arrests the eye by its old-fashioned, Kate Greenaway kind of prettiness—and subsequently commands long, close study of its astonishing variety of sources and inventions. At one end of the spectrum is a naturalistic pattern in the style of Walter Crane, depicting a pair of swans in a water-lily-filled pond and some flowers whose long stems undulate as sinu-

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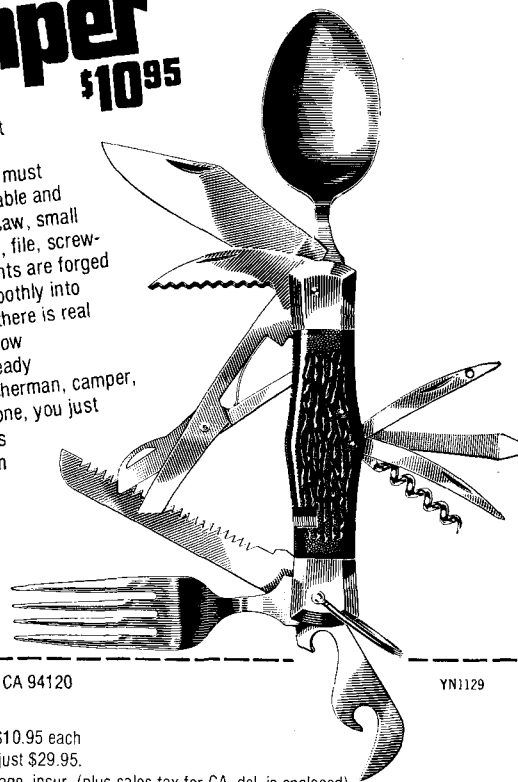
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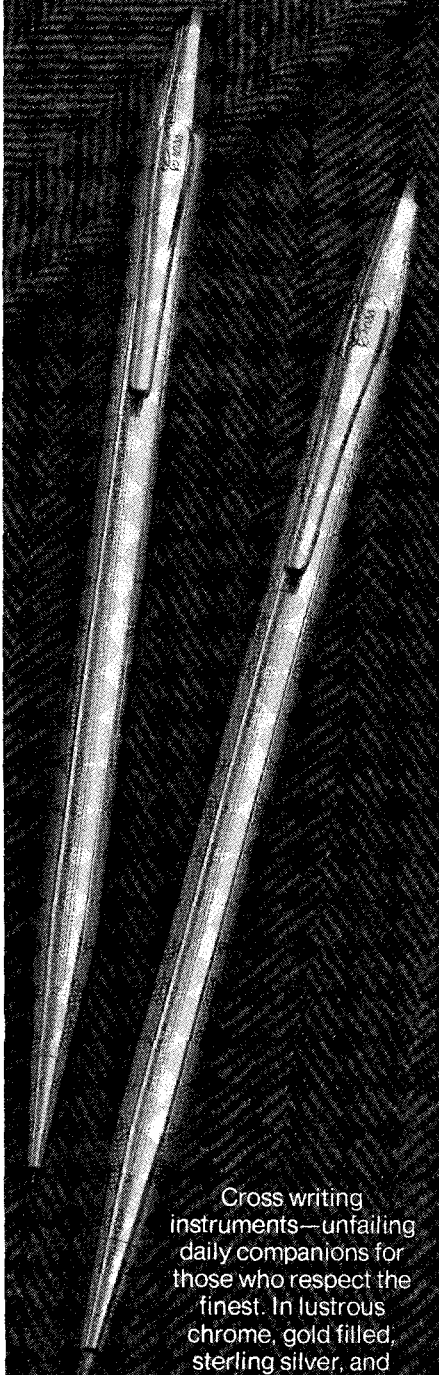
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ously as the swans' necks. (This is available in white on red, green, lavender, navy, or yellow.) At the other end is a small, regular, abstract pattern formed of clusters of four angular dots (white on lavender, yellow, navy, dark red, or green), which sounds like nothing at all but is one of the strongest and most effective patterns in the collection. Another lovely print—particularly fine in brown on warm lavender—is a dense scrolling of small sprigs, and yet another is a geometric design of arches with a vaguely medieval aspect (warm brown on beige). The fabrics are \$13 a yard (forty-five inches wide) in good, strong upholstery cotton, and \$3.50 a yard in a lighter dress fabric. To entice Christmas (or self) givers, Bloomingdale's has covered boxes, picture frames, notebooks, and even lampshades with the fabrics (the store shares our admiration for the lavender-and-brown sprigged pattern), and these are priced at \$22, for a rectangular jewelry box with three compartments; \$25, for a heart-shaped box; \$3.50, for a sachet; \$40, for a lampshade nineteen inches in diameter; and \$47.50 for a standing frame to fit a five-by-seven picture.

FOR us, one of the great pleasures of the Christmas season is the evenings in late December spent at home around the kitchen table making Christmas ornaments and package decorations and little sewn or pasted presents—cheered by the sound of Christmas carols, the taste of mulled wine, and the reflection that we are not still at Bloomingdale's. To supply ourselves (and assist similarly hearth-inclined readers to supply themselves) with the necessary ribbons and laces and gold cords and beaded threads for our home industry, we set out for Thirty-eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, which is one of the town's leading Trimmings Rows. Our first stop was the spacious establishment of Hyman Hendler, 67 West 38th Street, which, according to the proprietor, is the biggest ribbon store in the world. Ribbons of every hue and width, some striped or brocaded and others plain, in grosgrain, velvet, picot taffeta, and silk moiré, are on orderly view here, priced between forty cents a yard, for a narrow width of velvet, and \$15, for a yard of extra-wide silk. But the chief treat of the place is the collection of brocaded ribbons woven in France on old looms, which are adaptations (by Mr. H.) of ancient floral patterns yet look as if they were true relics of the past. These ribbons have a special deli-



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cacy of hue and intricacy of detail—an atmosphere of boudoirs and ladies' dressing tables and scented linen closets—that make them stand out from other ribbons of this sort. Subtly muted pinks and pale greens and rich muted blues appear on beige backgrounds enlivened by the play of surface sheens which the jacquard loom achieves. The price of these delectable fripperies is \$1.50 a yard in the narrow width, up to \$8.50 a yard for wide ribbons.

The Tinsel Trading Company, at 47 West 38th Street, specializes in antique metallic trimmings—"antique" meaning the twenties and thirties, and "metallic trimmings" meaning tassels, appliques, gold and silver braid, military belting, lamé fabrics, and lace made of metallic thread. A form of appliqué ornament called the galloon—which was apparently much favored in interior decoration during the twenties and thirties—is represented by an enormous variety of attractively tarnished designs worked in silver or gold on bands of various widths; the prices run from fifty cents to \$20, depending on the intricacy of the pattern. The military belting, offered in various widths and stripe arrangements, starts at a dollar a yard, as does the metallic lace. Among the non-metallic items are antique rayon-ombré ribbons—thus called because of their blurred shading—which are available plain (for thirty cents a yard and up) or edged with a brocaded trimming of little flowers (\$1.50 and up); the latter are equipped with a pull string for the making of rosettes. Tinsel's tassel collection begins at a dollar, for some modest key tassels for use on cabinet keys, and goes up to \$150, for tassels of the most incredible hand-wrought intricacy, for use, one imagines, in palatial drapery arrangements or to summon footmen. The shop is currently rather a jumble, because of some water trouble in the basement which obliged the owner to bring up what he had stored there and dump it in piles throughout the store, but he knows where everything is, and will as obligingly cut a dollar's worth of macramé string for cat's-cradle as a hundred dollars' worth of antique lamé for a ball gown.

Cinderella Flower & Feather Company, 57 West 38th Street, is a forty-five-year-old family business that has supplied many Broadway shows with their chorus-girl feathers (they proudly usher visitors into "our ostrich room" and "our marabou room") and is just as amply equipped to fill any millinery or household need for artificial flowers. The flowers are all cloth (mostly silk),

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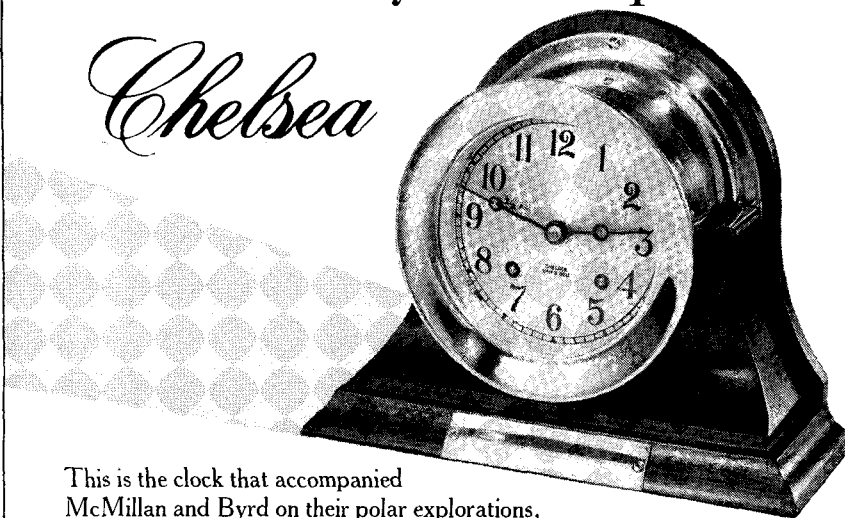
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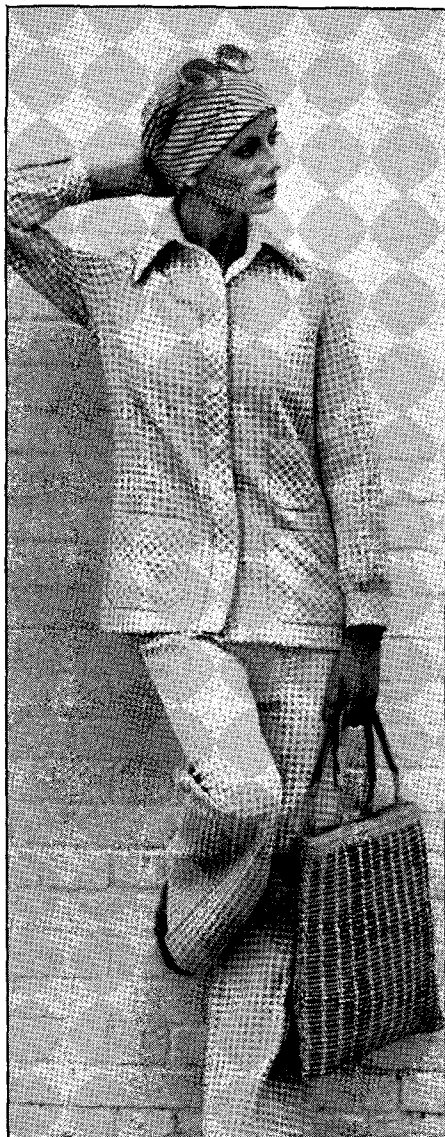
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and prices start at a dollar, for a small, fat rose in almost any color. In addition to the feathers of the show-biz birds, there are the more tasteful plumages of peacocks, pheasants, and vultures, which lend themselves to such projects as fans and neck ornaments; these start at forty cents. Cinderella's African pheasant skins—whole birds' plumages of glorious variegated iridescence—might be hard to do anything craftspersonly with, but they are marvellous to contemplate (and apparently on no proscribed list); they are priced from around \$4 to \$15 a skin.

Readers intending to cover boxes and address books with decorative papers will be strengthened in their resolve by a visit to Sam Flax's handsome new annex at 55 East 55th Street, where an enormous collection of such papers—the largest in town, according to Flax—has been put on display in an original and rational manner: specimens are hung on the wall in plastic frames marked with prices, so that shoppers can make their selections without a lot of poking and pulling, and, moreover, have the advantage of seeing the papers at a distance. The renowned handmade marbled endpapers of the Cockrell Mill are the most beautiful and expensive papers offered (\$6.96 a sheet), but there are fine patterns to be had among the machine-printed papers (from sixty-three cents to approximately \$3 a sheet, and most sheets measure twenty by twenty-six inches); those printed with small, regular geometric patterns seem especially fitting for box and book coverings.

THE floral ornament that is making its restrained reentry into living rooms on the backs of pillows, in wall hangings, and on the surfaces of pottery and porcelain has already invaded—indeed, entirely preempted—the linen closet. The plain white sheet has become as nearly extinct as the great white whale; what is more, the anonymous drudge who used to design the patterns on linens and towels has been everywhere supplanted by a famous "name" designer (Dior, Norell, Beaton, Vanderbilt), in the way that the anonymous craftsmen of the Middle Ages were edged out by the self-congratulatory "name" artists of the Renaissance. One of the latest candidates elected to the sheet pantheon is the celebrated Italian dress-designer couple the Missonis, and their sheet pattern for Fieldcrest called Tranquility Poppy is truly something to celebrate them for. Like the Laura Ashley designs,

this pattern has affinities with the vigorous stylizations of the English Arts and Crafts, but where the Ashley prints have an atmosphere of meadows and cottage gardens and children's books, the Missoni pattern—featuring long-stemmed white poppies writhing and intertwining on a muted rose or pale-green background—has the elegant strangeness of the rooms for which Charles Rennie Mackintosh designed his eerie chairs: white and cold, appointed with Japanese screens, suffused with the scent of heliotrope. A



contrasting basketweave pattern appears at one end of the top sheet and borders the pillowcase on one side (the other side is entirely poppy-patterned); on the king-size pillowcase a merger of the poppy and basketweave patterns is felicitously negotiated, with the poppies weaving in and out of the basketweave and creating an effect of light, sprigged airiness. The fabric is a blend of cotton and polyester, and prices are \$8.95 for a twin top sheet, \$18.50 for a king-size top sheet, \$3.50 for a pillowcase, and \$4.25 for a king-size pillowcase. These linens are available, in inexplicably diminished supply, at Bloomingdale's.

A sheet-and-towel pattern of great originality which is rooted entirely in the present is Gary Grant's "Sleep" and "Dry" series for Martex. These words are spelled out over and over again (on, as you guessed, sheets and towels, respectively), in crude lettering, such as is used to write blackmail notes, in crooked, wavy, irregularly spaced rows that at a distance form a handsome abstract pattern of a geological or seismographic character (the lettering is in dark brown, rust, or light brown on beige) and, closer up, bring hieroglyphics to mind, as well as the comical works of the late artist Oyvind Fahlstrom. The pattern is at Bloomingdale's and Macy's, among other places, and prices run to about \$9.50 for a bath towel, \$5.25 for a hand towel, \$2.25 for a washcloth, \$9.50 for a twin sheet, and \$10.50 for a full sheet. Pillowcases are two for \$7.50, and a comforter is \$45 in the twin size, \$62 in the queen size, and \$82 in the king size. Both towels and sheets are a polyester-cotton blend.

At the Continental Quilt Shoppe, 7 West 49th Street and 235 East 51st Street, a handsome selection of covers for the Oblomov goose-down comforters that more and more people are finding indispensable is being offered, along with the comforters themselves. Among the geometric cover patterns is a particularly elegant design, either in



navy and beige or in brown and beige, of small squares set on the diagonal for a herringbone effect; the price is \$25 in the queen size and \$30 in the king size, there is a zipper, and the fabric is a polyester-cotton blend. Solid-color covers are priced between \$20 and \$30, and the comforters themselves—which are the best channelled European type—are \$224.95 in the king size, \$194.95 in the queen (or double) size, and \$159.95 in the twin size, in a choice of bone, light-blue, or camel cotton.

To apprise shoppers of what depths of luxury await them in the special enclave in Macy's linen department called Private Lives, the store has mounted near its entrance a display of thirties decadence, showing a sleek mannequin indolently talking on an Art Deco stainless-steel telephone as she reclines on a bed of lace-trimmed beige satin. However, everything here isn't as forbiddingly *luxe* as that, and an all-cotton sheet in a pattern of gray and white pinstripes has an almost proletarian aspect of sobriety and forthright plainness. A wide white border on which two horizontal stripes of matching gray are satin-stitched has been appended to the open ends of the pillowcases and the chin ends of the sheets, and the credit for this pleasing, though hardly astonishing, combination goes to Mr. Norell. A twin sheet is \$14.50, a full sheet is \$16.50, and a package of two pillowcases is \$11.50. Another very fine pattern in an all-cotton sheet, made by Martex and purveyed by Private Lives, features a wide border of delicious old-fashioned white-on-white embroidery of floral wreaths and ovals; it looks like something one might have inherited from a Victorian ancestor. A twin sheet is \$21, a double sheet is \$23, and pillowcases are \$23 for a package of two. Curiously, some of the most luxurious and aristocratic items in Private Lives come from the People's Republic of China and are incredibly—in fact, nervous-makingly—low-priced. Linen napkins lavishly trimmed with hand-crocheted lace (one corner positively drips with it) and offered in white-on-white or cream with beige trim are only \$2.50 each, and hand-crocheted doilies and bureau scarves of various sizes and all done in the intricate patterns one associates with Victorian antimacassars are priced as low as a dollar, for a small, exquisite coaster-size doily, and \$6.75, for a runner fourteen by thirty-six inches.

Hoping to learn more about the needlework industry of the People's Re-

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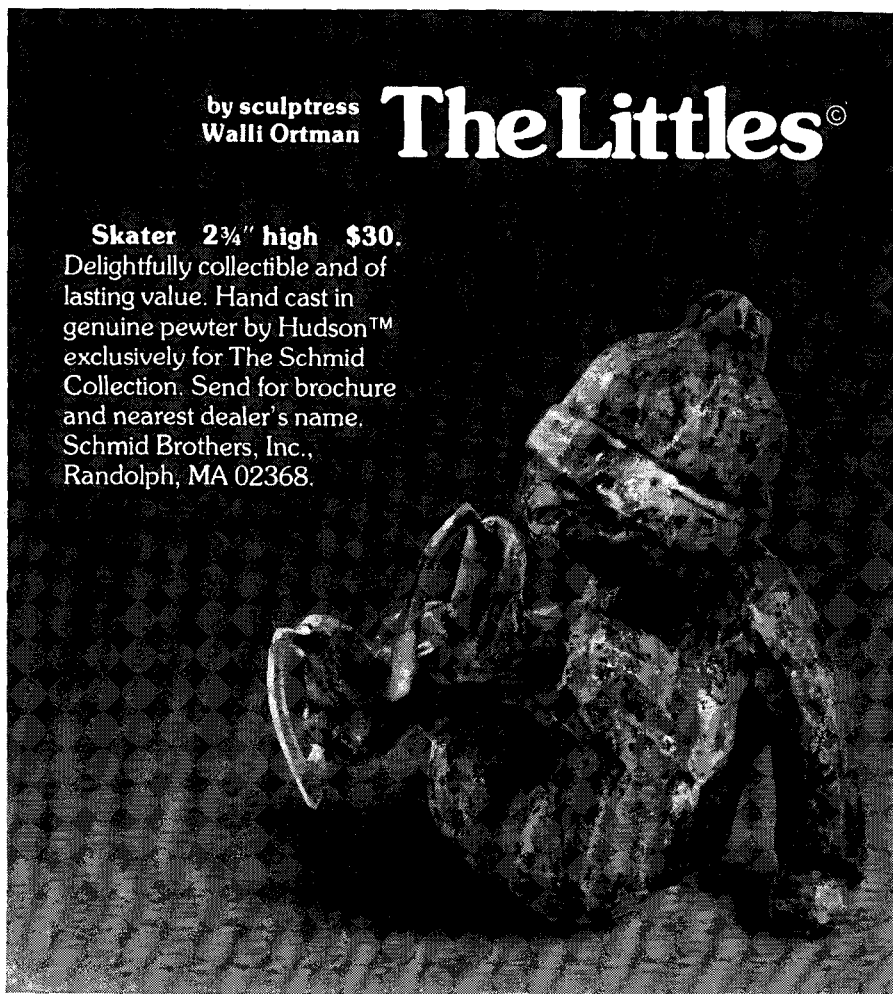
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public, we went down to China Books & Periodicals, at 125 Fifth Avenue (20th), and perused (in vain, as it proved) recent numbers of a magazine called *China's Foreign Trade*, which prints articles about and advertisements for the various industrial and consumer products that China exports. These include—you may be as surprised to learn as we were—pianos, frozen chickens, cancer pills, canned pineapple, cigarettes, diesel engines, welding electrodes, electric fans, fur coats, volleyballs, fountain pens, wine, toilet soap, air-dried vegetables, sneakers, and escalators. China Books is a place for scholars and propaganda aficionados rather than for Christmas shoppers, but among the Little Red Books in dozens of languages and the leaflets on correct and incorrect revolutionary attitudes there are a few mitigating items of non-ideological decorativeness or utility, and one of these is Bee & Flower sandalwood soap, kept in a bin near the cash register and priced at \$1.25 for three bars. The soap is remarkable for the clean sweetness of its fragrance and for the elaborate, almost obsessive care that has gone into its packaging. Beneath an elegant mustard outer wrapping paper that is printed in beige, ornamented with sprays of Oriental flowers, affixed with seals, and encircled by a decorated band, is a layer of tissue paper, which hugs a cardboard container, from which, finally, the soap itself emerges—a reddish rectangle stamped with a stylized border and its name in English on one side and in Chinese on the other. A bilingual message printed on a sheet of tissue paper tucked into the band assures the purchaser that the soap “not only possesses all the merits a sandalwood-scented toilet soap may have, but also does no harm whatever to your skin.” The message goes on to urge the irresolute person holding the bar of soap in his hand—torn, conflicted, wavering—“Just try it, and you will see our sincere recommendation is rather convincing.”

Bee & Flower soap is also available at the various Pottery Barn stores—231 10th Avenue (23rd); 1292 Lexington Avenue (87th); 117 East 59th Street; and 49 Greenwich Avenue—where the slightly higher, west-of-the-Yangtze price of fifty cents a bar is charged. The Barn's canister set of three sleekly shaped enamelled-tin containers, of graduated sizes, with pull-off lids, which are sold one within another for a total of \$7.95 and in a choice of red, yellow, or white, is just one of the many useful, cleanly designed, moder-

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ately priced presents one has come to confidently expect of these shops. An oval breadbasket long enough for a short baguette is woven of a rough-textured, light-colored wicker and has a fitting lack of refinement; the price is \$2.50. A great big round open rush basket has an even greater aspect of roughness: it is woven of twigs from various species of tree in various stages of morbidity, which gives the basket a kind of rag-rug variegation of gray, brown, beige, and green, flecked with the white of the twigs' diagonally snipped ends. This could be a kindling basket or a knitting basket, and is priced at \$13.50. A display of wineglasses which is captioned "Vin du Pays" (the sign goes on to confess, in a kind of typesetter's whisper, that the country in question is America) will recommend itself to the person in quest of good, expendable, everyday wineglasses; these have capacious, thickish round bowls, and are priced at ninety cents each.

Many households of non-smokers or ex-smokers are in a quandary as to whether to have ashtrays, and the Barn has come up with a possible solution in the form of a pitiful little flat, round glass receptacle—a sort of petri dish of an ashtray—priced at thirty cents, which will hardly compromise the position of the antismoking host when it is necessary for him to grudgingly accommodate a smoker who has ostentatiously begun flicking ashes into the palm of his hand. The Barn's silver-plated sugar tongs would delight all but the most hardened of anti-white-sugar eaters. A plunger is pressed, and three prongs pounce on the lump of sugar and grip it with an alacrity and ferocity that seem out of proportion to this mild activity. The price of the tiny mechanical pleasantries is \$4.30.

All pot holders come to a bad end. Some pot holders we saw at the Lighthouse Craft Shop, 111 East 59th Street, have the merit of being nice but not all that nice, so that when they arrive at the inevitable singed, greasestained, washing-machine-matted stage, they can be disposed of with calm implacability. (A good disposable pot holder would make someone's fortune.) The Lighthouse cotton-yarn specimens are square or round—hand-knitted in the case of the square ones, and hand-crocheted in the round version. The colors are solid green, yellow, blue, black, red, or white, or a diagonal-striped pattern of white alternating with a color; \$1.30 each.

Another domestic problem—that of keeping tea warm—is ingeniously dispatched by an item called the Cozy Hot



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The shallot—*échalot* in French—has a lengthy culinary history. The ancient Greeks traded for them at the Mediterranean seaport of Ascalon (hence the name) in the 4th century B.C., and French knights returning from the Crusades are supposed to have brought them back from Syria.

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Pot, for sale at Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st). Involved are a dome-shaped vitreous-china teapot and a metal form, lined with several layers of felt, that fits the pot like a helmet (there are slits from which the spout and handle extrude) and hugs it so tightly that it has to be squeezed on and off. The price is \$21, for a six-cup pot in a choice of black or white china. Jenny B. Goode has a collection of blue-and-white ironstone reproductions of advertising pieces made in 1857 by the P. Otis Company, of Boston, which imported china from Canton. Each piece is decorated with the company's name and credentials as "Importer, Canton-Boston" and with a scene of a pagoda, a tree, and a sailing ship; an octagonal tea caddy is \$13.50, a squat ginger jar is \$15, and an octagonal ashtray is \$7. Another China trader, Ezra Smith & Company, is represented by a stolid beige earthenware crock of a stylized Oriental character, handsomely decorated with blue lettering set within a decorative border; \$9.50. A soap from Japan called Tancho Honey Soap, whose uncloying sweetness is reminiscent of the Bee & Flower fragrance, cites camellia oil, plum blossom, and honey in its list of ingredients, and is available at Jenny B. Goode for \$1.50 a bar.

An example of the vernacular ornament discussed earlier is some Italian earthenware in the kitchen shop at Altman's. On its cream-colored glaze, it has a pattern of dark-brown lines and blue flowers composed of six blue dots. These well-shaped pieces have an appealing crudity (they are handmade in the village of Taranto), and the fact that the glaze chips easily to reveal the red clay beneath only abets their aura of antiquity. Plates and mugs are \$3.50, and a fruit bowl is \$10. Altman's four-member canister set in graduated sizes is made of tin enamelled in beige and

yellowware mixing bowls externally decorated with a traditional pattern of lozenges within rounded rectangles, and internally white-glazed. They are available in many sizes, from a specimen about eight inches in diameter (\$5) to a bowl about eighteen inches in diameter (\$25).

At the quilt shop of Thos. K. Woodard, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), a collection of yellowware bowls salvaged from the early years of this century is on view, priced at between \$18 and \$45 because of the rarity that this once commonplace genre has achieved. The bowls, which older readers may remember from their childhood, are encircled with two or three stripes that vary in width and in color combination (blue and white, orange and white, and brown and blue are some combinations), and have a pleasing solidity of shape and mellowness of hue. Woodard's collection of crib quilts is something to look into for a wall hanging, if the object of your benevolence has insufficient wall space for a regular-size quilt—which describes a great many New Yorkers. The crib quilts range from \$45 to \$250, with a few special rarities for around \$450.

Bendel has some extra-large and extra-pleasing glass tumblers, of remarkable lightness, clarity of crystal, and plain elegance of shape. They are sold in a set of six, for \$12. The store's nicely shaped dun-colored glazed earthenware mugs from England are \$2, and small, round bowls of the same earthenware are \$2.50.

Rectangular baskets of loosely woven pale-yellow wicker made in the



People's Republic and exhibiting an unusual fineness of finish are on view at Gimbel's, available in three sizes, for \$8, \$9, and \$10. Of an entirely different character are Gimbel's heavy round coiled baskets from India, out

of which one might expect a cobra to stick its head if the right tune were whistled; these have lids, side handles, and one- or two-color raffia patterns of a simple geometric sort; \$15 to \$20.

A contemporary version of traditional stripe-decorated yellowware is being made by the Nelson McCoy Company, and Gimbel's has mounted a sizable display of the various members of the line—cream-colored and ringed with a wide pink stripe, flanked by narrow light-blue stripes. Along with mixing bowls of various sizes, from \$5.50 to \$12.50, there are a bulbously capacious covered bean pot with two side

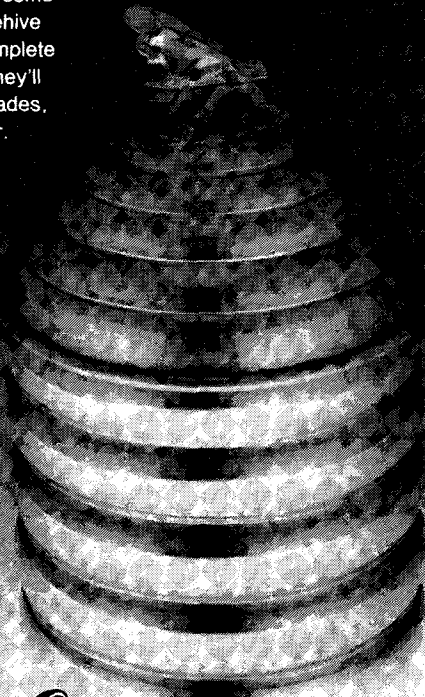


arms, for \$8.50, and a tall cookie jar, at the same price. Pearsons of Chesterfield is making packaged sets of its comfortable, homey brown-and-beige stoneware, and Gimbels offers (1) an onion-soup set of four straight-sided little casseroles with flat lids, brown on the outside and beige within, for \$14, and (2) a canister set of four crocks, marked "Tea," "Coffee," "Sugar," and "Flour," for \$25. Lord & Taylor takes up the Pearsons line with (3) an oil-vinegar-and-mustard set composed of two corked jugs with spouts and a squat pot with a slotted lid, each bearing a name in black lettering, for \$12.50, and (4) a round, three-quart casserole that comes with three bouquets garnis and some recipes, for \$12.50.

Lord & Taylor's collection of old English biscuit tins will re-inspire the people who are saving their Bicentennial kitsch. The oldest member of the collection is a rectangular box with a circular picture of Queen Victoria on the lid, set within a basketweave pattern and exhibiting smaller pictures, on the sides, of Sir George White, Lord Kitchener, General Buller, and Lord Roberts, among other loyal subjects. The price of this chipped, battered, and rusted receptacle is \$50, and it turns out to have held not biscuits but Chlorodyne Lozenges for "chills and colds," according to the inner lid. Of lesser antiquity, but of possibly greater interest to collectors of camp, is a cylindrical Huntley & Palmer tin, decorated on the lid with a formal portrait of George V and Mary seated on their thrones, and on the sides with little inset scenes showing the royal pair "At Home," "On the Moors," and at "Public Occasions," plus pictures of their two children and five palaces. This is \$50, and a Wrights biscuit box stiffly commemorating the coronation of Queen Elizabeth (Prince Philip makes the scene) is \$30.

SOME years after Paul Gauguin's death, a sheaf of illustrated menus was found in Tahiti which the painter had made for a local restaurant to pay his food and bar bills. These relics subsequently came to the attention of the Swiss publisher Gerald Cramer, who reproduced eleven of them, in an edition of four hundred, by a combined lithographic and hand-coloring process called pochoir, and remainders of the printing (which took place about twenty years ago) have, in turn, come into the possession of the Gallery Verve, 145 West 55th Street, where they are offered for \$135 each framed, or \$110

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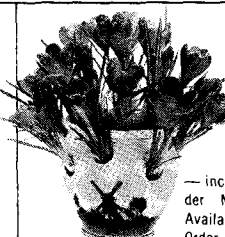
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unframed. The originals were done in pen-and-ink or charcoal-and-water-color, and the reproductions are so remarkably faithful that they don't look like reproductions: the writing looks as though it would smudge if it was rubbed, the watercolors are applied with informed swiftness, the paper is worn and yellowed, and has even been torn around the edges to look like the original unregarded scraps of paper found in the Tahitian restaurant. The illustrations (which have captions beneath them) are light, funny, and sketchy, but unmistakably Gauguin. In one example, a commissioner of police who looks like Toulouse-Lautrec is engaged in a colloquy with a member of his force and a peculiar bird; in another a Norman woman faces a Tahitian one (both are out of Gauguin paintings); and yet another shows a fox and a crow engaged in some topical jokery. Although the pictures vary, the menu mostly doesn't; with some slight variations it reads:

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IN a recent article in the Arts and Leisure section of the *Times*, tetchily entitled "Our Museums Have Become Flooded with a Niagara of Counterfeit Art," the paper's senior art critic, Hilton Kramer, complained about the sales desks and gift shops that confront museum visitors with "a numbing abundance of what can only be called counterfeit art—posters, postcards, reproductions ('suitable for framing'), books, pamphlets, guides, souvenirs, and expensive replicas of the works to be seen in the museum galleries." Kramer went on to observe that "although the whole point of going to an art museum is to see something that cannot be seen elsewhere, our attention is straightaway diverted to things that can be seen elsewhere, that can be taken home under one's arm or in one's pocket." In defense of the Metropolitan Museum gift shop, which we feel is being unfairly reproved here, we would like to reiterate a distinction that we have made before but has evidently not yet become the commonplace it should be—a distinction between reproductions of unique art objects, like the Venus de Milo, and reproductions of objects that were made in quantity to begin with, such as glassware, silverware, and china. It is the

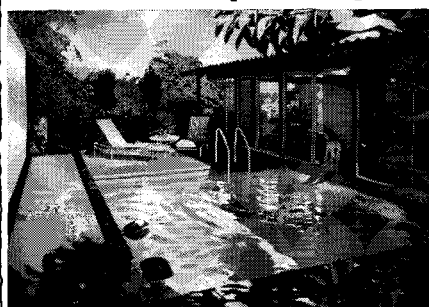
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latter type of reproduction that the Metropolitan Museum gift shop largely trades in, and by so doing it not only is performing a service to the public (in adding to the none too enormous stock of available well-designed household objects) but is—paradoxical as this may seem—“exhibiting” the objects in question in a more authentic manner than it does when it keeps them in glass cases as the unique, not-for-sale art objects they were never intended to be. Another significant distinction between the reproduction of, say, a work of Egyptian sculpture (which, admittedly, the Metropolitan dabbles in) and the reproduction of a nineteenth-century drinking glass is that whereas the former is invariably made of some material different from the original, and by production methods necessarily inimical to the spirit of the unique original, the latter (as manufactured by the Met) is made of the same material and according to the same technology (and even, in one case, with the original manufacturing equipment). The most successful of the museum’s revivals have been in the field of three-mold glass, an early-nineteenth-century process involving a combination of handwork and mass-production techniques; of the various items in this genre introduced over the years, the best, in our opinion, remains one of the earliest: the baroque palmette tumbler, which yokes a vigorously ornate pattern to a glass of a lovely lightness and delicacy. Although this item is considered too old-hat to list in the museum catalogue, it is still available at the shop, for \$16.50 for a set of four tumblers; there is a matching decanter for \$25. The newest mold-press-glass introduction—made of the heavier crystal that the museum has been favoring lately—is a tumbler with wide, sharp fluting and with a pattern of grape clusters depending from a leafy tendril that wavily encircles the glass. (This is the case where original manufacturing equipment is used.) Price: \$35 for a set of four. Goblets and wine-glasses in the magnet-and-grape pattern have a stolid ceremoniousness evocative of polished mahogany tables and children in velvet clothes. These are priced at \$25 a pair for the six-and-a-half-inch-high goblet, and \$20 a pair for the three-and-a-half-inch-high wine-glass.

Having (we trust) disposed of Mr. Kramer’s objections to the Metropolitan’s gift shop, we must now enter a cavil of our own. This is about the disappointing porcelain that the shop began to offer a few years ago, largely in the

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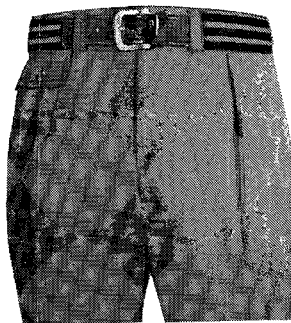
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form of adaptations of old Meissen patterns in its collections. An eighteenth-century Meissen pattern of polychrome flowers and insects, for example, that is currently being offered as a dinnerware set, for \$56.75 a five-piece place setting, isn't bad, but it isn't wonderful enough to be sold in a museum. It has a slickness and lifelessness like that of the clever, but not clever enough, Japanese imitations of Western china patterns, which can always be identified as such because they are done by rote rather than out of an understanding of and feeling for the style being revived, like a poem recited in a language the reciter doesn't know.

As it happens, a fine porcelain is being made today with all the attributes we missed in the museum pieces but without the prohibitive price tag one would expect to find attached to such a prodigy. This is the porcelain made by the Royal Copenhagen company, of Denmark, which started its operations in the eighteenth century and simply never left off producing the various classics it kept adding to its line over the years—including the incredible Flora Danica service, created for Catherine the Great—so that people who buy Royal Copenhagen today are buying pretty much what people in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries bought. The Blue Flower pattern is the best known and, to our mind, the most beautiful of all, with its free-drawn blurred-indigo flower sprays, which appear once or twice on each authoritatively shaped cup, plate, pitcher, and bowl. This is porcelain design at its most assured and elegantly strong, and although the decorations are nothing like Morris's own, they would surely have pleased him, for they have the connectedness to nature that he was so bent on establishing, evoking real flowers while other china flowers merely evoke other china patterns. Three variants of Blue Flower are offered, involving differences in shape and in the molded-relief pattern that underlies the blue hand painting, creating a quandary for the prospective buyer, because each variant is superb. The porcelain is available at the Royal Copenhagen shop at 573 Madison Avenue (56th), and prices (in all three categories of Blue Flower) average around \$50 for a five-piece place setting, \$40 for a compote, \$10 for a cream pitcher, and \$20 each for a three-quarters-quart pitcher, an oval serving dish, a low, footed bowl, and a butterbox.

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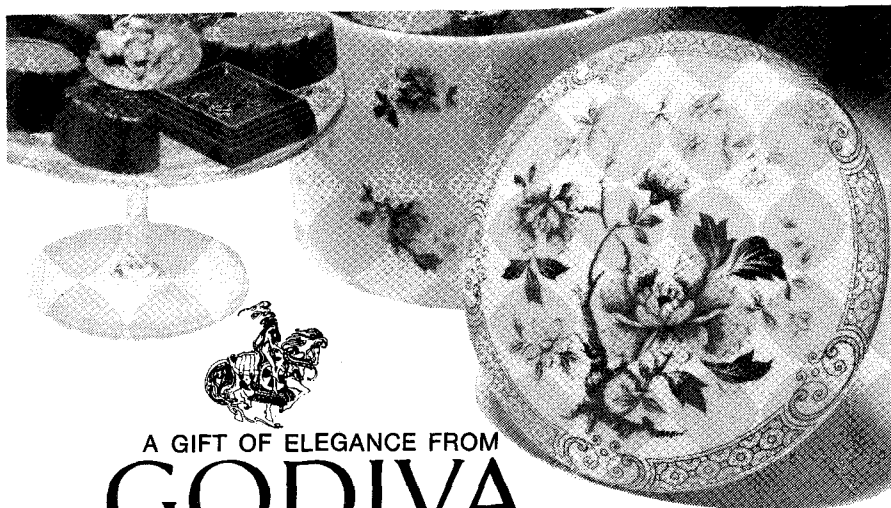
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viewed a three-tiered (let-them-eat) cake stand made in 1820 by the French porcelain-maker Angoulême—a confection itself, of gilding, scalloping, delicate green striping, and tiny pink rosettes—and could almost breathe the perfumed air of the daintily ornate drawing room it once sat in, together with a companion piece of six little cups sitting in indentations on a scalloped tray and a seventh cup raised on a central platform. Robinson asks \$400 and \$375, respectively, for these princely relics, which seems trifling when you consider the amount of futile work that went into their creation. Another social document at Robinson is a table-size spinning wheel of brass, ivory, and wood, which was made as an apurtenance for the hobby of silkworm raising and silk spinning with which bored rich women diverted themselves during the early part of the nineteenth century; a bored rich collector can acquire the thing today for \$1,850.

We continue our brief detour into the realm of the uncompromisingly expensive at Tiffany, and there inspect a china pattern called Black Shoulders, which is so rarefied that the price is given "by estimate only." (Delivery takes three to six months to negotiate from the secret place in France where the china is hand-painted and labelled "Tiffany Private Stock.") The black shoulders are the black borders on the plates, which form a background for hand-painted polychrome representations of animals, birds, fruits, and vegetables, executed in a style of finical realism reminiscent of Flemish miniatures—a bird pecking at fruits and a rabbit sniffing at grass are among the meticulous vignettes that appear on this china like no other, whose delicacy and concision is touched with strangeness and mystery. Returning to the world of cash-and-carry, and ending our report on a sound republican note, we hold up Tiffany's Drabware earthenware as one of the most remarkable expressions to be found anywhere of the Bauhaus aesthetic of form-following functionalism. The dun-colored cups and plates and bowls and pitchers of the service (priced \$40 for a five-piece place setting) have the shining plainness of the best modern architecture, the lucid cleanliness of tools. The fact that Drabware is actually a revival of an eighteenth-century Wedgwood pattern is just one of the many anomalies of design that keep one's interest piqued and any conclusions one is tempted to draw provisional.



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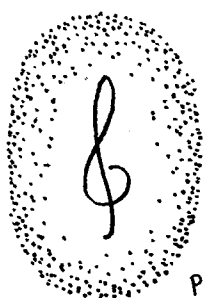
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## Piling It On

THE new Avery Fisher Hall has passed every test so far put it.

The second of the Philharmonic's subscription programs pushed its sonic capacity to the utmost with the shattering sonorities of Olivier Messiaen's "Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum," a memorial to the fallen of two world wars commissioned by André Malraux when he was French Minister of Culture. "Et Exspecto," its composer says, was "destined for large spaces: churches, cathedrals, even the open air and mountain heights." The first performance was given in 1965 in the Sainte-Chapelle, in Paris, "where light breaks into a radiance of blues, reds, golds, and extraordinary purples," and the second in Chartres Cathedral, where again the light from great windows fills resonant space with colors. Messiaen expressed the hope that one day the piece would also be done "opposite the glacier of Meije, amid those powerful, solemn landscapes that are my true homeland. There, through the play of the sun on the whiteness of the ice, I shall obtain visually the second symbol that is present in my music, the principal quality of the Glorious Host, the 'gift of brightness.'" Ambience spiritual as well as acoustical is important to the piece: Messiaen recalls, when speaking about it, that the Sainte-Chapelle was built by St. Louis to house the Crown of Thorns, and that Chartres is also one of the high places of Christianity. Avery Fisher Hall is richly decorated but not exactly numinous. It was intelligent to leave the lights full on during the performance. (It might have helped further to introduce a whiff of good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke into the ventilation system.) But the music had to stand on its own, to play upon the listeners' souls without assistance from architecture, sacred associations, or tremendous nature. Its timbres and rhythms, its massively formalized plainchants and heavily stylized birdsongs had to evoke Messiaen's apocalyptic visions. "Et Exspecto" is a "Resurrection symphony" in five movements, which begins with an "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee," reaches its climax in the fourth movement with "They shall be raised in glory, with a new name—when all the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy," and

closes with "As it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings." The texts are set as headings to the movements. The music is for an orchestra of eighteen woodwinds, sixteen brasses, and—originally—the magnificently tempered percussion instruments of the Strasbourg



Battery, that virtuoso ensemble which also provided inspiration for Messiaen's previous pieces "Seven Haiku" and "Colors of the Celestial City." To the fifth Haiku and through the score of the "Celestial City" Messiaen affixed color indications, to enable the conductor and players to realize his visions more completely. (Last

week, when writing about "Lohengrin" and color associations, I should have remembered the A-major song of Messiaen's "The Blue Thrush," carolling over the blue Mediterranean, "*un timbre lumineux, irisé, auréolé de bleu*," and the A-major blue dominating the "carillon of light" that seems to play upon his "Visions of the Amen," for two pianos.) In any discussion of Messiaen it is hard to stick to musical facts. The second movement of "Et Exspecto" is based on an Indian rhythm whose count of fifteen is divided into a 2.2.2.1.3.2.3 pattern. That is a musical fact. But Messiaen goes on to remind us that fifteen is the product of three (the Trinity) and five (the number of Shiva, who "represents the death of death" and is therefore a symbol of Christ), and to tell us that the Indian name for this rhythm, *simhavikrama*, means "the power of the lion" and that it comprehends another rhythm, called *vijaya*, or "victory." Thus the rhythmic basis of his movement symbolizes the victory of the Lion of Judah. As if that were not enough, he likens a trumpet melody bursting through some complex woodwind colors to "the resurrected Christ of Matthias Grünewald, who appears to take flight in a rainbow generated by his own light."

How much do all these associations matter to the listener? (One cannot call them extramusical; they are composed into the score.) Messiaen sets store by them. He thought it would be helpful to the players of his "Exotic Birds" to know the appearance and action of the birds they mimic—without, of course, actually expecting the per-

cussionist to flick his tail and cock his head to one side before pattering out a call on the xylophone. Messiaen's music poses in extreme form the old, often debated questions about "program music." The second item in his "Bird Catalogue," "The Oriole," is a rapturous piece of piano writing by any standard. Yet a listener may well respond to it with added emotion when he bears in mind its written preface:

Gardépée toward 5:30 A.M. Orgeval toward 6. Les Maremberts in the full midday sun. The oriole, a beautiful golden bird with black wings, whistles in the oaks. Its song, fluent, golden, like the smile of a foreign prince, evokes Africa and Asia, or some unknown planet filled with light and rainbows, filled with Leonardo da Vinci smiles. In the gardens, in the woods, other birds: the rapid, resolute strophe of the wren, the robin's confiding caress, the blackbird's brio, the amphimacer [long-short-long] of the redstart, with its white breast and black throat, the incantatory repetitions of the thrush. For a long while, the garden warblers tirelessly pour out their sweet virtuosity. The chiffchaff adds his jerky waterdrops. Untroubled, carefree memories of gold and of rainbow. The sun seems to be a golden emanation from the oriole's song.

Any answer to the question of associations can only be personal. To the Philharmonic performance of "Et Exspecto," under Pierre Boulez, I brought memories of colored light streaming through the windows of the Sainte-Chapelle and of Chartres, and of the way music sounds in those two places; of a morning spent among the mountains of the Dauphiné (the smell of the crisp air, the color of rocks and rushing water come back to me as I write); and of a performance of the piece at an Albert Hall prom (where the British percussion sounded dry, since the brave, bright blaze of the Strasbourg Battery, heard a week or two earlier, was still in my ears), of another, more impressive, in Westminster Abbey, given by a French orchestra, and of the best-played of all, on the Columbia recording conducted by Boulez. Of the Grünewald panel I retained a vague impression rather than any sharp visual image, but the texts from the Book of Job and from Revelations played their part in stimulating the imagination; one need not be a credent to respond to that prose, that imagery. And so, not in any purely musical way, I "surrendered" to the Philharmonic performance, and found it a tremendous experience, even while my critical ear remained detached enough to note, first, that the hall accepts "mighty thunderings" without causing pain, and, second, that the Philharmonic's three giant gongs did



not provide the well-matched sequence of sounds—medium, low, and extremely low—that the Strasbourg instruments do.

THE third Philharmonic program began with the New York premiere of John Cage's "Renga with Apartment House 1776," one of six works jointly commissioned, from six different composers, by the main orchestras of Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Los Angeles, New York, and Philadelphia, each to be played by all of them. Cage's piece is in fact two works that are played at the same time. A renga, I learn from the composer's note, is a sequence of at least thirty-six wakas, and a waka is a haiku (a poem of five-seven-five syllables) that has grown two more seven-syllable limbs. The score of Cage's "Renga" is made from three hundred and sixty-one Thoreau drawings "literally taken apart" and reassembled to form seventy-eight instrumental parts. Not choice but casts of the I Ching determined which drawings were taken, how they were redisposed, and by how many instruments and how loudly each drawing is to be played. No part is allotted to any particular instrument, and no instruments are named; "this absence of specification permits the use of instruments from other cultures and times, from eighteenth-century America, for instance." So choice presumably enters there. Tempo and duration are decided by the conductor, who "may introduce silences at the ends of most of the lines." Meanwhile, "Apartment House 1776" consists of "sixty-four pieces, any number of which may be performed in any sequence and any superimpositions," distributed between four small ensembles. Four vocalists, individual representatives of eighteenth-century Protestants, Sephardim, American Indians, and Negro slaves, sing their own songs, not composed by Cage. The instrumental pieces are derived from eighteenth-century American music, some of it directly transcribed, most of it modified as the I Ching dictated. The conductor, having decided how long his account of "Renga" will be, and whether or not he wants "Apartment House" to overlap it at either end, tells the "Apartment House" performers how long their individual programs should last, and then everything gets going.

Mahler once remarked that a Sunday walk was enough to produce all the materials for a symphony: songs, dances, bands, barrel organs, puppet shows, each with its distinct rhythm and melody. It was the composer's task to



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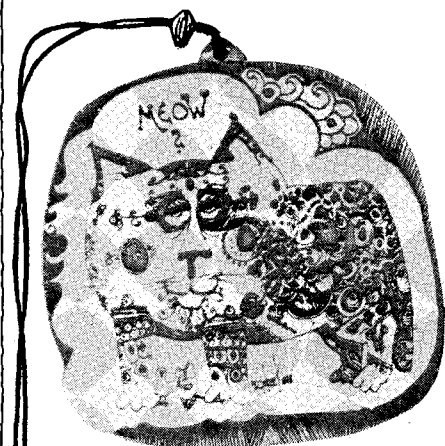
"adapt, order, and unite them into a harmonious whole." Cage, like Ives, doesn't bother about precise musical fit but heaps everything together in a splendid old jumble, letting the listener pick out what he can and will. For perhaps fifteen minutes, "Renga with Apartment House 1776" could be enjoyed as a colorful pageant of bits and pieces from the past heard against a background of bright, fragmentary noises from the main, "Renga" orchestra. But it lasted twice as long as that, and became tedious. The texture was unvaried. All the points had long since been made. Although each component moved at a different pace, the superimposition of all those paces made the general progress seem a trudge—a slow-moving parade, despite the individual capering and animation of those taking part. The ear seized for relief on incidents: Chief Swift Eagle, one of the vocalists, started smacking his stomach, broke into peals of hearty laughter, began to play a wooden flute, was quickly drowned by fife-and-drum signals from the other side of the platform. Boulez presided over it all with imperturbable aplomb.

AT the first of these concerts, the Messiaen was preceded by Handel's Double Concerto in F, given a clean-cut performance, and by Berg's Violin Concerto, given an awkward performance, in which Leonid Kogan, the soloist, and Boulez seemed to have different ideas about the piece: Boulez was supple and sensitive; Kogan just played the notes. At the next, the Cage was followed by Martinů's First Cello Concerto and a Ravel group—the "Shéhérazade" Overture, the delicate little fanfare for "L'Éventail de Jeanne," and the "Rapsodie Espagnole." The Martinů, in which Pierre Fournier was soloist, is an empty piece, an odd work for Boulez to choose to promote. (A long program note told us that it exists in three versions but failed to say that it was the second of these, the 1939 revision, which was played.) The next Philharmonic concert, conducted by Rafael Kubelik, began with Hindemith's "Der Schwanendreher" (Sol Greitzer an undistinguished soloist), that estimable if rather dour fantasy on old German folk tunes, and then, with Bruckner's Fourth Symphony, brought the first return to the Romantic nineteenth century since Mahler's Third was done at the opening concert of the series.

Kubelik chose the 1886 version of the score, which Anton Seidl brought to New York and played here in 1888; it differs little, and in ways scarcely



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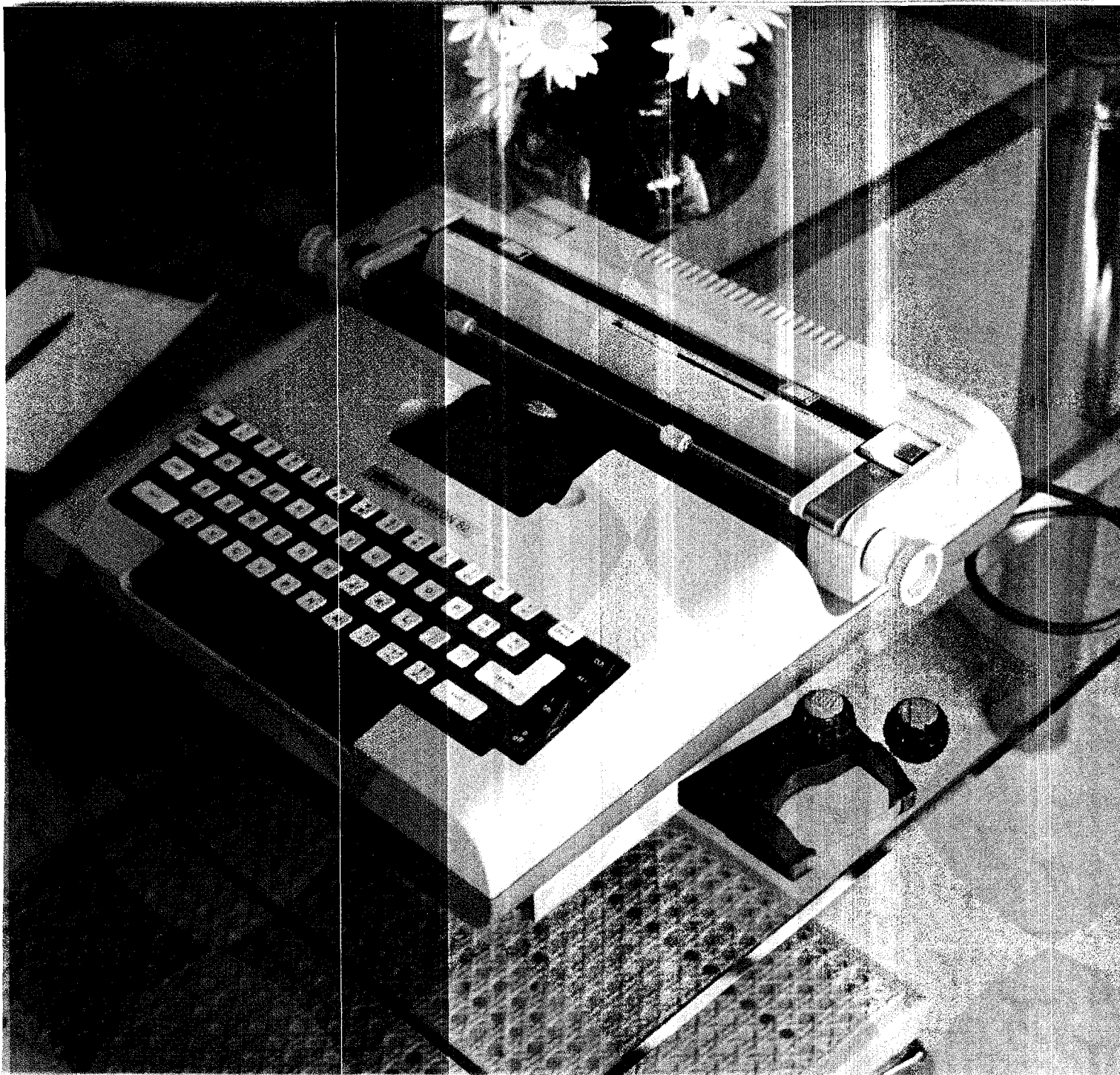
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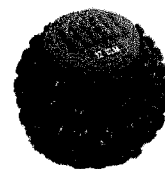
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audible during performance, from the 1880 version, which most Brucknerians prefer. Listening to familiar music in the fine new acoustics, one heard the Philharmonic's playing with sharpened ears; the same week, at Carnegie Hall, the Chicago Symphony and the Berlin Philharmonic provided two models of what orchestral playing at its highest can be. The Philharmonic's woodwind chorus seems weak at the moment: oboes and clarinets have firmness and character, but the top and bottom lines, from flutes and bassoons, are not strongly drawn. (Odd that Julius Baker, who can be so decisive a soloist, allows so much flute detail in orchestral textures to recede.) There has been criticism of the brasses' forcefulness. ("Never look at the brasses" was Strauss's advice to a young conductor. "It only encourages them.") But in this symphony I found them bright and bold in exactly the way that Bruckner's score seems to require, well balanced, and not violent. The upper strings are athletic. The violin tone is keen and focussed. In Bruckner one would like more charm both of timbre and of manner: the "zizibee" (titmouse) melodies of the second subject were unsmilingly and strictly uttered; they sounded more like military signals than like birdsong. Violists seem to be born with poetic souls; and the Philharmonic cellos are the orchestra's special glory: the long theme of the Andante was most movingly sung.

When it comes to assessing the full ensemble sound, I mount my old hobbyhorse for a brief trot round the subject of platform placing. Seidl's 1897 seating plan for the Philharmonic survives. Clockwise from the left, he stationed the first violins, the violas, the cellos, and then, balancing the firsts opposite, the second violins. Woodwinds were centrally grouped, behind them the brasses, behind them the drums and percussion. The double-basses provided a solid foundation extending all the way round the back. This arrangement was normal in the nineteenth century, and, for the performance of nineteenth-century music, experience tells me that it provides the finest sound. Klemperer used it; Boult still does. But Kubelik, like most conductors now, adopted the modern lop-sided arrangement, with *all* the violins on his left, the cellos right, and the double-basses far right. On one level, this plan destroys antiphonies between the first violins and the seconds which figure largely in so much nineteenth-century music (the "zizibee" calls are an example); on another, it seems

to unbalance the full broad sound of climaxes. Has anyone written well about the subject? A conductor who has tried both seating methods? The usual defense of the modern arrangement is that since all the violinists play with their instruments facing "forward," a more brilliant sound results. In practice, I find that second-violin parts lose prominence by the arrangement, and that throwing the double-basses way off center leads to unsupported tuttis.

THE finale of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, the "Pathétique," opens with an *adagio lamentoso* melody whose notes are played alternately by second and first violins. Each group has its own continuous line, but the ear connects the top notes into a single theme drawn from crossing parts. This is a complicated and interesting device, but for its full effect to be heard the first violins and the seconds must be separated. Sir Georg Solti conducted the work as the second half of a Russian concert with the Chicago Symphony in Carnegie Hall. (The first half was a dapper account of Shostakovich's Ninth.) He used the modern seating plan, violins all left, and if the passage had been rewritten with the melody given entirely to the firsts and the lower notes to the seconds I don't believe a listener would have detected the difference. It was an impassioned and emotional performance of the symphony—superlatively well played and powerfully affecting. Nevertheless, it was Tchaikovsky in the modern manner, and therefore to my ears less satisfying, and less stylistically true to the piece, than the kind of performance my old teacher Albert Coates used to give. Coates was not a master of all styles. When I played organ continuo for him in massively romantic performances of the B-Minor Mass, he encouraged me to draw a thirty-two-foot reed to underline the striding bass line of the Sanctus. (How severely I would review such a performance today!) He was further from Bach than we are now—but closer to Tchaikovsky. In his "Pathétique" there was more rubato, a sharper sense of vivid, personal utterance, and encouragement for each player to be an individual character, contributing to the progress of the piece with the utmost possible romanticism and eloquence. This is not imagination or mere nostalgia for the past at work. The Rodgers and Hammerstein collection of the New York Public Li-



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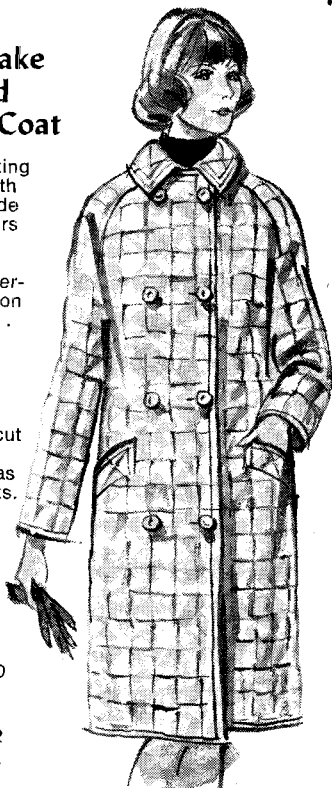
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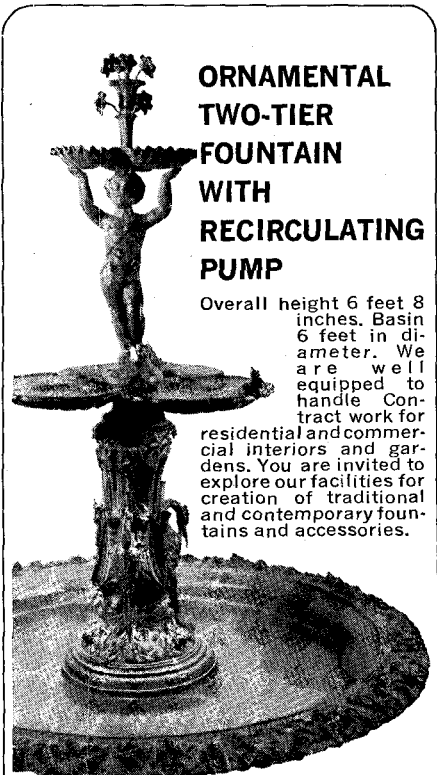
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brary provides the chance of once again hearing Coates conduct the "Pathétique"—a recording made before I was born but very like the performances I remember—and the style and manner are different. The Chicago violas did not break in in the fourth and tenth bars, or the horn enter in the twelfth, with anything like the passionate concern for expression that Coates's players do. Nor did Solti's violas begin the Allegro non troppo with the same quick, nervous intensity.

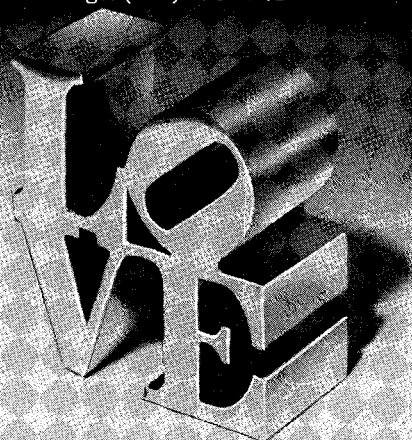
HERBERT VON KARAJAN seats the Berlin Philharmonic slightly differently. He has the violas at the front, on his right, and the cellos more or less central. The row of double-basses begins far right, beyond the violas, but then curves inward toward the cellos, providing a foundation more central than usual, if not quite central. As a result, at last week's Carnegie Hall concert the antiphonies in the slow movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, where second violins and violas in unison provide one line and first violins provide the other, could be heard as such, although it was the violas that dominated one voice of the dialogue. (The second violins were tucked behind the firsts in the usual modern way.) Karajan had brought both the Berlin Philharmonic and the Vienna Singverein, a choir a hundred and fifty strong, to New York to give four concerts on four consecutive nights; besides Beethoven's Ninth, there were the Requiems of Brahms, of Mozart (in a program together with Bruckner's "Te Deum"), and of Verdi. Is there anything new to be said about Karajan? These were all superbly efficient performances, smoothly and just about flawlessly executed. If you've heard the records, you'll know what they were like. The Berlin Philharmonic is a precision instrument, tuned and tempered in every department. The choir, which sang without scores, proved a shade less impressive; soprano tone grew thinner as it rose. (Can the curtain that fills half the proscenium opening and the low-slung panels overhead—reminiscent of pre-Harris acoustical devices—really be helpful to voices placed at the back of the Carnegie platform? They don't appear in old photographs of the hall.) One instrument in these performances made a horrid noise; it did not come from Berlin but was the hall's own electronic organ, disagreeable to hear in the Brahms and the Mozart and disastrous to the timbre of the climax of the "Te Deum."

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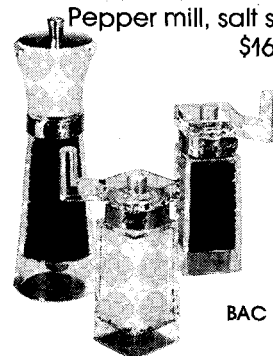
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Distinguished vocalists had been engaged, and something can be said about them. They at least showed human strengths and weaknesses. At each of the four concerts, the bass-baritone José van Dam was a noble soloist whose precisely focussed, cleanly projected voice was a joy to hear. Leontyne Price sang her first Brahms Requiem in a direct, pleasingly unaffected way. The Elsa and Lohengrin of Karajan's "Lohengrin" at Salzburg last Easter, Anna Tomowa-Sintow and Karl-Walter Boehm, made their New York débuts in the Ninth Symphony. Mr. Boehm was rough. Miss Tomowa-Sintow, later heard more extensively in the Mozart, is an interesting soprano with a complicated timbre not quite schooled to smoothness. Werner Krenn was an elegant tenor in the Mozart and the Bruckner. Ever since Agnes Baltsa sang Carmen in Houston five years ago, the international reputation of this young Greek mezzo has been growing, and her first New York appearances (in the Beethoven, the Mozart, and the Bruckner) showed that it is well deserved. None of the alto parts concerned are large, but everything that she did gave evidence of a very beautiful, firm, even voice of distinctive character. We must hear more of her. Although Verdi wrote the soprano solos in his Requiem for an Aida, pure lyric sopranos have succeeded in the work, and I believe that Mirella Freni would succeed if she approached it as a pure lyric soprano. But at the Carnegie performance she essayed a dramatic "Aida" way and was not altogether happy—despite some exquisite phrases, particularly in melting downward curves. Fiorenza Cossotto, the mezzo, almost resisted her usual temptation to boom. Luciano Pavarotti, the tenor, sounded cautious in his soft singing but free and splendid when loud. Mr. van Dam was magnificent; what a fine Philip II in "Don Carlos" he should be.

The choir and soloists sang all the Latin as if it were Italian. This is right for Verdi. Is it right for Mozart? Is that how Latin was pronounced in eighteenth-century Vienna? And what of late-nineteenth-century Vienna? Was Bruckner brought up on Italianized pronunciation of Latin? If so, when did "German Latin"—"rek-viem," "kvi," "kvis," etc.—become standard in Germany and Austria? What sounds did Bruckner have in mind when he composed? Or Mahler, in the Eighth Symphony? One might as well use historically authentic pronunciation when performing these works.

Discussion of the soloists and questions about the Latin pronunciation adopted are peripheral, I know, to any serious discussion of the Karajan performances. I skirt the main issues because I still cannot find words to explain why in concerts—less regularly in the opera house, where many personalities come into play—Karajan's interpretations leave me admiring but unstirred. How can I be so grudging? Why do I not simply cheer executions more polished than any others I am likely to hear? Is it that I hear only Karajan's relaxed mastery of orchestral timbres, effortlessly powerful sonorities, suave, smooth phrasing, disciplined rhythmic flow—and not the voices of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner, and Verdi? (The Karajan performances I have admired without reservation were of "La Bohème" and "Lucia di Lammermoor.") The reason is not any perverse resistance to the "star" reputation. Toscanini had such a reputation—but at the thought of Toscanini and Beethoven's Ninth, or Toscanini and Verdi's Requiem, the Karajan readings dwindle to beautiful hollow shells, mere sounds. Toscanini took one to the heart of the work; Karajan presents an immaculate surface.

—ANDREW PORTER

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**C**HUNKY, muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone looks repulsive one moment, noble the next, and sometimes both at once. In "Rocky," which he wrote and stars in, he's a thirty-year-old club fighter who works as a strong-arm man, collecting money for a loan shark. Rocky never got anywhere, and he has nothing; he lives in a Philadelphia tenement, and even the name he fights under—the Italian Stallion—has become a joke. But the world heavyweight champion, Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), who's a smart black jester, like Muhammad Ali, announces that for his Bicentennial New Year's fight he'll give an unknown a shot at the title, and he picks the Italian Stallion for the racial-sexual overtones of the contest. This small romantic fable is about a palooka gaining his manhood; it's Terry Malloy finally getting his chance to be somebody. "Rocky" is a threadbare patchwork of old-movie bits ("On the Waterfront," "Marty," "Somebody Up There Likes Me," Capra's "Meet John Doe," and maybe even a little of Preston Sturges' "Hail the Conquering Hero"), yet it's engaging, and the naïve elements are emotionally effective. John G. Avildsen's directing is his usual strictly-from-

hunger approach; he slams through a picture like a poor man's Sidney Lumet. But a more painstaking director would have been too proud to shoot the milk-dewed ideas and would have tried to throw out as many as possible and to conceal the others—and would probably have wrecked the movie. "Rocky" is shameless, and that's why—on a certain level—it works. What holds it together is innocence.

In his offscreen bravado, Stallone (in Italian *stallone* means stallion) has claimed that he wrote the script in three and a half days, and some professional screenwriters, seeing what a ragtag of a script it is, may think that they could have done it in two and a half. But they wouldn't have been able to believe in what they did, and it wouldn't have got the audience cheering, the way "Rocky" does. The innocence that makes this picture so winning emanates from Sylvester Stallone. It's a street-wise, flowers-blooming-in-the-garbage innocence. Stallone plays a waif, a strong-arm man who doesn't want to hurt anybody, a loner with only his pet turtles to talk to. Yet the character doesn't come across as maudlin. Stallone looks like a big, battered Paul McCartney. There's bullnecked energy in him, smoldering; he has a

field of force, like Brando's. And he knows how to use his overripe, cartoon sensuality—the eyelids at half-mast, the sad brown eyes and twisted, hurt mouth. Victor Mature also had this thick sensuality, but the movies used him as if it were simple plushy handsomeness, and so he became ridiculous, until he learned—too late—to act. Stallone is aware that we see him as a hulk, and he plays against this comically and tenderly. In his deep, cave-man's voice, he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. He's at his funniest trying to explain to his boss why he didn't break somebody's thumbs, as he'd been told to; he's even funny talking to his turtles. He pulls the whiskers off the film's cliché situations, so that we're constantly charmed by him, waiting for what he'll say next. He's like a child who never ceases to amaze us.

Stallone has the gift of direct communication with the audience. Rocky's naïve observations come from so deep inside him that they have a Lewis Carroll enchantment. His unworldliness makes him seem dumb, but we know better; we understand what he feels at every moment. Rocky is the embodiment of the out-of-fashion pure-at-heart. His macho strut belongs with the ducktails of the fifties—he's a sagging peacock. I'm not sure how much of his archaism is thought out, how much is the accidental result of Stallone's overdeveloped, weight lifter's muscles combined with his simplistic beliefs, but Rocky represents the redemption of an earlier ideal—the man as rock for woman to cleave to. Talia Shire plays Adrian, a shy girl with glasses who works in a pet store; she's the Betsy Blair to Stallone's Marty. It's unspeakably musty, but they put it over; her delicacy (that of a button-faced Audrey Hepburn) is the right counterpoint to his primitivism. It's clear that he's drawn to her because she isn't fast or rough and doesn't make fun of him; she doesn't make hostile wisecracks, like the other woman in the pet store, or talk dirty, like the kids in the street. We don't groan at this, because he's such a *tortured* macho nice-guy—he has failed his own high ideals. And who doesn't have a soft spot for the teen-age aspirations congealed inside this thirty-year-old bum?

Stallone is the picture, but the performers who revolve around him are talented. Carl Weathers, a former Oakland Raiders linebacker, is a real find. His Apollo Creed has the flash and ebullience to put the fairy-tale plot in



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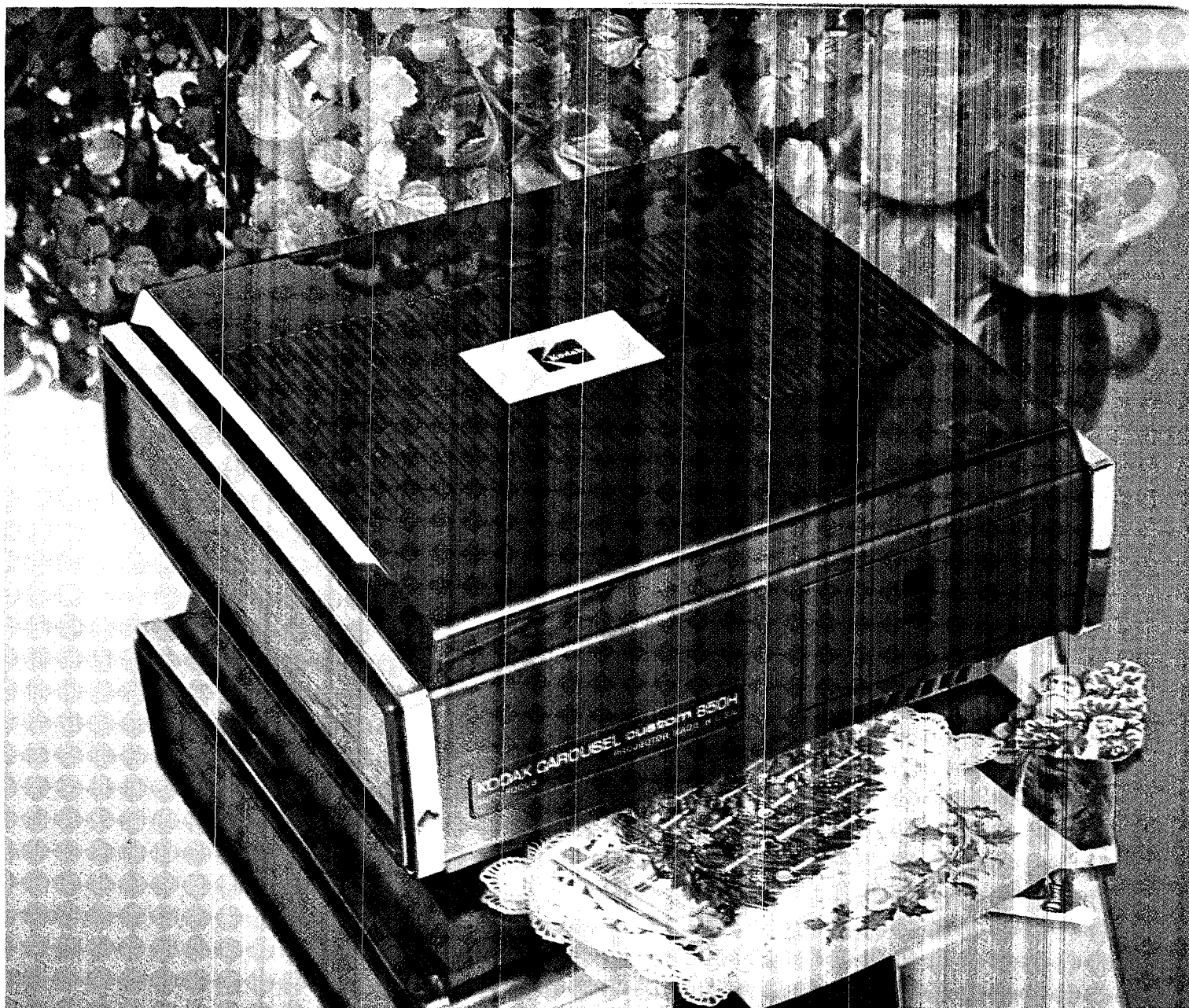
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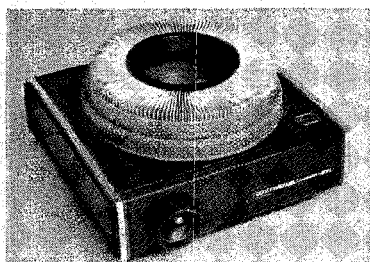
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motion; when the champ arrives at the ring dressed as Uncle Sam, no one could enjoy the racial joke as much as he does. Adrian's heavyset brother Paulie is played by Burt Young, who has been turning up in movies more and more frequently in the past three years and still gives the impression that his abilities haven't begun to be tapped. Young, who actually was a professional fighter, has the cracked, mottled voice of someone who's taken a lot of punishment in the sinuses; the resonance is gone. As Mickey, the ancient pug who runs a fighters' gym, Burgess Meredith uses the harsh, racking sound of a man who's been punched too often in the vocal cords. The director overemphasizes Meredith's performance (much as John Schlesinger did in "The Day of the Locust");

Meredith would look better if we were left to discover how good he is for ourselves. I found "Marty" dreary, because the people in it were sapped of energy. But Stallone and Talia Shire and the others here have a restrained force; you feel that they're being pressed down, that they're under a lid. The only one who gets a chance to explode is Paulie, when, in a rage, he wields a baseball bat, and it's a poor scene, out of tune. Yet the actors themselves have so much more to them than they're using that what comes across in their performances is what's under the lid. The actors—and this includes Joe Spinell as Gazzo, Rocky's gangster boss—enable us to feel their reserves of intelligence; they provide tact and taste, which aren't in long supply in an Avildsen film.

"Rocky" is the kind of movie in which the shots are underlighted, because the characters are poor and it's wintertime. I was almost never convinced that the camera was in the right place. The shots don't match well, and they're put together jerkily, with cheap romantic music thrown in like cement blocks of lyricism, and sheer noise used to build up excitement at the climactic prizefight, where the camera is so close to the fighters that you can't feel the rhythm of the encounter. And the film doesn't follow through on what it prepares. Early on, we see Rocky with the street-corner kids in his skid-row neighborhood, but we never get to see how these kids react to his training or to the fight itself. Even the bull mastiff who keeps Rocky company on his early-morning runs is lost track of. I get the feeling that Avildsen is so impatient to finish a film on schedule (or before, as

if it were a race) that he hardly bothers to think it out. I hate the way "Rocky" is made, yet better might be worse in this case. Unless a director could take this material and transform it into sentimental urban poetry—a modern equivalent of what Frank Borzage used to do in pictures such as "Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young—we're probably better off with Avildsen's sloppiness than with careful planning; a craftsmanlike "Rocky" would be obsolete, like a TV play of the fifties.

Stallone can certainly write; that is, he can write scenes and dialogue. But as a writer he stays inside the character; we never get a clear outside view of Rocky. For that, Stallone falls back on clichés, on an urban-primitive myth: at the end, Rocky has everything

a man needs—his manhood, his woman, maybe even his dog. (If it were rural-primitive, he'd have some land, too.) In a sense, "Rocky" is a piece of innocent art, but its innocence doesn't sit too well. The bad side of "Rocky" is its resemblance to "Marty"—its folklorish, grubby littleness. Unpretentiousness shouldn't be used as a virtue. This warmed-over bum-into-man myth is unworthy of the freak macho force of its star; talking to turtles is too endearing. What separates Stallone from a Brando is that everything Stallone does has one purpose: to make you like him. He may not know how good he could be if he'd stop snuggling into your heart. If not—well, he may be to acting what Mario Lanza was to singing, and that's a form of bumminess.

**M**ONROE STAHR, the young hero of Scott Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon," is meant to represent the last of a breed; he's an individualistic artist-businessman who runs his movie studio like a small grocery store. Polite and paternalistic, he's beloved by the studio technicians, but he's not necessarily a princely figure to the directors, writers, and actors. Stahr hires teams of writers to work—unbeknownst to each other—on the same project. He is the inventor of the factory system of movie production, and he treats the artists as irresponsible children. *He* provides the unity, he says: he is the moviemaker. And, as Fitzgerald sees him, Stahr has the heart and soul of an artist without the crazy weaknesses of artists.

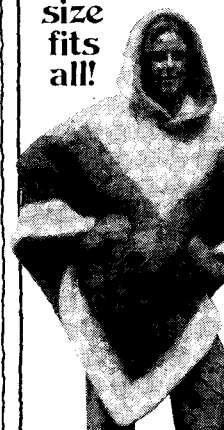
"The Last Tycoon" is possibly the only Hollywood novel that takes a producer for its hero. Fitzgerald's view of Stahr, who was based on the boy



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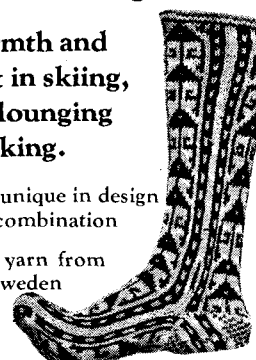
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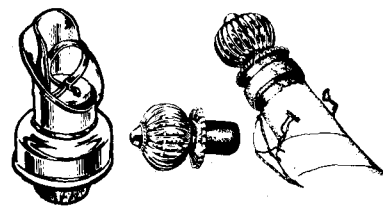
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wonder Irving Thalberg, the head of production at M-G-M in the twenties and early thirties, is one that few besides studio heads, and possibly Sam Spiegel, who produced the new film "The Last Tycoon," are likely to share. But Fitzgerald wasn't merely being sycophantic about power; the aloof Thalberg had represented "quality" films, and his battle with Louis B. Mayer for control of M-G-M was central to the Hollywood of the thirties. The novel, which was no more than a rough draft of the early sections, plus notes, when Fitzgerald died, in 1940, was envisioned as a large-scale portrait of an artist-businessman corrupted by corporate pressures. A number of movies could be made from the fragmentary material. One of them might be a story about Monroe Stahr as a fallen angel, but the most promising story would probably be that of a man whose whole conscious, creative life is the movie business. He has more class and more imagination than his business associates have, and more of an instinct for what audiences want from movies. But the barracudas who care only about profits hate him for his artist's sensibility and his rabbinical righteousness. And so when he falls in love and, temporarily distracted, fails to protect his flank, they take the business away from him. Or, to put it vulgarly, he blows it for a broad. Vulgar or not, that's essentially what Fitzgerald's rough draft is about, though it comes through only feebly in the Spiegel production, directed by Elia Kazan, from a Harold Pinter script.

While we're still in an anticipatory frame of mind, wondering why the inside views of big-studio moviemaking in the thirties and our first glimpses of Robert De Niro as Stahr are so dispirited, the story shifts to Stahr's affair with Kathleen (Ingrid Boulting), the Anglo-Irish girl he's attracted to because she resembles his dead movie-star wife. And every time Ingrid Boulting appears onscreen the picture comes to a full stop. There's lovely goo in most of Fitzgerald's fiction; it's the most fragrant essence of adolescent romanticism in American literature—he could turn snobbishness into a form of sensitivity. But though his doomed heroes' dreamy crushes are very appealing on the page, they don't come across on the screen. And, of all Fitzgerald's implausible heroines, Kathleen (presumably based on Sheila Graham) is the most vaporous. She wrecks the book: her conversation has no trace of life. I can't imagine how Fitzgerald's conception of her could be redeemed, and I don't understand why the movie didn't

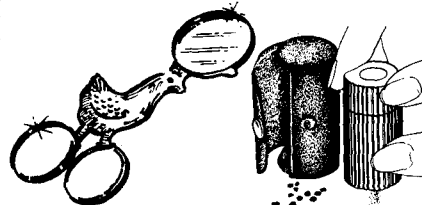
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just dump her and come up with a woman who could excite a man like Stahr yet leave him feeling so uncertain that he'd fail to grab her when he had the chance. The point is, Stahr loses the broad as well as the business; I put it in this offensively basic way because the movie has no sense of basics. It heads for fanciness every time, and its attempt at exact re-creation of the dim Kathleen—the runaway mistress of a European king—is fatal.

De Niro's Stahr may be the most authentic interpretation yet of a New York-Jewish Hollywood intellectual giant of the thirties. At first, De Niro's voice takes a little getting used to, it's so quiet, flat, uninflected. Then everything seems right: the formal manner, the double-breasted dark suits and thick, wavy, carefully brushed-back hair, the controlled exercise of power. De Niro's handsome profile belongs in the California-Spanish Art Deco settings; it was the era of profile-consciousness, and he has the sleek thirties look one sees in photographs of George Gershwin. De Niro catches the seriousness of a young genius who acts much older than he is; when Stahr grins, he looks furtively silly. When he explains to Boxley (Donald Pleasence), the illustrious British writer he has hired, how a movie should get an audience involved in a story, he enjoys acting out his demonstration; it's Stahr the pedant giving a lesson and having his little joke. De Niro's young-old man performance is finely modulated, yet there's no charge in it. He might be acting under a blanket, which he can never shake off. He stands there waiting while Ingrid Boulting—a pretty young girl with a big, round head, like those face lollipops we used to have as kids—loiters over inane remarks, breaking up her sentences with pauses and looking off to the side. Trying to be mysterious, she seems dazed, yet aware of her darlingness. This performance has to be at least partly the director's fault; she's so shallow that De Niro obviously can't get anything from her to react to. Besides, he doesn't have the lines.

Harold Pinter is said to have spent a year and a half working on the script—presumably in reverent noodling, since he has rearranged the book's dialogue and hasn't added much. Kazan has been quoted as saying, "I didn't change any of Pinter's words." This is reverence piled upon reverence. If the movie is, as I think, a tragedy—a series of disastrous mistakes by intelligent, gifted, well-meaning people—probably the first mistake was to approach the book cap



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in hand, and the next was to hire Pinter. The film needed a writer who would fill in the characters and clarify the conflict between the creative Stahr and the crass Louis B. Mayer figure—Brady (Robert Mitchum), who's out to shaft him. Stahr can't just be reticent; we have to see the fighter in him. But Pinter doesn't supply what's missing; Pinter's art is the art of taking away. And less can be less. Though Pinter's specialty is threat and tension, the movie doesn't make us aware of the danger that Stahr is in. Inexplicably, Pinter has left in practically every damned letter and telegram that the characters in the book sent each other, and there are pointless, dangling scenes, such as Brady's daughter Cecilia (Theresa Russell) discovering a naked woman in her father's office. But there's so little time given to the fight for control within the studio that those who haven't read the book will think that Stahr is dumped from power just because he got drunk and took a swing at a union organizer (Jack Nicholson).

The film is bewilderingly mute and inexpressive. Kazan's work seems to be a reaction against the shrill energy he has sometimes used to keep a picture going. He's trying for something quiet and revelatory, but he seems to have disowned too much of his temperament. Though the picture certainly has promising characters, they remain potential, tentative. There's no impetus, so you question everything you see; you're aware of the lame discomfort of the performers—the closeups of Theresa Russell's traumatic, overcosmetized face, the absence of dialogue which strands Ray Milland (as the studio lawyer), Dana Andrews (as a director whom Stahr fires), and many others. The scenes remain scenes; they don't flow together. When Stahr orders a sequence in a glamorous melodrama to be reshot because of the high-toned falseness of the dialogue that the British Boxley wrote, we don't know how to react, because the dialogue isn't the only thing wrong with the footage. The faces don't have the thirties sheen, the lights and shadows don't jump out at you the way they should, there's no buoyancy in the action, and even the rejuvenating makeup job on the aging woman star (Jeanne Moreau), for which Stahr congratulates the makeup woman, is singularly ineffective. Early in the film, most of the characters are gathered at a writers' ball, which probably has more of the old Hollywood aura than anything else we see; when Stahr, pursuing Kathleen, leaves, we

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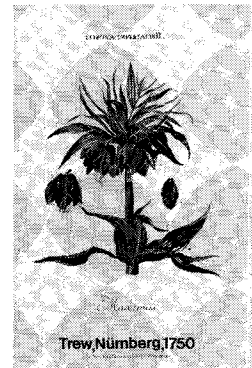
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resent her for taking him—and us—away from the party. We want to be back inside, where there might be some action.

You can't really believe that Stahr is running a factory that's churning out pictures. The movie world that Kazan shows us has no hustle. The characters are so enervated that "The Last Tycoon" is a vampire movie after the vampires have left. There's only one performance with true vitality: Tony Curtis as Rodriguez, the boudoir-swordsman star who has become impotent and, ashamed to face his public, rushes to Stahr, the father figure, for help. Rodriguez's eyes are so busily alive as he describes his plight that you can see the eager young actor he once was inside the tanned, upholstered-in-muscles star. (Rodriguez is avid, like Curtis's Sidney Falco in "The Sweet Smell of Success.") However, the moviemakers don't seem to have paid any more attention to the lesson in moviemaking which Monroe Stahr gave Boxley than Boxley did; they feel so little respect for the plain fun of storytelling that they have Stahr cure Rodriguez's impotence without our ever finding out how he did it. Worse, Spiegel and Kazan let Pinter get away with a Pinteresque dribbling-away finish: we don't learn what happens to Monroe Stahr—instead, we see him demonstrating once *again* how to tell a story in the movies. They must not have respected Stahr's crude, honest point: he was explaining how you hook an audience, not what you send it home with. The film's ending is the real confession of impotence.—PAULINE KAEI

James H. Rademacher, president of the letter carriers, says he's as concerned about another facet of the plunge toward electronic mail. He believes advocates of that system are "unwittingly falling into the hands of a subversive movement in this country which seeks to destroy the most important facts about mail: its security, sanctity and personal mess."

—Chicago Daily News.

Without which it just wouldn't be the U.S. Postal Service.

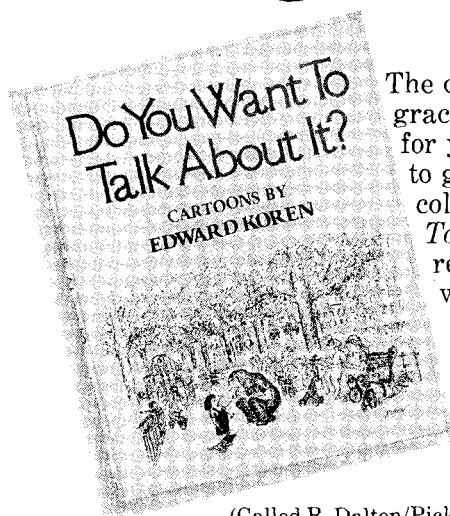
#### FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[From the San Francisco Examiner]

Once a pacifist, Harris now believes there may be justification for fighting some wars. "I think killing a person is the most serious thing you can do," he adds. "You have to have a damn good reason."

Campaign manager Dennis Church ascribes the change to maturation. "David's more mellow, more practical, more down-to-earth now," he says.

## The laughing stock of the New Yorker is now in stock for Christmas gift giving.



The cartoons of Edward Koren have graced the pages of the New Yorker for years. They are now available to grace your gift list in a collection titled *Do You Want To Talk About It*. These cartoons represent the best of Koren's work and have all appeared in the New Yorker. Random House \$7.95.

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## BOOKS

Seeresses

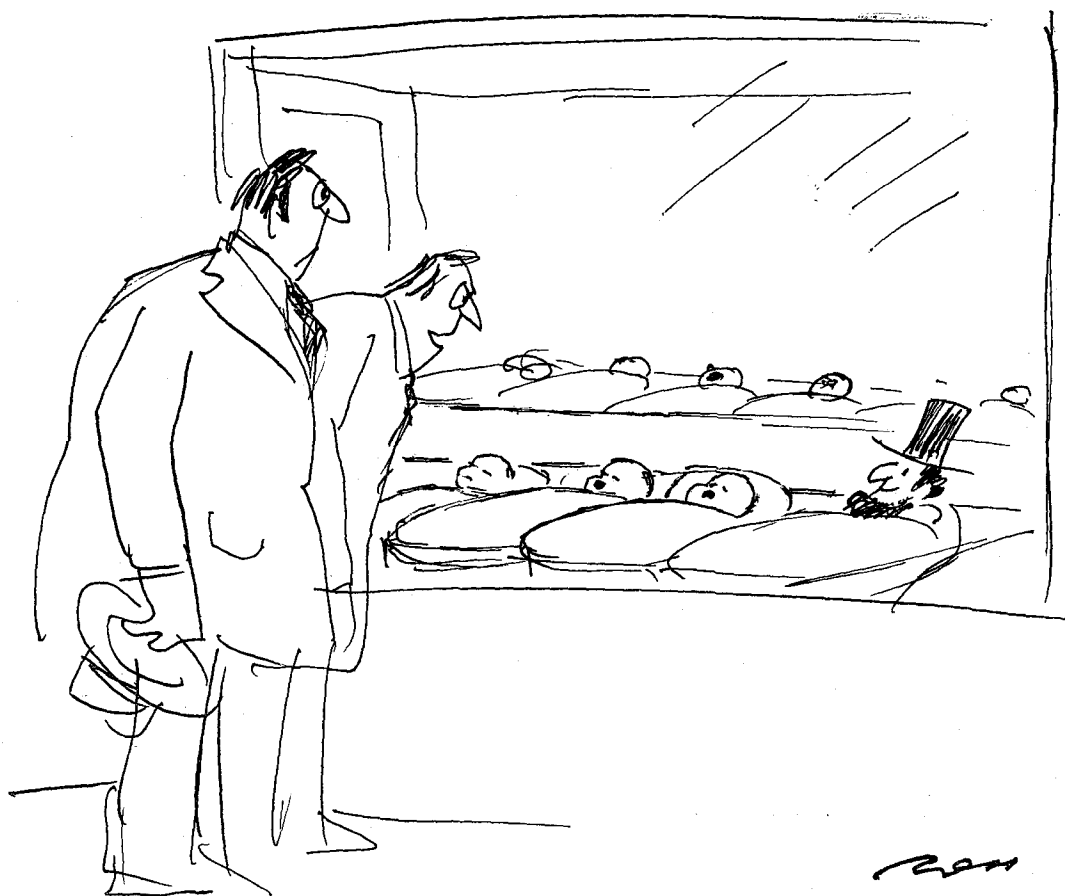
ANN BEATTIE's first novel, "Chilly Scenes of Winter" (Doubleday), thaws quite beautifully; our first impression, of a pale blank prose wherein events ramify with the random precision of snow-ferns on a winter window, yields, in the second half, to a keen warmth of identification with the hero, Charles, and an ardent admiration of the author's cool powers. Miss Beattie, as readers of her short stories know, works at an unforced pace. Her details—which include the lyrics of the songs her characters overhear on the radio and the recipes of the rather junky food they eat—calmly accrue; her dialogue trails down the pages with an uncanny fidelity to the low-level heartbreaks behind the banal; her resolutely unmetaphorical style builds around us a maze of familiar truths that nevertheless has something airy, eerie, and in the end lovely about it. Her America is like the America one pieces together from the *National Enquirer*s that her characters read—a land of pathetic monstrosities, of pain clothed in clichés, of extraterrestrial trivia. Things happen "out there," and their vibes haunt the dreary "here" we all inhabit.

"Chilly Scenes of Winter" takes place in an unnamed city that must be Washington, D.C.; the slush and snuffles and stalled starters of hibernal megalopolis dampen and chill the book clear through. Charles, who is twenty-seven, works for the government, but for which department or in what function is never explained. He is in love with a woman, Laura, whom he met while she was estranged from her husband, and who has gone back to her husband. He makes contact with her once near the beginning of the book and again near the end. In between, his life is filled with mooning remembrances of her, and with a number of friends and relations who, though real, are ghostly and intermittent in their manifestations to him. His mother, Clara, is mentally unbalanced, given to baths and nudity and psychosomatic pain. His stepfather, Pete, is lonely, awkward, sometimes tipsy, pathetic in his clumsy efforts to win some affection from his stepson, tedious in his addiction to brand-name consumerism and ritual optimism, but withal game, loyal to his mad spouse, and rather winning: a remarkably affectionate and intricate portrait of a very ordinary man. Charles' sister Su-

san is nineteen, stolid, and involved with a pompous medical student, Mark, whose obnoxiousness, we are delicately led to understand, may be largely in Charles' beholding. Also, there is Charles' old girlfriend, Pamela, who has become an unsteady sort of lesbian, given to sudden reversions to heterosexuality and abrupt flights to California and back. And Charles' potential new girlfriend, Betty, a typist with heavy legs and clothes that try too hard; our hero's unsuccessful attempt to launch his heart into an affair with this doughy apparition is one of the saddest repeating jokes in the rueful comedy of his aimless days. And there is his best friend, Sam, who could do cartwheels in grade school and is still good with girls, but who has lost his dog and then his job. And there is Sam's new dog, who is nameless, and has insomnia, and jingles his collar as he paces the floor at night. All these characters, not excluding the dog, are exquisitely modulated studies in vacancy, and grow on the reader like moss. At first, Miss Beattie's unblinking sentences, simple declarative in form and present in tense, remind one of Richard Estes' neo-realist street scenes,

which render with a Flemish fineness the crassest dreck of our commercial avenues, omitting no detail save pedestrians. After some pages, her tableaux seem more like Segal's plasterbandage sculptures, their literal lifelikeness magically muffled in utter whiteness. But then color steals into the cheeks of her personae, a timid Wyeth sort of color at first, the first flush of our caring, and this color deepens, so that her portraits at last appear as alive, as likely to make us laugh and cry, as any being composed in these thin-blooded times.

Charles and Sam and Pamela mourn for the sixties. "Everybody's so pathetic," Sam says. "What is it? Is it just the end of the sixties?" Susan, who wasn't there, thinks Woodstock was "a drag. It was nothing but mud." When asked if college kids dance nowadays, she says, "Nobody does much of anything anymore. I don't even think there are many drugs on campus." When Bill, Charles' boss, asks him what he should do to



"Now do you believe in reincarnation?"



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"limber up" his Harvard-obsessed son, Charles recommends, with uncharacteristic firmness, a Janis Joplin record. If the moral limbo of this book has an angel in it, it is Joplin; the characters' tenebrous values point backward to her, to the time of violent feeling and communal ecstasy. The novel's literary patron saint, though, is all fifties: J. D. Salinger. Not only does Miss Beattie in a kitchen-cabinet inventory echo the epic bathroom-cabinet inventory in "Zooey," she invokes the master's works specifically:

"Remember taking me to the zoo [Laura asks Charles], and how upset I got when I asked what giraffes did for fun and you said, 'How could they do anything?'"

"I should have thought of a nicer answer," he says. "Like the cab driver Holden Caulfield asks about the ducks in winter."

If Laura and Charles have a cloying trait, it is their shared "way of feeling sorry for things." She feels sorry not only for giraffes but for plants: "Laura buys plants that are dying in supermarkets—ones that have four or five leaves, marked down to nineteen cents, because she feels sorry for them." Charles, as a child, even felt sorry for bobbing-bird toys: "The birds would dip interminably over a glass of water. One night he felt sorry for them because they weren't getting any rest and poured the glass of water on the floor and attached the birds to the empty glass."

Miss Beattie seems to feel sorry for this whole decade. Her range of empathy is broad and even lusty. Her long ninth chapter, taking Charles and Sam out for an evening at a restaurant, where they are joined by a third at-loose-ends young man, called (another *hommage*?) J. D., displays a fearless length of purely male palaver as it goes from lonely and strained to drunken and uproarious. Her depiction of Charles' mother's craziness is chillingly, touchingly, clairvoyantly right; madness and dreams are areas in fiction where, because almost anything would seem to go, almost nothing does. Miss Beattie's male dreams are good, too:

That night he dreams that he is launched in a spaceship to the stars. His mother is there. She is taking a bath on a star. He gets back in the rocket. Mechanical failure! That strange jingling! He sits up in bed, eyes wide open. The dog is walking again, his collar jingling. By now it is clear; the dog has insomnia.

And she succeeds in showing love from the male point of view, not in its well-publicized sexual dimension but in the pastel spectrum of nostalgia, daydream,

and sentimental longing. The accretion of plain lived moments, Miss Beattie has discovered, like Virginia Woolf and Nathalie Sarraute before her, is sentiment's very method; grain by grain the hours and days of fictional lives invest themselves with weight. The plot turns a corner, and we feel a pressure behind the eyes. What could appear drier and more fruitless than this flat description of how to serve a meal, one of the novel's frequent obeisances to the daily fact of food:

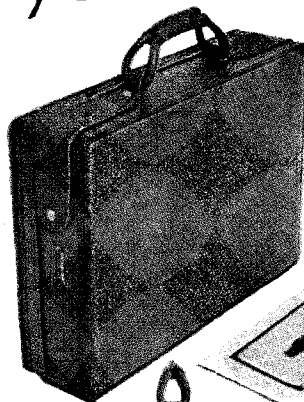
Charles lifts the roast out of the oven, puts it on a plate and carries it to the table. He goes back and gets the pan of lima beans, pours most of the water into the sink, and carries the pan to the table. He goes back and turns off the oven and the burner and gets the wine. He takes the wine to the table, where Sam is sitting, then goes to the kitchen for glasses.

But at the book's end another step-by-step description of food processing (how to make an orange soufflé) carries to a delicious consummation nearly three hundred pages of Charles' unsatisfied hungering. Patience pays off for hero and author alike. Not to give it away, but Miss Beattie in the turned-down oven of her long indoors Washington winter has cooked up a rare delicacy, a convincing happy ending.

A GENERATION ago, Muriel Spark began to publish novels as strangely confident and as confidently strange as this first of Miss Beattie's. A flying saucer manifests itself as matter-of-factly in Miss Beattie's amazing story "It's Just Another Day in Big Bear City, California" as an angel manifested itself in Mrs. Spark's amazing story "The Seraph and the Zambesi" twenty-five years ago. The older writer's quick ear, sharp psychology, and stylistic self-possession have since produced many lively pages, some perfect extended achievements ("Memento Mori" and "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," let us say), and that durable charisma given to only a few writers of each generation. However, the generous, though by no means completed, curve of her career raises the ungrateful question "Is that all?" and her so conspicuous gifts open to the critic the tempting option of judicious disappointment. Her recent fiction has seemed curt and distracted, though in every sentence she brings us still a sense of art, of strict intention. Her new novel, "The Takeover" (Viking), is the longest of her last six, and there are signs that she has taken exceptional pains. Her language, always liable to spring up from its surface of prosy bluntness with a pawky and precise ad-

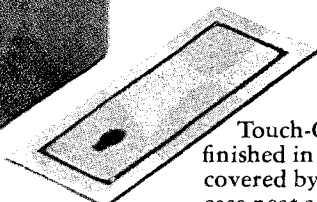


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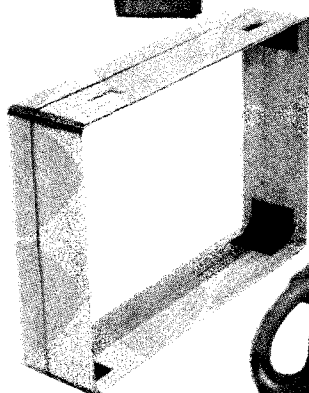
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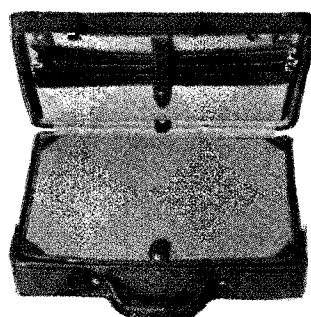
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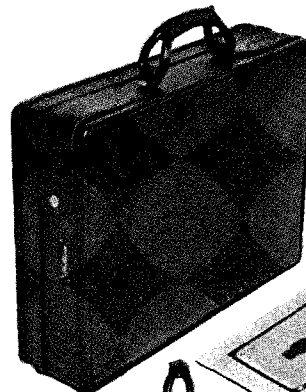
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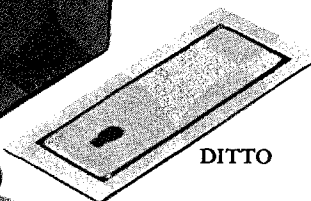


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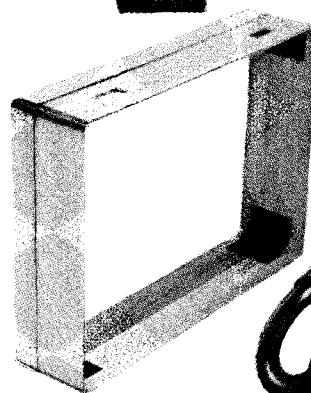
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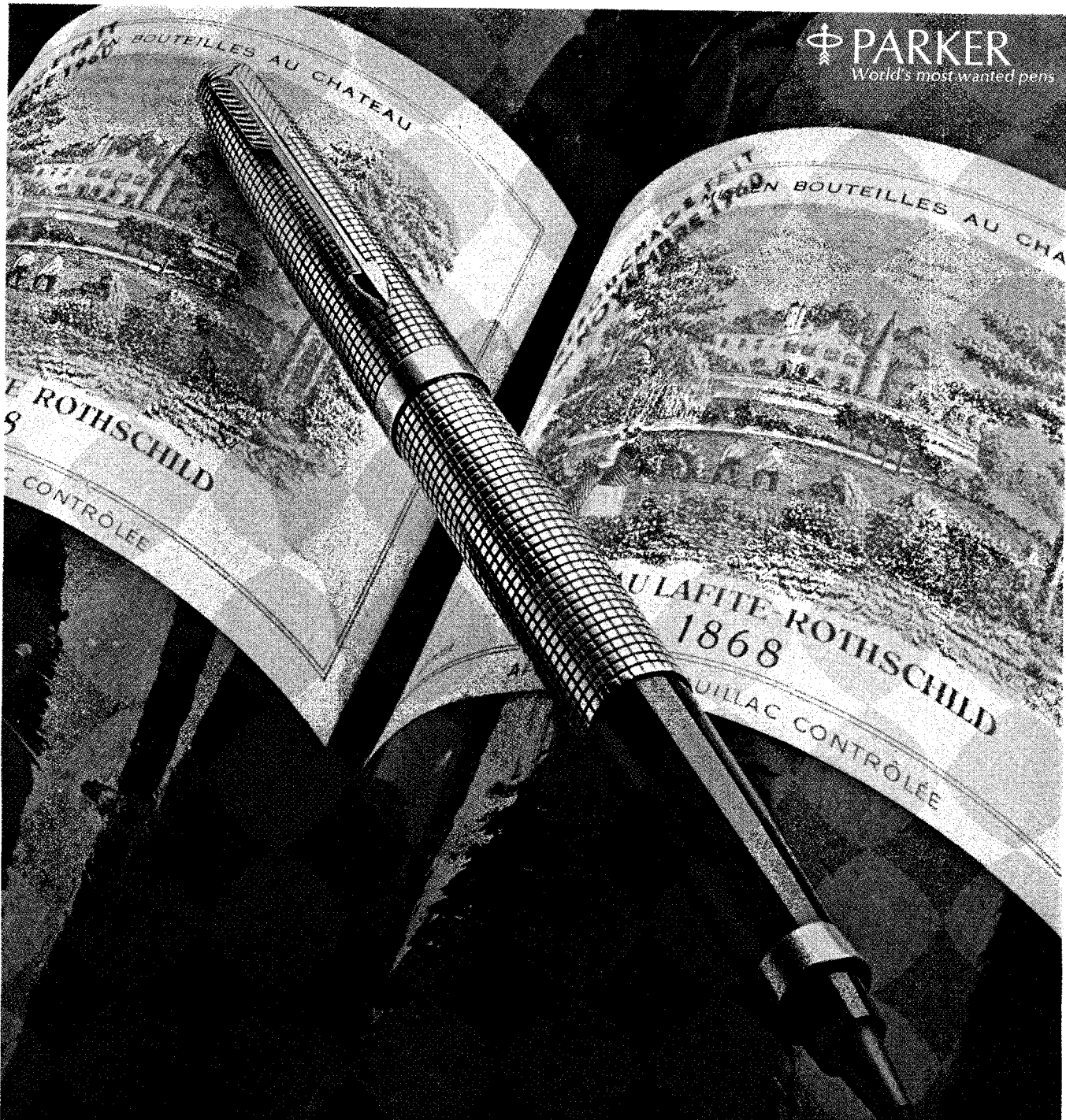
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jective or a rapt little smile, seems especially honed. Her subject, the world of the rich as they lead their *dolci* lives in an increasingly chaotic Italy, stirs her, much as an Italian lawyer in her novel is stirred by the presence of her plutocratic American heroine, Maggie Radcliffe:

As it happened, this lawyer, having sentimental sympathies towards the political left wing...loathed what he conceived Maggie to stand for at the same time as he was put into an ambivalent state of excitement by her glowing and wealthy presence.

Maggie indeed does loom excitingly:

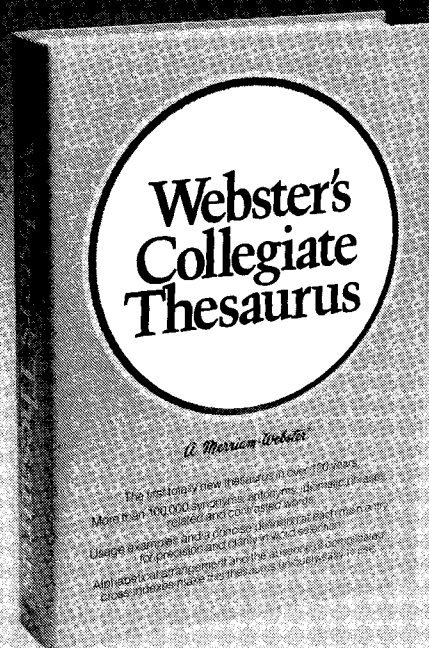
She had overdressed very tastefully, with a mainly-white patterned dress brilliant against her shiny sun-tan. Her hair was silver-tipped, her eyes large and bright. She had a flood-lit look up to the teeth.

Such an ambience transforms even the air to a servant:

The spring evening air from the terrace stood around them like another ubiquitous servant, tendering occasional wafts of a musky creeper's scent.

Mrs. Spark has lived in Rome long enough to move with familiarity not only through the landscape but through the minds and hearts and family gatherings of Italian people. In the character of the lawyer, who double-crosses his client while yearning to have lunch with her, corruption and deceit are understood as modes of concrete loyalty, to self and family, in a society where for millennia power has flowed across legal channels, along more personal lines. "The primary unit in Roman politics is the family," Garry Wills wrote years ago, when he was a classics scholar. A funny, and thematically pregnant, scene in "The Takeover" shows Lauro, the dark young servant who sleeps with the rich—male and female, native and émigré, indiscriminately—being depressed by the Italian family he is about to marry into. They are "a good-looking, long-legged set, modern and, with the exception of his fiancée, slender." Yet these chic people as enthusiastically as peasant farmers plan aloud the details of the wedding feast: "It was a big food-babble, rising louder and louder and dinning around Lauro's ears, he being only half able to isolate the source of his unhappiness since certainly the family looked very good and up-to-date and prosperous and distinguished." He has been inwardly corrupted by his parasitical life amid the super-prosperous, where "nobody talked of the food at all; they took the good food for granted and if the men discussed wines or the women certain dishes, it was all like a

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## glance 369

**glad** *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>

**syn** happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted

**rel** delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful

**idiom** filled with (or full of) delight

**con** blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful

**ant** sad

2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>

**syn** bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant

**rel** beaming, sparkling, beautiful, genial, pleasant

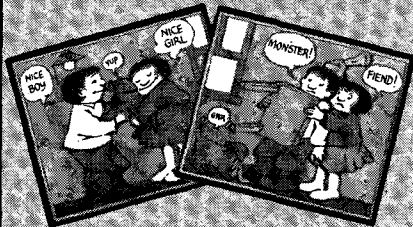
**con** dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber

**gladden** *vb* **syn** PLEASE 2, arride, delight

**if** happy



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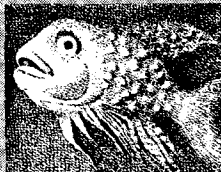
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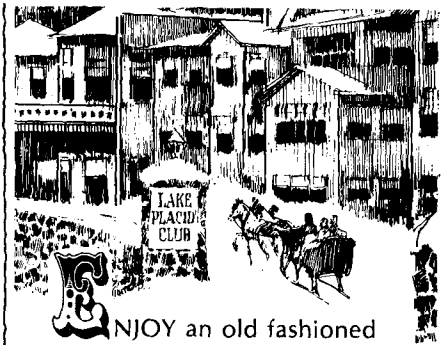
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subject that you study in a university like art history or wildlife." Mrs. Spark moves with ease from the ethereal tables kept by the Marchese di Tullio-Friole to the noisy luncheons of the bourgeoisie and on downward into the streets—into the conversation of servants whose "only tone for all occasions was one of lament" and into the operations of the calm and efficient criminals who give the new Italy its panache. The Italian characters in this novel stimulate the author to more verbal felicities (including a stunning paean to the splendors of eternal life, thrust in lordly overvoice upon the gossip of two servingmaids out shopping) and fuller, more affectionate portraits than the rather skimmed and querulous Anglo-American portions of her plot.

This plot, in brief, tells of how one Hubert Mallindaine, a homosexual Englishman who believes himself descended of a mating between the goddess Diana and the Emperor Caligula, occupies and refuses to leave a house built on the shores of Lake Nemi by his onetime patroness and confidante Maggie Radcliffe, an American millionairess recently married to an Italian marchese. Lake Nemi, of course, was the site of the cult of Diana described in the opening paragraphs of J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough," paragraphs Mrs. Spark considerably quotes at length, as she elsewhere quotes Lord Byron's superb stanza on the lake in "Childe Harold" and St. Paul's imprecations, in Holy Writ, against the cult of Diana among the Ephesians. There are a number of subplots, mainly erotic, some so thinly sketched as to seem erasures, and the moral of it all is that there was, for the wealthy, as of the last quarter of 1973, "the beginning of something new in their world; a change in the meaning of property and money... a complete mutation not merely to be defined as a collapse of the capitalist system, or a global recession, but such a sea-change in the nature of reality as could not have been envisaged by Karl Marx or Sigmund Freud." This mutation, by its date, must be the boost in Arab petroleum prices; but what plagues the economy of the rich in this novel is not imported oil but domestic fraud. The rich as Mrs. Spark describes them are victimized by their own lawyers and hangers-on even more than by technician-thieves who come from the outside. The sense of loss—stolen jewelry and paintings, embezzlement and chicanery—is sickening, and pitiable. One pities the rich, by one of those strange refractions of sympathy frequent in Mrs. Spark's novels; in her preceding novel, "The Abbess of



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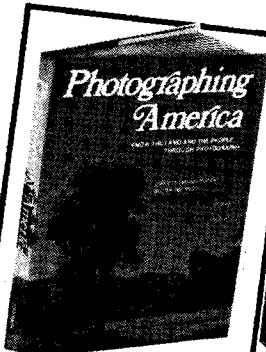
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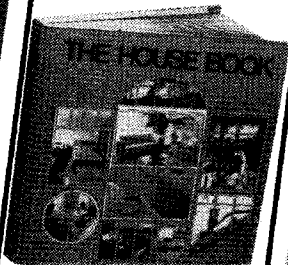
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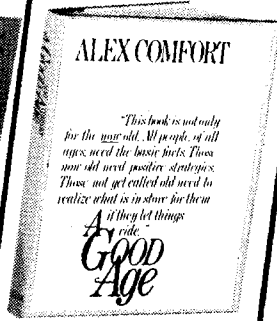




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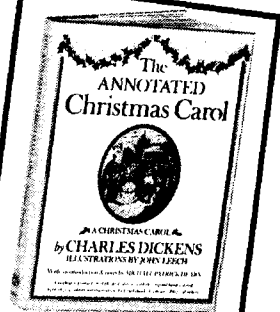
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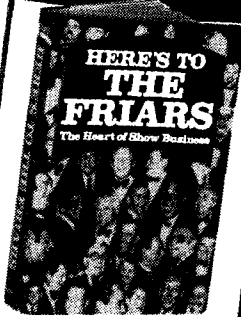


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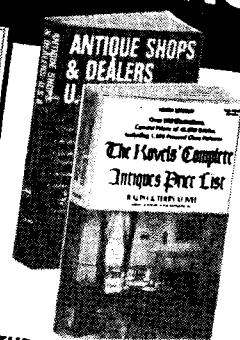
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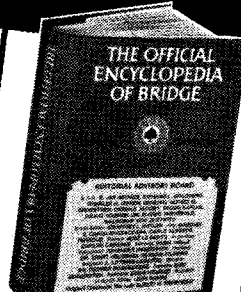
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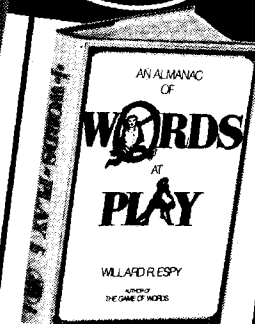
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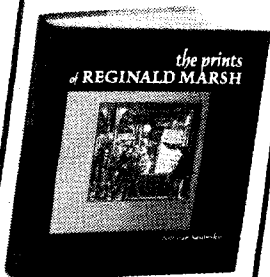
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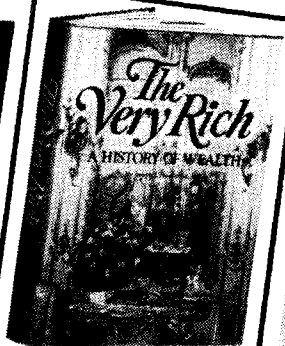
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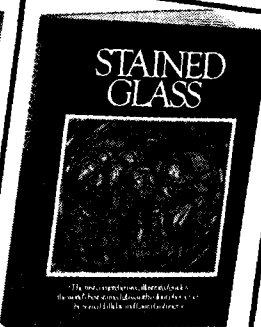
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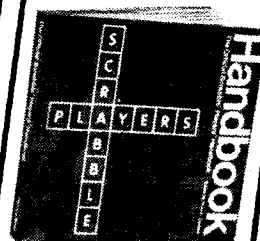
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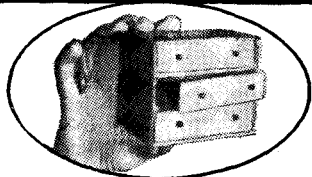
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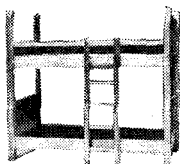


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Crewe," for instance, one's heart and admiration went out to the character closely based upon Richard Nixon and were repelled by the ascetic, sexual, Christian woman who recurs in Mrs. Spark's novels so often as to suggest, if not an alter ego, a spokesperson. In "The Takeover" this type is represented by Nancy Cowan, a severe, "well-informed, rather thin" Englishwoman who, in the classic double position of governess to the children and mistress to the master, has brought to Italy her "Englishness, her pale summer dresses, her sense of fair play, and many other foreign things." But she fades away as a character until the end, when without benefit of ordination she emerges as St. Paul's advocate and a furious disrober of false prophets at a riot in Hubert Mallindaine's temple of Diana. This riot, for this reader, fizzled; the political, religious, and sociological fuses threaded through the novel's crowded matter all meet here but fail to be discharged. Instead, an acrid scent of heretic-burning hovers in the grove. The author senses, in the dire economic "sea-change," a new world arising, "avid for immaterialism;" that is a fine apt phrase, but she seems unduly fearful that this avidity will seize upon footling neo-pagans like Hubert. No danger of that, as long as she gives him the stature of a petty crook and the psychology of a menopausal beauty. Hubert, having robbed his borrowed house of all its furnishings, agrees to vacate, and meets his former patroness, Maggie, costumed as a crone—a goddess in disguise—in the shade of the sacred grove; there she reveals that the rich are not so pitiable after all. Using the newest weaponry of kidnapping and ransom, she has reclaimed much of her fortune from the king of her defrauders, the scarcely glimpsed Coco de Renault. We are pleased, because she has occupied the center of the novel, and the rich have been shown as more entertaining and human than the criminals who feed off them. But is this the reaction toward which Mrs. Spark's many inventions and sombre asides ("Eternal life had never been shipped off with the loot") have tended? Her revelations generate more mysteries than they resolve. A theme of fakery centering upon Hubert seems forfeited in the end; he really is the priest of Nemi. Amid this welter of frauds monetary and emotional, which is the takeover of the title? Hubert's of Maggie's house? Coco's of Maggie's financial empire? Rich Americans' of Italian estates? The Arabs' of industrialism's lifeblood? All we know for certain is that we have been ushered

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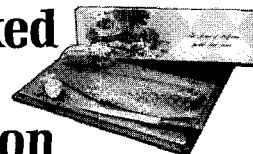
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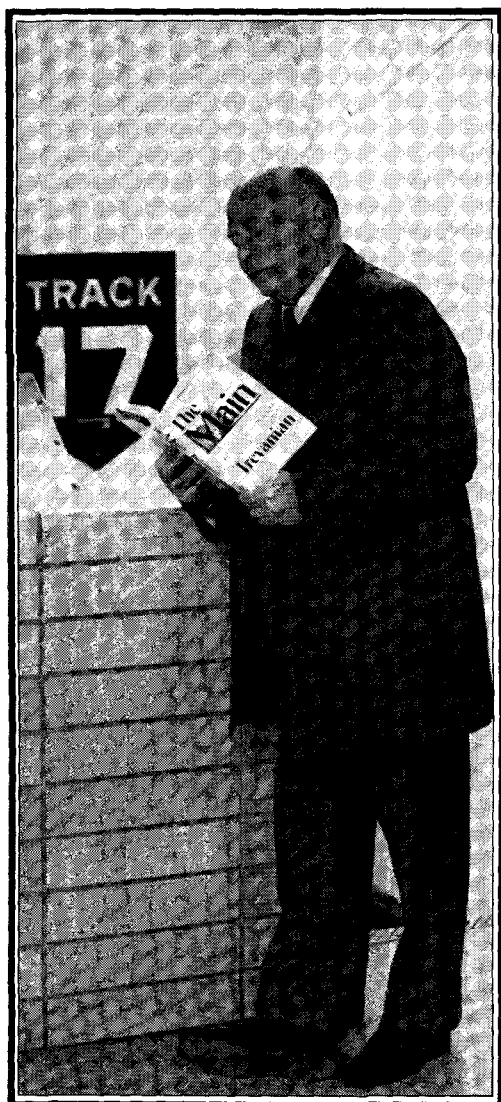
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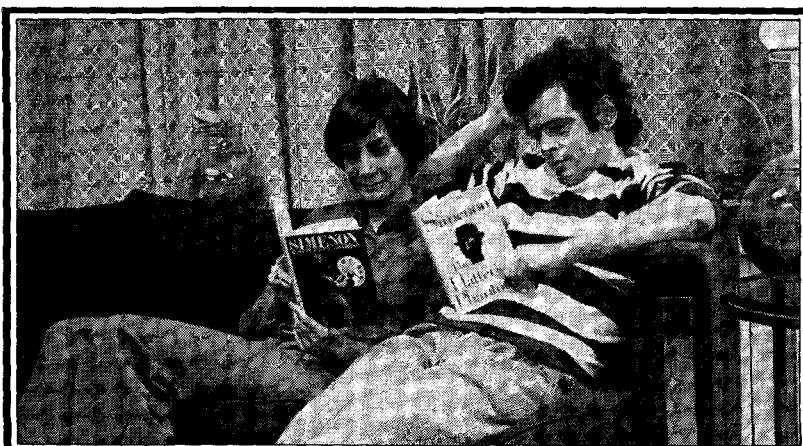
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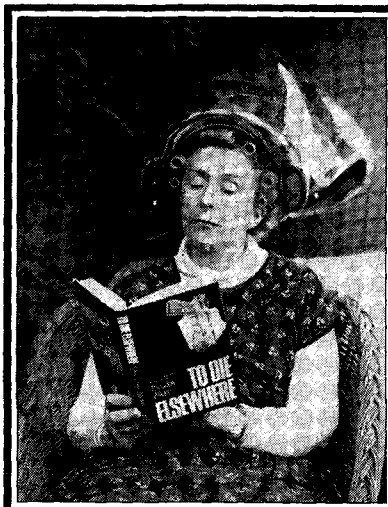
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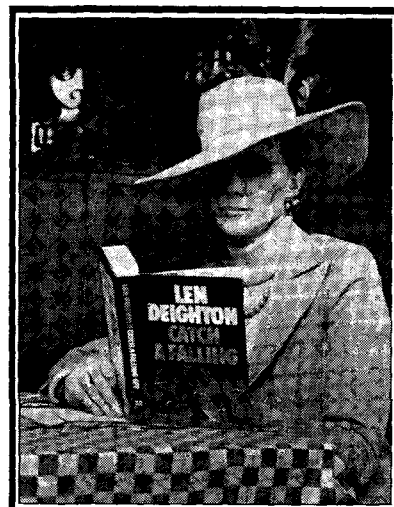
I missed the 7:14 by two minutes and the next express out is the 8:05. Luckily I'd stashed *The Main* in my briefcase. I started it this morning and was immediately wrapped up in Montreal's low-life. But it's really La Pointe who makes this book so alive. He's got a kind of rough brand of justice that's appealing. I didn't read Trevanian's *Eiger Sanction* or *Loo Sanction* but my wife tells me that he's really moved into an entirely new area of fiction with *The Main*. Maybe. All I know is that this guy can write.



It's one of those cold, rainy Saturdays when what we like to do best is curl up with a good book. And for us that means a Simenon. Kathy's into *Maigret and the Apparition*.<sup>\*</sup> She's followed the Chief Inspector through at least 15 of his toughest cases. I prefer his psychological novels like *The Hatter's Phantoms*.<sup>\*</sup> Simenon lets you know right away the identity of the fiend who is killing off little old ladies with a cello string. But it's the why of it that has me absolutely hooked.

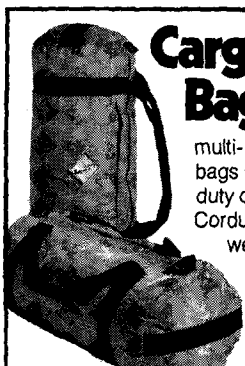


This is the one time during the week when I can really relax and pamper myself. A friend who knows my continuing fascination with the JFK assassination gave me *To Die Elsewhere*. Actually that's only a vehicle for pulling together the pieces of this baffling thriller. Though he's had 3 bestsellers in Europe, this is Theodore Wilden's first novel to be published in America. I'm sure it won't be his last.



I say 12:30; they show at 1:00. Which is why I always bring a book to these business lunches. I thought Len Deighton's *The Ipcress File* was super, but the atmosphere in *Catch a Falling Spy* is even better. There's a trail of subterfuge, violence and sex that takes you from the Sahara to a Park Avenue apartment, a hotel in Virginia, a farm in Ireland and side trips to the Riviera and Paris. Where else can you find this much excitement in one place.





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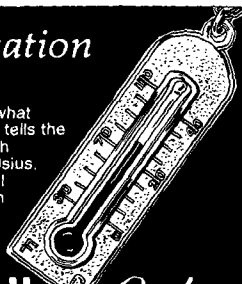
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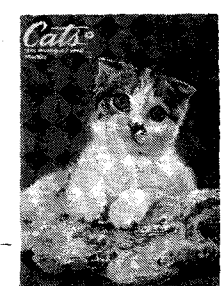
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into the cave of an enchantress, and have there been dazzled, distracted, and peremptorily, as is befitting, dismissed.

**YOU**, too, can be a writing seeress. Published interviews with both these novelists reveal a transparent ease of method. Mrs. Spark, she told Alex Hamilton of the *Manchester Guardian*, writes her fiction in small school exercise books, "straight out, changing nothing but a few commas." However, if anyone other than she touches the pen with which she composes so fluently, she "throws it away—not in the wastepaper basket, where some kind person might retrieve it, but out the window." Whereas Miss Beattie, she has told Doris Grumbach of the magazine *Washingtonian*, "often writes after midnight, goes to bed about four in the morning." She composed "Chilly Scenes of Winter" "when she was in bed with the flu." It wasn't even a long bout, according to the author, who said, "In fact, this novel was just an accident. I started to write a story, it got completely out of hand, and quickly became a novel." Both ladies, one suspects, make too light of their creative travails; but there is in art a pole opposite that of strenuous revision, of the labor and struggle to which Flaubert's letters and Balzac's proofs are monuments. A vision firmly crystallized within melts smoothly in the outpouring. To a degree rare in contemporary literature, Miss Beattie and Mrs. Spark know what they are about; their facility flows from a central efficiency of opinion. One is reminded, at a respectful remove, of Mark Van Doren's remark about Shakespeare: "If the plays of Shakespeare had not been easy to write they would have been impossible."

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

**THE MAIN**, by Trevanian (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The Main is a polyglot, honky-tonk street in Montreal, more formally known as Boulevard St. Laurent. It is also, in this serious crime novel, the undisputed domain of a judge-and-jury police lieutenant named Claude LaPointe. LaPointe, aged fifty-three, is a highly complicated product of rural French Canada, and it is his character, his methods, and his environment that chiefly interest the pseudonymous (and apparently Canadian) author. There is, to be sure,



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a plot—a murder investigation—but that serves merely to show La-Pointe in action, in perspective, and in the round. He is a solid creation, and so is the little world that he absorbingly dominates.

## GENERAL

**TRIUMPH IN PARIS: THE EXPLOITS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**, by David Schoenbrun (Harper & Row). A small-town (i.e., eighteenth-century-Philadelphia) senior citizen takes Paris by storm, a quiet American outsmarts Europe's most sophisticated political horse traders—however you tell it (Mr. Schoenbrun tells it with gusto), the story of Benjamin Franklin's diplomacy during the Revolutionary War is the stuff of legend, though it happens to be true. Franklin represented an underdog so astutely that he made his feeble country seem like a power; he concealed his wheeling and dealing behind a façade of amiable simplicity; he surmounted the cantankerousness of the assortment of colleagues that the Continental Congress wished on him at one time or another; and through a long period (1776-83) of uncertainty he maintained a steadfast concentration on his purpose—winning his country's independence. Schoenbrun's details make plain how hard this was—and not only because Franklin, who was born in 1706, was by eighteenth-century standards an old man. Many of his difficulties arose from terrible communications: correspondence was delayed, lost, stolen, or just not written, so that he often did not know what was happening in America, while Congress did not know what he was doing in Paris. Besides, to the powers of Europe, including France, the fracas between Britain and her colonies was primarily an incident in European history—a chance to do in a rival, not to help rebels. Schoenbrun, who has used French diplomatic archives, tells us how very close our French friends came to giving up on us.

**LADY OTTOLINE'S ALBUM**, edited by Carolyn G. Heilbrun, with an introduction by Lord David Cecil (Knopf). To have refused an invitation to Lady Ottoline Morrell's house in Bedford Square just before the First World War or to Garsington Manor, in Oxfordshire, just after it would have been stupid, because there one met the very best writers and artists in England. But she did not merely gather in talented peo-

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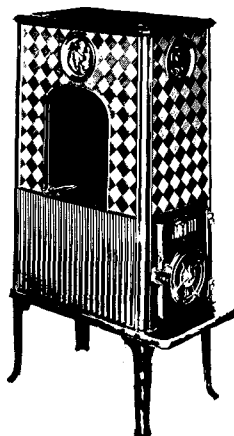
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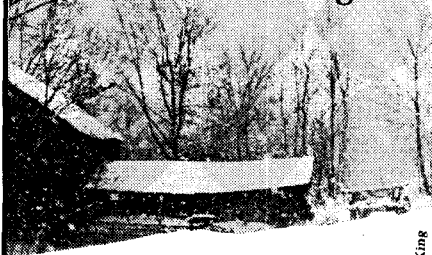
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

ple; she spotted them before anyone else did. Aldous Huxley and Lytton Strachey were both undergraduates when she pounced on them. Her place in literary history is as secure as her appearance was unconventional. She had red-gold hair, a noble forehead, deep-set sombre eyes, a long jaw, and large equine teeth, and when she walked in Bloomsbury she carried a crook to which were attached, by ribbons, two or three Pekinese dogs. She was shamelessly inquisitive, she had a passionate love of beauty, she meant her life to be lived on the same emotional plane as poetry and music. Her guests made fun of her behind her back, found her invitations irresistible, and were fond of her in spite of themselves. All this has been generally known for a good long time; what wasn't known was that with a camera held to her left eye she incessantly photographed the people who came to her house. They do not seem to have minded her doing this. She started taking pictures with a vest-pocket Kodak and ended up using the finest makes of German cameras. The pictures that came out well were pasted in twelve albums bound in white velum. The present volume is a selection from them, and it has the charm that old snapshots invariably have, except that who do you know whose snapshot albums contain pictures of Henry James, Gide, D. H. Lawrence, W. B. Yeats and Mrs. Yeats, T. S. Eliot and the first Mrs. Eliot, Siegfried Sassoon, de la Mare, Hardy, E. M. Forster, the young Elizabeth Bowen, Bertrand Russell, Augustus John? All the major figures of Bloomsbury are here, including Virginia Woolf, of whom there are twenty-three pictures never before reproduced—not to mention some romantic portraits of Lady Ottoline herself, taken by her husband, Philip Morrell, as well as by Baron de Meyer and others. Both the introduction and the quotations from the works of the various sitters are several cuts above the usual text of picture books. The same thing goes for the typographical design and the printing.

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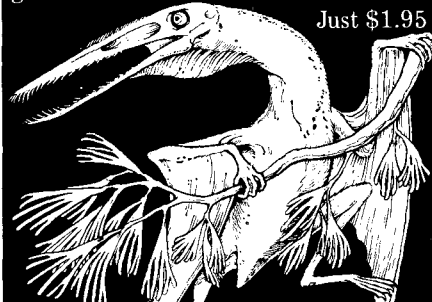


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